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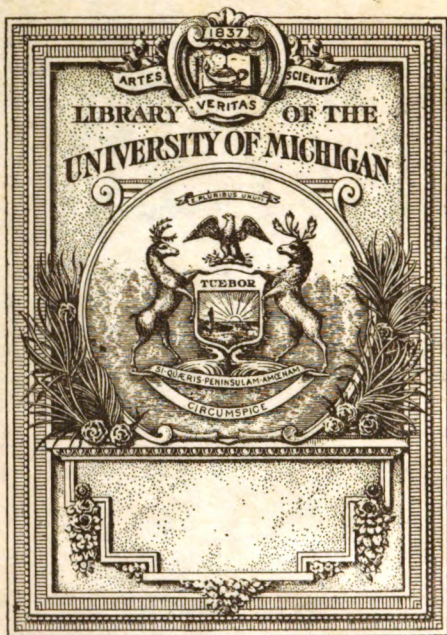


THE
THOUSAND
BEST SONGS
IN THE WORLD



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THE THOUSAND
BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

THE
THOUSAND BEST SONGS
IN THE WORLD.

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY
EDWARD W. COLE.

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PREFACE.

IF the cream of human thought and human knowledge is collected into one hundred books, as I have suggested, to form the popular **Library of the Future for all Mankind**, one of these books must be a Song Book, for there is no species of composition that is so wide-reaching, so penetrating, and, it may be added, so fascinating as songs. Songs are sung in thousands of Theatres, tens of thousands of Concert Halls, and millions of Family Circles, and they more or less sweeten the lives of hundreds of millions at their daily toil. Songs portray, in a concise, pleasing, and easily remembered form, the sentiments, feelings, and passions of mankind; in fact, they are almost the sole literature of the strongest and most important of all the human passions—LOVE.

Three of the greatest subjects of song in the past have been War, Wine, and Love. War songs are becoming fewer, because mankind is becoming more rational, peaceful, humane, and fraternal. Drinking songs are becoming fewer, because mankind is getting more and more disgusted with, and ashamed of, the degrading vice of drunkenness. But Love, beautiful, soul-thrilling, and immortal Love, as a subject of song, is as popular as ever; the tendency of the age is to purify it, but nothing can ever annihilate or even diminish it.

Songs are the most fascinating of all literature, because they blend the beauty of the voice with the wisdom of the intellect and the feelings of the heart. In the whole range of social enjoyments and instructions, there is nothing more enjoyable and instructive than a good song, clearly, feelingly, and intelligently sung; and where all can join in the chorus or the song itself, in meeting or the family circle, it is the most fraternising and socialising of all occupations or influences.

As a means of spreading an idea or sentiment quickly and effectively amongst all classes throughout the length and breadth of the land, nothing equals the agency of the song form, and nothing has a stronger

and more permanent hold on mankind. Somebody has said, "Let me select the songs for the people, and who will may make the laws," meaning that songs have a greater influence than laws; and he was right. The freedom-breathing words of the "Marsellaise" had an immense influence in the French Revolution; "Home, Sweet Home" has increased and endeared the idea of home in the breasts of millions; "God Save the Queen" has sent a thrill of national pride and loyalty through the breasts of millions; also, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" has produced or reawakened feelings of friendship in millions again; and so on, in every age and in every country, numbers of songs have had immense influence on the feelings of mankind.

Such being the tremendous influence of songs, I would like, in conclusion, to add a word or two on the responsibilities of the singer. In selecting this volume of choice songs, I have read or glanced over not less than sixty thousand, and I must say that for the most part such a lot of contemptible and utter rubbish I did not believe existed in the world. Nineteen twentieths of the songs that are sung in the Music Halls of England and America are a disgrace to the intellect of man. Songs, as I have shown, have a great moving and teaching power, and it is the high privilege and duty of the gifted singer to use this great and pleasing power for the good of his fellow-men by singing good songs instead of bad ones. Funny songs are good, but let them contain real fun; Sentimental songs are good, but let them contain wisdom or feeling, or both—in a word, sing bad songs and your own time and that of your audience is wasted; sing good songs in a clear, distinct voice, so that every word can be heard and understood, and you make yourself one of the greatest blessings of humanity, through the blessing and instruction that you convey.

The collection has been greatly enriched by the insertion of some hundreds of copyright songs, and very grateful thanks are due to the many owners of copyrights who, as indicated in the body of the work, have kindly given permission for their insertion; and, while no pains have been spared to obtain permission in every case, it is hoped, if in any instance songs have been unwittingly inserted, that this acknowledgment may be kindly accepted.

E. W. COLE.

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Songs about Singing.

THE SONG MY DARLING SANG.

L. Carter.

THE wild rain is steadily falling,
And the desolate day is done;
I am thinking to-night of my darling,
Who sang in the years that are gone.
Oh, years! have you left her as joyous,
Her dear voice as ringing and free,
As of old when she sang in the twilight,
With her head bending low on my knee;
As of old when she sang in the twilight,
With her head bending low on my knee?

And tell me, my song bird, my blessing,
Have you found thro' the shadow and
shine

A hand that gave fonder caressing,
Or kisses more loving than mine?
Or the heart more tender and truer
Than the one that was beating for thee,
When you sang to me, darling, at twilight,
With your head bending low on my knee;
When you sang to me, darling, at twilight,
With your head bending low on my knee?

That heart is but waiting, my own one,
To pillow thy dear head again!
And if it grows silent in waiting,
Then good-bye to sorrow and pain.
I know in the golden hereafter
Thy songs ever sweeter will be,
Than they were when you sang in the
twilight,
With your head bending low on my knee;
Than they were when you sang in the
twilight,
With your head bending low on my knee.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

George Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn.

WAKING at early day,
Gaily I take my way,
Trilling some ancient lay
As I stroll along;
Youthful hearts I cheer,
Age delights to hear,
Gay and grave draw near,
While I sing my song.
Far I've been on distant strand
Where Christian warriors fell;
Many a tale of Holy Land
To gentle dames I tell.

Waking at early day,
Gaily I take my way,
Trilling some ancient lay
As I stroll along;
Youthful hearts I cheer,
Age delights to hear,
Gay and grave draw near,
While I sing my song.
Tra la la la.

Humble tho' be my fare,
Health is a boon I share,
Little I dream of care
As thro' life I go:
None my steps molest;
If fatigued, oppress,
'Neath some tree I rest,
And there forget my woe.
All some kindness show to me
Where'er I chance to roam;
Tho' a wand'ring life I lead,
I always find a home.

Waking at early day, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

SING ME AN ENGLISH SONG.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 88, Argyll Street, London.

SING me an English song,
With words kind, sweet, and true;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you.

Your voice has always charmed me,
Whate'er its tones express'd;
But when you sing an English song,
I love its accents best.

Sing me an English song,
With words kind, sweet, and true;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you.

What though the lay be old,
And often heard before;
If mem'ry echo to its tones,
'Twill only please me more;
If mem'ry echo to its tones,
'Twill only please me more.

Then keep all finer music
To charm some brilliant throng,
But when you sing for me alone,
Give me an English song.
Sing me an English song,
With words kind, sweet, and true;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you;
For only such as you would *spea*k,
Should e'er be *sung* by you.

VESPER HYMN.

HARK, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear,
Jubilate, Jubilate, Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.
Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along;
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Jubilate, Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along.

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

HARK! I hear an angel sing,
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices, singing clear,
Tell us that the spring is near.
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Dost thou see the glorious sun
Rising higher in the sky,
As each day it passeth by?
Hark! I hear, etc.

Just behind yon cliff of snow,
Silver rivers gently flow,
Smiling woods and fields are seen,
Mantled in a robe of green;
Birds and bees and fruits and flowers
Tell us all of vernal hours,
While the bees with merry lays
Gladden in the spring-time days.
Hark! I hear, etc.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away:
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one,
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me!
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf,
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own:
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing!

SING ME THE OLD SONGS AGAIN.

Arthur W. French.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

SING me the old songs again, love,
Songs that you sang long ago,
Murmur each tender refrain, love,
Ever so sweetly and low.
Dearly my heart loves to wander,
Backward down memory's lane,
To the sweet years over yonder,
Sing me the old songs again;
To the sweet years over yonder,
Sing me the old songs again.

CHORUS.

Sing to me sweetly the old songs,
Murmur each tender refrain,
Close by my side in the twilight,
Sing me the old songs again.

Sing me the old songs again, love,
They are the dearest to me,
Dearer each gentle refrain, love,
Murmur'd so softly by thee.
Joys of love's beautiful summer
With me once more shall remain,
Banishing winter—sad comer—
Sing me the old songs again;
Banishing winter—sad comer—
Sing me the old songs again.

CHO.—Sing to me sweetly, etc.

Sing me the old songs again, love,
All that I ask thee is this,
Gone will be sorrow and pain, love,
Dreaming my sweet dreams of bliss.
Scenes that were ever the brightest
With me once more will remain,
Making my poor heart the lightest,
Sing me the old songs again;
Making my poor heart the lightest,
Sing me the old songs again.

CHO.—Sing to me sweetly, etc.

SING ME THE OLD SONGS.

SING me the old songs, darling
(The books are hid away),
But lay your hand in mine, love,
And sing each sweet old lay.
My heart is yearning, darling,
To hear the cherished strain;
Then, in the evening's stillness,
Oh! sing to me again.

CHORUS.

Sing me the old songs, darling,
The new ones may be sweet,
But in the dear old music
The past and present meet.
And tender thoughts rise, darling,
Of days that used to be;
Then sing with low, sweet pathos
Those dear old songs to me.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Rev. Dr. Bethune.

Published in the Keys of C, D, E Flat, and F.

OH, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father wish'd to hear,
The sangs my mither sung
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad,
They make me smile when I am wae,
And greet me when I'm glad;
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins
As ye sing the sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' these auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow o' the past,
Where mem'ry loves to dwell.
Tho' hair grow grey and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley,
8, Argyl Street, Regent Street, London.

SONG.

Barry Cornwall.

SONG should breathe of scents and flowers ;
Song should like a river flow ;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved, ah ! long ago ;
Song from baser thoughts should win us,
Song should charm us out of woe,
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong,
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquish'd, too, by song.
Song should spur the mind to duty,
Nerve the weak, and stir the strong ;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crown'd by starry song.

THE UNFINISHED SONG.

Helen Marion Burnside.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, London.

ONE day I was sad and weary,
And my spirit sore opprest
With the weight of earth's cares and sorrows,
With its yearnings and unrest ;
When I heard a strain of music,
And the words of a grand, sweet song,
Telling of life and its trials,
Of death, and of pain, and wrong ;

Telling of love and patience ;
And I think I can understand
Why just when I thought the singer
Would sing of the Promised Land,
His song sank down into silence,
And never since then again
Have I heard the most distant echo
Of aught like that wondrous strain.

But I know in the far hereafter
I shall hear the angelic throng,
In the golden streets of heaven,
Continue that grand, sweet song ;
For all that on earth is holy,
And all that is great and fair,
Grows into diviner fulness
Of perfected beauty there.

Songs about Music.

ON MUSIC.

Moore.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that life made dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,—
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!
Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful voice of song
That once was heard in happiest hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.
Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,—
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Brinley Richards.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co.,
5, Vigo Street, London.

WHAT bells are those, so soft and clear,
That fall melodious on mine ear?
Say, mother, say! the whole night long,
E'en in my dreams, I heard their song;
And waking in the morning time,
Again I heard their joyous chime.
What bells are those? Say, mother, say!
What bells are those? Say, mother, say!
My child, they glorious tidings bring,—
Those bells their Christmas carol sing;
Oh! joy! to us a Child is born,
A Son is given—Hail, Christmas morn!
The starry hosts, that line the sky,
Sing, Glory to God, to God on high,—
Glory to God, on earth be peace,
To men salvation and release.
"Glory to God"—hark! hark! the strain
Mounts up from yonder hoary fane,

And rising with melodious voice,
Bids high and low to-day rejoice!
Bids high and low to-day rejoice!
"Glory to God," hark! hark! the strain,
"Glory to God," on "earth be peace."

I'VE LIVED TO HEAR YOUR WEDDING BELLS.

I'VE lived to hear your wedding bells,
The sound my heart's last hope dispels;
Yet may you be from sorrow free,
When those sweet bells shall toll for me.

Unseen within the rustic porch,
I saw you pace the village church;
I saw you kneeling by his side,
When one more happy claimed his bride.
I've lived to hear, etc.

And many friends with fond caress
Came near the lovely bride to bless
I stood aloof; you heard not then
The murmur of my deep amen.
I've lived to hear, etc.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn.

THE village bells are ringing,
And merrily they chime;
The village choir is singing,
For 'tis a happy time.
The chapel walls are laden
With garlands rich and gay,
To greet the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.
But summer joys have faded,
And summer hopes have flown;
Her brow with grief is shaded,
Her happy smiles are gone.
Yet why her heart is laden,
Not one, alas, can say,
Who saw the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.
The village bells are ringing,
But hark! how sad and slow;
The village choir is singing
A requiem soft and low.
And all with sorrow laden
Their tearful tribute pay,
Who saw the village maiden
Upon her wedding day.

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, fairy-like bells,
Sweetly ye float o'er the wild flowery dells,
There's a voice in each note of your eloquent chime,
Which recalls to the lone heart some happier time.

Beautiful, beautiful, through the still vale,
Borne on the wings of the soft balmy gale,
Like music from fairy-land hov'ring around,
Soft echo repeating the magical sound.

Beautiful, beautiful, fairy-like bells,
Sweetly ye float o'er the wild flowery dells,
In murmuring cadences dying away,
Chiming farewell to the fast-fleeting day.

Beautiful, beautiful, telling of rest,
Breathing of peace to the wanderer's breast,
Waking the past with a tender regret,
Till we weep o'er the joys that we fain would forget.

Beautiful, beautiful, lyre-like bells,
Tho' many a sad tale your melody tells,
Yet to earth's weary pilgrims ye whisper of bliss,
In a land that is purer and brighter than this.

Beautiful, beautiful, fairy-like bells,
Sweetly ye float o'er the wild flowery dells,
In murmuring cadences dying away,
Chiming farewell to the fast-fleeting day.

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN.

HIGH in the belfry the old sexton stands,
Grasping the rope with his thin, bony hands;
Fix'd is his gaze, as by some magic spell,
Till he hears the distant murmur, "Ring, ring the bell!"
"Ring the bell, watchman, ring! ring! ring!
Yes, yes! the good news is now on the wing;
Yes, yes! they come, and with tidings to tell—
Glorious and blessed tidings, Ring, ring the bell!"

Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers the welcome bidding, "Ring, ring the bell!"
Ring the bell, etc.

Hear! from the hill-top the first signal gun
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear! through the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating, "Ring, ring the bell!"
Ring the bell, etc.

Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend,
No meagre triumph such tokens portend;
Shout, shout! my brothers, for "all, all is well,"
'Tis the universal chorus, "Ring, ring the bell!"
Ring the bell, etc.

VOICE OF MUSIC.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

VOICE of music sweetly falling,
Oh, how deep and true thy spell!
Songs of welcome, songs of triumph,
Tender lays of fond farewell.

Manhood loves thy martial measure,
Age would fain thy notes prolong,
And the child's first sense of pleasure
Is the mother's cradle song.

Soldiers worn and weak and weary,
Marching on a foreign foe;
Exiles faint and lone and dreary,
Bending 'neath a weight of woe:

Would ye rouse those hearts desponding?
Touch the harp with friendly hand;
Sound the airs they knew in boyhood,
Music of their native land.

At the rich man's dazzling banquet,
In the poor man's cottage dim,
In the church, whose solemn stillness
Echoes back the chanted hymn,

When the blind with sweet notes waken
One joy in their life of pain,
And in heaven 'mid choirs of angels,
Voice of music, sound again.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

From the German.

OH, how great the power of music
O'er the tumults of the soul!
Art divine from heaven descended,
Lawless passion's sweet control!

At its voice the storm of anger
Soft and smoothly dies away;
Soon the waves of jealous frenzy,
Calm as summer waters play.

O'er the dull and barren spirit,
Where no native fancy dwells,
Oft it spreads a sweet delusion,
Stagnant thought to passion swells.

But where bold imagination
Kindles with creative fire,
Oh, what high and rapt'rous feelings
Music's varied charms inspire!

LIST! TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

LIST! 'tis music stealing
Over the rippling sea,
Bright yon moon is beaming
Over each tow'r and tree.
The waves seem list'ning to the sound,
As silently they flow,
O'er coral groves, and fairy ground,
And sparkling caves below.
List! 'tis music stealing
Over the rippling sea,
Bright yon moon is beaming
Over each tow'r and tree.
List! List! List to the Convent Bells.
List! List! List to the Convent Bells.

Music sounds the sweetest
When, on the moonlit sea,
We sail in our bark (the fleetest)
To a sweet melody.
Then as we're gently sailing,
We'll sing that plaintive strain,
Which mem'ry makes endearing,
And home recalls again.

List! 'tis music, etc.

THE LONELY HARP.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

HUSH! Hush! Hush!
I am list'ning for the voices
Which I heard in days of old,
The bursts of joyous merriment
From lips that now are cold;
The laughter and the tones of love
Ere yet I tasted pain,—
Oh! hush the sounding strings awhile,
And they'll come back again.

I am list'ning to the music
Which I have not heard for long;
My heart is bursting with the words
Of some forgotten song;
Dim tones are ling'ring on mine ear,
And floating through my brain,—
Oh! hush the sounding strings awhile,
And they'll come back again.
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

THE LOST CHORD.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

By kind permission of Geo. Bell & Sons, York
Street, Covent Garden, London.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life;
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that great amen.

HARK, THE CONVENT BELLS ARE RINGING.

T. H. Bayley.

HARK, the Convent bells are ringing,
And the nuns are sweetly singing;
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!
See the novice comes to sever
Every worldly tie for ever;
Take, oh, take her to your care;
Still radiant gems are shining,
Her jet-black locks entwining,
And her robes around her flowing
With many tints are glowing,
But all earthly rays are dim.
Splendours brighter
Now invite her,
While thus we chant our vesper hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,
With uplifted eyes appealing;
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!
See the abbess, bending o'er her,
Breathes the sacred vow before her;
Take, oh, take her to your care;
Her form no more possesses
Those dark luxuriant tresses,
The solemn words are spoken,
Each earthly tie is broken,
And all earthly joys are dim.
Splendours brighter
Now invite her,
While thus we chant our vesper hymn.

SWEET CHIMING BELLS.

George Cooper.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn.

LIKE a dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your mem'ries linger near me,
Chiming bells of long ago!
Sweetly fell your silv'ry numbers
Down the still and fragrant air,
Woke my soul from gentle slumbers
List'ning to your echoes fair!
Friends and hopes of happy childhood
Blest me in their purest glow;
Softly rang o'er grove and wild wood
Chiming bells of long ago!

CHORUS.

Sweet chiming bells! sweet chiming bells!
Ye murmur soft and low!
Sweet chiming bells! sweet chiming bells!
Sweet bells of long ago!

Happy visions rose before me,
Brightest that my heart could know;
Still your spell is ling'ring near me,
Chiming bells of long ago!
Sweetly now your notes are falling
O'er my heart so sad and lone;
Mem'ry from the past is calling
Dreams that once I called my own;
Visions of my dear ones only
Bless me now at evening glow
Oh, ye cheer my life so lonely,
Chiming bells of long ago!

Sweet chiming bells, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

THE FAIRY BELLS.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

I DREAMT—'twas but a dream—thou wert my bride, love !
I dreamt that we were wand'ring side by side, love !
I, earth's happiest son, and thou, her loveliest daughter.
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the water ;
 Merrily it fell,
 The echo of that fairy bell.

That vision pass'd away, and thou hast left me,
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath bereft me,
No more I claim thy promised hand,
No more in dreams I see thee stand,
While soft, sweet, soft, and low,
 Soft, sweet, and low, it fell,
 The echo of that fairy bell.

Now, when I'm musing sad and lonely,
With but my harp and thy remembrance only,
In vain, as o'er those chords I bend,
One joyful note I try to send,
For sad, sad and changed they seem,
The fairy bells of that dear dream.

HARK! HARK! THE SOFT BUGLE.

HARK ! hark ! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
And thrills in the silence of even,
Till faint, and more faint, in the far solitude,
It dies on the portals of heaven !
But Echo springs up from her home in the rock,
And seizes the perishing strain ;
And sends the gay challenge, with shadowy mock,
From mountain to mountain again !
Oh ! thus let my love, like a sound of delight,
Be around thee while shines the glad day,
And leave thee, unpain'd, in the silence of night,
And die like sweet music away.
While hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye fills
Oh, say, " Like that echoing strain—
Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,
It will waken in heaven again ! "

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Moore.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

SOFT AND LOW.

Gounod.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

SOFT and low, soft and low,
Soft and low, night's echoes awaking,
Soft and low, as when light rills flow,
Ah! sweet music thou'rt making.
Ah! my lute, my merry lute, I trow
No sad tune dost thou ever know
When thy sweet music thou'rt making,
soft and low,
Sweet music while making, soft and low,
As when light rills flow, soft and low.

Lovers oft bewail their woe,
Singing strains of lamentation;
But grief to the winds I throw,
When my lute its consolation
Whispers to me soft and low,
Whispers to me soft and low,
Sweet music while making, soft and low,
As when light rills flow, soft and low.

When maids with their swains fall out,
Lover's hopes come to a deadlock;
But we minstrels have found out
How to charm back thoughts of wed-
lock,—

And we sing when maidens pout,
Ah! sweet music while making.
Ah! my lute, my merry lute, I trow
No sad tune dost thou ever know
When thy sweet music thou'rt making,
soft and low,
Thy music while making, soft and low,
As when light rills flow, soft and low.

THE BELL-RINGER.

John Oxenford.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

I SET the bell a-ringing,
When the bride to the altar was led;
And I loved to hear it swinging
So merrily over my head.
The children flung gay garlands round
While I sent forth the jocund sound;
Then many tears were shed, but yet
The young lip smiled while the cheek
was wet.
Ah! me, a song of joy and hope
Was heard afar as I pull'd my rope.

I set the bell a-tolling,
When the bride to the churchyard was
borne,
And the dismal notes went rolling,
To tell of a heart forlorn.
The wond'ring children stood aghast,
As sable mourners by them pass'd—
"And she is gone, so fair, so young,"
Thus loud lamented the iron tongue.
Ah! me, a song of perish'd hope
Was heard afar as I pull'd my rope.

I set the bell a-pealing,
When in shadow is buried the day,
And a wondrous spell is stealing
O'er the hearts of the grave and gay;
The aged hear the fun'ral chime
Of slowly, surely dying time;
The youthful hear a cheering strain,
That tells them day will revive again.
Ah! me, a song of grief and hope
Is heard afar as I pull my rope.

BELLS UPON THE WIND.

H. R. Addison.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

THAT heav'nly voice, that heav'nly voice,
When every joy has fled,
In accents soothing brings relief,
When all, save hope, is dead.
Those melting sounds, those melting
sounds,
Alone can calm the mind,
Like dying sunbeams gild the scene,
Or bells upon the wind.

Or bells upon the wind, etc.

Those mellow tones, those mellow tones,
The soul desponding cheer,
Reviving joys the bosom fill,
Fresh budding hopes appear.
The drooping heart, the drooping heart,
In friendship's voice shall find
A balm whose cheering accents thrill,
Like bells upon the wind.

Or bells upon the wind, etc.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout).

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of

Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle

Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;—
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

RING ON! RING ON!

A. M. Porter.

RING on! ring on, ye merry bells!
And be to others sounds of gladness,—
Alas! your silver sweetness swells
To wake my slumbering heart to madness.
Ring on! ring on! for since your chimes
Shall never *now* my wedding hallow,
Oh! be the voice of other times;
And rouse their joys, like spectres
sallow!
Ah! ring such pensive peals as when
In these tall groves I wander'd sighing;
And listen'd to the best of men,
Who now in yonder grave is lying!
Ah! ring such peals as may recall
Those happy hours—now gone for ever;
And, while the bitter tear-drops fall,
At once my soul and reason sever!

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Moore.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!
Those joyous hours are pass'd away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!
And so it will be when I'm gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall wake these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Songs about Dancing.

I STOOD AMID THE GLITTERING THROG.

I STOOD amid the glittering throng,
I heard a voice, its tones were sweet,
I turn'd to see from whence they came,
And gaz'd on all I long'd to meet;
She was a fair and gentle girl,
Her bright smile greeted me by chance;
I whisper'd low, I took her hand,
I led her forth to dance.

There was but little space to move,
So closely all were drawn,
Yet she was light of heart and step,
And graceful as a fawn;
A virgin-flower gemm'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance;
She was the star of all who stood
In that close cottage dance.

I've moved since then in princely halls,
I tread them even now;
I hold in mine the hand of one
With coroneted brow;
And I may seem to court her smile,
And seem to heed her glance;
But my *heart* and *thoughts* still wander
home
To that sweet cottage dance.

Often when I sleep a melody
Comes rushing on my brain;
And the light music of that night
Is greeting me again.
I take her still small hand in mine
Amid my blissful trance,
And once more—the vision worth a
world—
I lead her forth to dance.

WALTZING WITH CHARLIE.

George Anthony.

I've got a beau—well, all girls have!
But then mine is so nice,
He takes me really everywhere,
And studies not the price.
We go to garden parties and
To every fancy ball,
And I'm as happy as a queen
When I such bliss recall.

CHORUS.

Waltzing with Charlie,
Dancing with Charlie,
There you will find me
At each fancy ball,
Waltzing with Charlie,
With him I parley,
He is the man
I admire above all.

He gives me lovely presents and
Calls me his only love,
And makes me feel as tho' I were
In Paradise above.
He's such a dashing fellow too,
And he has such winning ways
For in the height of jollity,
With him I pass my days.

Waltzing with, etc.

We're going to be married soon—
Oh, what a happy thought,
To think I shall be his for life,
And won't we have some sport.
He says, he'll take me out each night
To every ball in town,
And while with him I'm waltzing
I shall surely gain renown.

Waltzing with, etc.

I'M SO FOND OF DANCING.

OH, I'm so fond of dancing,
And I love the music so,
When the dancers are advancing,
That I never can say "No!"
When I see all eyes grow brighter,
Keeping time with every glance,
And all hearts are growing lighter,
I'm crazy for the dance.
Bring the Lancers, bring the Polka,
Let us all be full of glee;
Bring Cotillon and Mazurka;
But the Breakdown give to me.

I love the Waltz and Polka,
And I love the old Quadrille,
I am fond of the Mazurka—
Anything but standing still:
Fiddles playing, bugles blowing,
Feet are never out of tune;
And I feel my spirits flowing,
Like a rivulet in June.
Bring the Lancers, etc.

With a single moment's warning
To be ready for the ball,
I can dance from night till morning,
Or until the ceilings fall.
And when the world is sleeping,
And the stars begin to peep,
In my dreams my art I'm keeping,
For I'm dancing in my sleep.
Bring the Lancers, etc.

UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

George Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

UNDER the walnut tree
Dance with me, dance with me,
Gay as fairy elves we'll be
In some sylvan shade.
Trip it, trip it lightly,
Trip it, trip it lightly,
Here no worldly sorrow
Shall our hearts invade,
Here no worldly sorrow
Shall our hearts invade.

Under the walnut tree
Dance with me, dance with me,
Gay as fairy elves we'll be
In some sylvan shade.

Of by the glow-worm's light
Elfins gay, spirits bright,
Meet beneath these branches' height,
Dancing until morn.
Tripping, tripping lightly,
Tripping, tripping lightly,
Night's pale nectar quaffing
From the woodbine's horn,
Night's pale nectar quaffing
From the woodbine's horn.

Of by the glow-worm's light,
Elfins gay, spirits bright,
Meet beneath these branches' height,
Dancing until morn.

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

Thos. Haynes Bayly.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

OH! when they brought me hither,
They wonder'd at my wild delight;
But would I were at home again:
I cannot dance to-night.
How can they all look cheerful?
The dance seems strangely dull to me;
The music sounds so mournful,
What can the reason be?
Oh! when they brought me hither,
They wonder'd at my wild delight;
But would I were at home again:
I cannot dance to-night.

Hark! hark! at length he's coming;
I am not weary, let me stay!
I hear his laugh distinctly now,
'Twill chase the gloom away.
Oh, would that I were near him!
He sees me not amid the crowd,
He hears me not. Ah! would I dared
To breathe his name aloud!

Oh! when they brought me hither, etc.
He leaves that group of triflers,
And, with the smile I love to see,
He seems to seek for some one—
Oh! is it not for me?
No, no! 'tis for that dark-eyed girl,
I see her now return his glance:
He passes me—he takes her hand,
He leads her to the dance!
Oh! when they brought me hither, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

WALTZING 'ROUND WITH CHARLIE.

Harry Miller.

DANCING 'round with Charlie, oh, what fond delight,
Music sweet, yes, so sweet, I could waltz from morn till night;
There's nothing half so pleasant as waltzing is to me,
And our hearts beat time together in joyous melody.

CHORUS.

So play the music low and sweet,
To the sound of pretty feet!
There's nothing half so pleasant as waltzing is to me,
When I waltz around with Charlie, to joyous melody.

Talk about your sparking, courting in the dark,
Strolling on the sands so white, going out to have a lark;
Such things are very pleasant, to all I will agree,
But the sweet delight of waltzing is dearer far to me.

So play the music, etc.

Hands are fondly meeting, eyes are looking love,
And our hearts they flutter so, very like a captured dove;
The morning hours are near us, but not a bit care we;
For my heart is caught by Charlie; and Charlie's is by me.

So play the music, etc.

DREAMY WALTZ.

DANCING in the dreamy waltz, beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz
As round and round to sweet, languid strains we whirl,
Dancing in the dreamy waltz, beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz,
Oh! the joys of dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Hearts all-responsive to the music sweet,
Bright eyes so joyous, lightly tripping feet.

CHORUS.

Dancing in the dreamy waltz, beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz,
As round and round to sweet, languid strains we whirl,
Dancing in the dreamy waltz, beautiful, sweet and dreamy waltz,
Oh! the joys of dancing in the dreamy waltz,

Gliding in the dreamy waltz, languid, sweet, delicious waltz,
Clinging so fondly close to some partner dear,
Oh! the sweet and dreamy waltz, best of all to me the waltz,
Sweet the joys of dancing in the dreamy waltz,
Pleasures surround us, all around is bright,
No gloomy shadow dims our spirits light.

Dancing in, etc.

Songs about Love.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG. THIS BE LOVE.

George Lord Lyttelton.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice than hers can hear ;
No other wit but hers approve ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

OH ! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

Isaac Pocock.

Oh ! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure ;
Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows—
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah no ! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never ;
No second passion e'er can charm—
She loves, and loves for ever.

John Dryden.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes :
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me !
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
Your every motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU NEAR.

Dibdin.

If 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove ;
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,—
If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove ;
If void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure when we meet,—
If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determined never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove ;
If, so that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all,—
If this be loving, then I love.

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SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move ;
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And told how many minutes move ;
Once did I wishing waste the day,—
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true-love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lot,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move ;
Once was I not mine own at all,—
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve ;
Once were my clothes made out of wax,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move ;
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—
And then I was in love.

Once in my breast did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove :
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—
And then I was in love.

NO PAIN I FEEL WHEN SHE IS NIGH.

OH, give me tender woman's love
Above the world beside,
And dearest hopes of heaven, that move
Mine inmost soul with pride.
No pain I feel when she is nigh
To bind my aching brow ;
The angel of my hopes on high,
And minister below.

Oh, who would crave a nobler boon
Than woman's true regard,
To dwell in everlasting noon,
Adoring and adored ;
To watch the tear that fills her eye,
The tear of love and joy,
That withering age shall never dry,
Nor worldly care destroy ?

THINE AM I.

Moore.

THINE am I, thine am I, my faithful fair
Thine, my lovely Nancy,
Every pulse among my veins,
Every roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish ;
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away—take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure ;
Turn away those eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.
What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning ;
Love's the cloudless summer sun
Nature gay adorning.

NOBODY'S DARLING BUT MINE, LOVE.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Nobody loves you like me,
In your bright eyes softly shine, love,
Visions delightful to see ;
Visions of beauty and pleasure,
Filling my heart with their love,
Bringing me joys without measure,
Beaming like bright stars above.

CHORUS.

Nobody loves you like me, love,
Fondly and truly I'm thine,
Promise you ever will be, love,
Nobody's darling but mine.

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Truly I love you the best, [love,
While your sweet arms round me twine,
Earth is a haven of rest.
Lonely I'd be, love, without you,
And all the joys that you give,
Surely I never could doubt you,
Pride of my heart while I live! CHORUS.

Nobody's darling but mine, love,
Surely I love you alone,
And my heart ever will pine, love,
Till I may call you my own.
Beautiful fairy-like vision,
Bright star of hope softly shine,
Make my path one bright elysian,
Nobody's darling but mine. CHORUS.

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WHY DO I LOVE ?

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

WHY do I love you, Janet mine ?

Why are you held so dear ?

Why am I sad when you're away,

And glad when you are near ?

The soundings of the sea are known

To those who sail above,

But oh ! the task is all in vain

To try and fathom love.

CHORUS.

Why do I love you true and well ?

Why give my heart to you ?

Why do I love ? I cannot tell,

I only know I do.

Why do I love ? I cannot tell,

I only know I do.

Why do I love you ? Ask the shells

You gather by the sea,

Why they contain within their cells

A murmur'd melody ?

So in my heart, nay in my soul,

I hear a whispering,

That tells me if I own your love,

That I have everything.

CHORUS.

Why do I love you ? Who can say

From whence love's tree has root ?

I am content while I enjoy

The sweetness of its fruit ;

To me there's music in your step,

And magic in your name,

I *know* I love you lastingly,

I *trust* you do the same.

CHORUS.

"YOU'LL NEVER GUESS."

By kind permission of Hutchings & Romer, 39,
Great Marlborough Street, London.

I KNOW two eyes, two soft brown eyes,

Two eyes as sweet and dear

As ever danced with gay surprise,

Or melted with a tear ;

In whose fair rays a heart may bask,

Their shadow'd rays serene,

But, little maid, you must not ask

Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,

Like brooklet in the June,

That sings, to please itself alone,

A little old-world tune ;

Whose music haunts the listener's ear,

And will not leave it free ;

But I shall never tell you, dear,

Whose accents they may be !

I know a golden-hearted maid

For whom I built a shrine,

A leafy nook of murm'rous shade,

Deep in this heart of mine ;

And in that calm and cool recess

To make her home she came ;

But oh ! you'd never, never guess

That little maiden's name !

IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

If you love me, tell me so,

Wait not till the summer glow

Fades in Autumn's changeful light,

Amber clouds and purple night ;

Wait not till the winter hours

Heap with snow-drifts all the flowers,

Till the tide of life runs low,

If you love me, tell me so ;

Till the tide of life runs low,

If you love me, tell me so,

If you love me, if you love me,

Whisper sweet and tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,

While the river's dreamy flow

Holds the love-enchanted hours,

Steep'd in music, crown'd with flowers ;

Ere the summer's dreamy days

Fade in mystic, purple haze,

Ere is hush'd the music flow,

If you love me, tell me so ;

Ere is hush'd the music flow

If you love me, tell me so,

If you love me, if you love me,

Whisper sweet and tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,

Let me hear the sweet words, low,

Let me in life's morning fair

Feel your kisses on my hair,

While in womanhood's first bloom,

Ere shall come dark days of gloom ;

In the first fresh morning glow,

If you love me, tell me so ;

In the first fresh morning glow,

If you love me, tell me so,

If you love me, if you love me,

Whisper sweet and tell me so.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.
They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.
"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And deeply the Lord of Rosna loves
Whom William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

A PATHWAY FAIR.

Harold Wynn.

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co., 18,
Little Marlborough Street.

A PATHWAY fair our lives shall be,
For happy hearts can make it so,
A tender vow is breathed to me,
And hand in hand for aye we go,
To wander o'er the sunny slopes,
To rest within the fragrant bowers;
The world may hold its many hopes,
But none so fair and bright as ours,
None so fair and bright,
Days of clouded light.
Never more! ah, never more!
Since eyes are beaming shyly sweet,
And cheeks with gladness softly glow,
We own our happiness complete,
As hand in hand for aye we go.
Amid the cooing of the doves,
Among the incense of the flowers,
The world may hold its many loves,
But none so sweet and true as ours!
None so sweet and true,
Days of golden hue.
Ever more! ah, ever more!

ONE BY ONE.

Claxson Bellamy.

ONE by one the clouds have vanished,
One by one the bright stars shine,
One by one my cares are banished,
As your eyes gaze into mine!
I have travelled far to meet you,
From my home beyond the sea;
With one question now I greet you—
I love you—do you love me?

One by one, etc.

Answer, dear; your eyes have spoken,
They their joyful secret own;
Speak, or I must go heart-broken,
Still to live and toil alone;
Whisper now that you would miss me,
If I had to say farewell;
Nelly darling! come and kiss me,
In that kiss your true love tell!

One by one, etc.

DEAREST IMAGE OF MY HEART.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

YES, I love thee, fondly love thee, dearest image of my heart;
None on earth I prize above thee; oh, why must I then depart?
Other friends may greet me kindly, other forms as fair may be,
But my heart thy form shall cherish: thou art all the world to me.

Other friends may greet me kindly, other forms as fair may be,
But my heart thy form shall cherish: thou art all the world to me.

Still I love thee, fondly love thee, though we may not meet again;
From thy side they may remove me, yet thine image will remain:
I must love thee, ever love thee, let the world say what it will,
And this heart shall ne'er reprove thee; in my dreams I love thee still.

Other friends, etc.

Yes, I'll love thee, fondly love thee, parted only for a while,
Some day I'll return to claim thee, and I'll meet thee by the stile.
Do not fret, then, do not ponder on the dangers of the main,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and I'll e'er remain the same.

Other friends, etc.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Moore.

OH! the days are gone when Beauty bright my heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night was Love, still Love!
New hope may bloom, and days may come of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar, when wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before, to smile at last;
He'll never meet a joy so sweet, in all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear his soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear the one loved name.

No!—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot on memory's waste;
'Twas odour fled, as soon as shed; 'twas morning's wing'd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream.

THE BRIGHT STAR.

Alexander Keay.

THE bright star o' e'enin' peep'd forth frae the sky,
The winds were a' hush'd—not a mortal was nigh,
When Jenny walk'd forth 'mid the primroses pale,
And pour'd her fond plaint in the sweet lovely vale.

“Ye fairies that dance in yon wild lonely dell,
Whose drink is the dew frae the sweet flow'ret's bell,
Whose food is the incense that's borne on the gale
From the primrose and hawthorn that bloom in the vale,

“O say, have you seen a young swain passing by,
With health on his cheek, and with love in his eye;
Detain the fond youth—now his sighs shall prevail
With the maid he oft woo'd in the sweet flow'ry vale.

“O sweet smells the bean in the soft summer shower,
And sweet sings the merle in his green leafy bower;
But sweeter to me is my fond lover's tale,
Where the primrose and hawthorn bloom sweet in the vale.”

LOVE NOT.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and glad some earth:
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not! Oh, warning vainly said
In present years as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die

THE WOODPECKER.

Moore.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
About the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How bless'd could I live, and calm could I die!"

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

SOME one to love in this wide world of sorrow,
Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear;
Some one to welcome the light of to-morrow,
Some one to share it when sunshine is here.
Oh, the world is a desert amid all its pleasures,
And life seems bereft of the only true zest,
If we fail in possessing, with all its proud treasures,
The best of all blessings—some dear kindred breast.

CHORUS.

Some one to love in this wide world of sorrow,
Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear;
Some one to welcome the light of to-morrow,
Some one to share it when sunshine is here.

Some one to love whose affection will cherish
The sweet bud of hope when 'tis blighted with care,
Some faithful heart that will ne'er let it perish
By sinking for ever in depths of despair.
'Tis an angel in radiance, a beacon to guide us,
Resembling those lamps that are shining above;
'Tis a guardian from heaven, a light to decide us,
Teaching us wisdom in lessons of love.

Some one to love, etc.

THE LOVER AND THE BIRD.

John Oxenford.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

Oh ! sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
Bird, thy music solace will bring ;
Thou wilt not fly, why shouldst thou fear me ?
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Those honied notes of thine through me are thrilling,
This heart long desponding with pleasure filling,
Oh ! sing, sing on sweetly to cheer me,
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Sing ! sing ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Ah ! songster, pity me, why can I never
Sing a song of rapture like thee ?

Oh ! sing, sing on e'en to deceive me,
Bird with visions glitt'ring and vain,
Rain flattering hopes, oh ! do not leave me,
Sing of love, of love only sing.
Soon from my dreams shall I waken to sorrow,
To-day give me rapture, I'll weep to-morrow,
Oh ! sing, sing on e'en to deceive me,
Sing of love, of love only sing,
Sing ! sing ! etc.

COME, LIVE WITH ME.

Christopher Marlowe.

COME, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hill and field,
The woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks ;
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field
To winter floods their treasures yield :
A honied tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten ;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed,
Had joy no date, had age no need,—
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

Percy.

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

LOVE AND GLORY.

T. Dibdin.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
She sighed for Love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war their coming joys to blight,
Called him away from Love and Glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane followed, fought! ah, hapless
story!

In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for Love, and he for Glory.

BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

FROM the desert I come to thee
On my Arab shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee! I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die!
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold.

From thy window look and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain;
Let the night winds touch thy brow,
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that ne'er shall die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold.

SILENT GLANCES.

OH! there are moments, dear and bright,
When love's delicious spring is dawning,
Soft as the ray of quivering light
That wakes the early smile of morning:
'Tis when warm blushes paint the cheek,
When doubt the thrill of bliss enhances,
And trembling lovers fear to speak,
Yet tell their hopes by silent glances.

And when young love rewards their pains,
The heart to rosy love beguiling;
When pleasure wreathes her myrtle
chains,
And life's gay scene is fair and smiling,
Oft shall they fondly trace the days,
When, wrapt in fancy's waking trances
They wish'd, and sigh'd, and loved to gaze
And told their hopes in silent glances.

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GONDOLA DREAMS.

Clifton Bingham.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

ALONG the lustrous waters
The tender moon looks down,
And bathes in silver glory
The still and silent town.
The very night is whispering
Unto the quiet deep,
The day with all its sighing
Is lulled to happy sleep.

O heart, forget thy sorrow !
O gondola, float on !
We'll think not of the morrow
Until to-night be gone :
The world was fairer never,
Nor brighter moon above ;
To-night is ours for ever,
Because to-night we love.

So deeply still the silence
We almost hear the stars ;
They sigh in tender vigil
Beyond the night's dark bars.
So strangely calm the waters,
So pure the moonlight gleam,
Love hardly dares to whisper
For fear it break the dream.

O heart, forget thy sorrow, etc.

HYMEN, LATE.

Moore.

HYMEN, late his love-knots selling,
Called at many a maiden's dwelling ;
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

" Who'll buy my love-knots ?
Who'll buy my love-knots ? "
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded !

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;—

" Who'll buy my love-knots ?
Who'll buy my love knots ? "—
All at that sweet cry assembled ;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and others
trembled.

" Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, " of Love's own mak-
ing ;

Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em "—
(These, of course, found ready custom).

" Come, buy my love-knots !

Come, buy my love-knots !

Some are labell'd, ' Knots to tie men—
Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.' "

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, " We're
cheated !

See these flowers—they're drooping sadly ;
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Who'd buy such love-knots ?

Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
All a sham—he never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good breed-
ing ;

While old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

" Take back our love-knots !

Take back our love-knots ! "

Coolly said, " There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morn-
ing."

I FIRST LOVED THEE.

L. E. Landon.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

As steals the dew along the flower,
So stole thy smile on me ;
I cannot tell the day nor hour
I first, I first loved thee !

But now, in every scene and clime,
In chance of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first, I first loved thee !

The wide world has one only spot,
Where I would wish to be ;
Where, all the rest of life forgot,
I first, I first loved thee !

But now, etc.

THE MINSTREL AND THE MAIDEN.

Cotford Dick.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 83, Argyll Street, London.

A MINSTREL passed through the world so free
(Young was he, noble, and fair),
And the silvery strings of his tuneful harp
Breathed a melody sweet and rare.
And the workers paused in their noontide toil,
As his voice through their homesteads rang,
And the younger hands yet closer entwined
As that minstrel softly sang:
"There's love so sweet for an hour,
And love so dear for a day;
But ah! for the heart where love abideth
Never to pass away."

He came to a bower where a maiden dwelt
(Young was she, noble, and fair),
Who vowed to her side ne'er a lover should come
Her home and her heart to share.
But the minstrel touched such a tender chord
That the blush to her pale cheek sprang,
And her eyes grew dim with a veil of tears
As in passionate tones he sang:
There's love so sweet for an hour, etc.

She threw him a rose with a tearful smile,
To his lips the sweet flower he pressed;
A smile for a smile, and that maiden proud
Love's power at last confessed.
Ah! bright was the day when her hand he claimed,
The sky seemed never so blue,
For there's nothing so dear in the world to win
As a heart that is faithful and true.
There's love so sweet for an hour, etc.

OH! POUR UPON MY SOUL AGAIN.

W. Allston.

"OH, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropp'd them from the skies.

"No—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

"For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

MOLLIE DARLING.

WON'T you tell me, Mollie darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie darling,
You are all the world to me.
Oh! tell me, darling, that you love me,
Put your little hand in mine,
Take my heart, sweet Mollie darling,
Say that you will give me thine.

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this—
Do you love me, Mollie darling?
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie darling,
Thro' the mystic veil of night;
They seem laughing, Mollie darling,
While fair Luna hides her light:
Oh! no one listens but the flowers,
While they hang their heads in shame;
They are modest, Mollie darling,
When they hear me call your name.

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest, etc.

I must leave you, Mollie darling,
Tho' the parting gives me pain;
When the stars shine, Mollie darling,
I will meet you here again.
Oh! goodnight, Mollie, good-bye, loved one,
Happy may you ever be,
When you're dreaming, Mollie darling,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest, etc.

ONE LIGHTLY-WHISPER'D TONE.

O. W. Holmes.

STRANGE that one lightly-whisper'd tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea!
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty art I see;
But, when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fann'd,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand:
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broider'd field.

O lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love;—
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

T. B. Read.

SHE came, as comes the summer wind,
A gust of beauty to my heart;
Then swept away, but left behind
Emotions that shall not depart.

Unheralded, she came and went
Like music in the silent night,
Which, when the burthen'd air is spent,
Bequeaths to memory its delight;

Or, like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet-waking rain,
She made those blessed flowers to grow
Which may not fall or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most sweet,
And fairer than all things most fair,
She came and pass'd with footsteps fleet,
A shining wonder in the air.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Ben Jonson.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

MY BARK, WHICH O'ER THE TIDE. *A. Bunn.*

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

MY bark, which o'er the tide
Shall float with muffled oar,
Is watch'd for by a guide
On yonder friendly shore.

Come while the wave is sparkling
Far from the strand;
Come while the shade is darkling
Under the land.

The moon may guard the night
While all around her sleeps,
Yet love by that pure light
Its constant vigil keeps.

WHY SHOULD I BLUSH TO OWN I LOVE?

H. K. White.

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above;
Why should I blush to say at all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?
Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?
Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

DEAR HEART.

G. Clifton Bingham.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
60, New Bond Street, London.

So long the day, so dark the way,
Dear heart, before you came,
It seems to me it cannot be
This world is still the same.
For then I stood as in some wood,
And vainly sought for light;
But now day dawns on sunlight lawns,
And life is glad and bright!
Oh leave me not, dear heart,
I did not dream that we should part;
I love but thee, oh love thou me,
And leave me not, dear heart.

With you away, the brightest day,
Dear heart, goes by in vain;
I dare not dream what life would seem
If you ne'er came again!
Dark ways before would darken more,
The world would change to me;
Each sun would set in vain regret
That morning brought not thee!
Oh leave me not, dear heart,
I dare not dream that we must part;
I love but thee, oh love thou me,
And leave me not, dear heart.

GERALDINE.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

It is not that you're fair,
Tho' you're fair as the day;
It is not that your hair
Is the sunshine at play.
Oh! I know not the spell
Which enchains me unseen,
But I can only tell,
You're my Queen, Geraldine.

CHORUS.

Geraldine! Geraldine!
Queen of my soul,
Tho' worlds may divide us,
And oceans may roll
In storm and in tempest,
In anger between,
Still you reign in my heart,
You're my Queen, Geraldine.

In the vale, on the peak,
Oft enchanted I've stood,
And in rapture can speak
Of the green leafy wood;
Yet my heart turns again
To the pretty blue bells,
And the sweet smiling plain
Where my Geraldine dwells.

CHORUS.

When I gaze on the skies,
And I ponder, my love,
On the millions of eyes
That are watching above;
Though the stars every one
Shine in beauty, my Queen,
Yet there is but one sun,
And but one Geraldine.

CHORUS

Songs about Courting.

SOMEBODY'S COURTING SOMEBODY.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New
Bond Street, London.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night,
Somebody's whisp'ring to somebody,
Under the clear moonlight ;
Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with somebody.

CHORUS.

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night,
Somebody's whisp'ring to somebody,
Under the clear moonlight,
Under the clear moonlight.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words never breathed before,
Sounding so sweetly to somebody ;
Under the maple tree,
Dark though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see ;
Bright eyes has somebody.

CHORUS.

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night,
Somebody's whisp'ring to somebody,
Under the clear moonlight,
Under the clear moonlight.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she's at the gate,
Talking, yes talking, with somebody ;
Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide ;
" Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

CHORUS.

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night,
Somebody's whisp'ring to somebody,
Under the clear moonlight,
Under the clear moonlight.

THE HEART THAT BEATS UNCHANGING.

THE maiden's heart that truly loves
Ne'er wanders from its duty ;
And man, how'er his fancy roves,
Seeks constant smiles of beauty.
For still when warm'd with pleasure's glow
He goes 'mid bright eyes ranging,
Still, still, he loves, when meeting woe,
The heart that beats unchanging.

He often errs with harden'd heart,
When falsehood's dream enshrouds him ;
Still in his mind the secret dart
Of memory o'erclouds him.
And reason, gliding o'er the mind,
'Mong scenes of folly ranging,
He longs for peace, and that he'll find
In hearts that beat unchanging.

WAIT TILL I PUT ON MY BONNET.

Charles Swain.

My father loves counting his cattle,
My mother she's fond of her chair,
But I, oh ! I dote upon moonlight,
Sweet walks, and the soft quiet air,
The field with the dew-star upon it,
The scent of the newly-mown hay ;
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day.

CHORUS.

There are bonnets with ribbons and feathers,
But mine's like a gipsy so brown,
A bonnet that's careless of weather,
But happy's the head 'neath its crown.

The day was intended for labour,
But night was a gift to the heart,
When neighbour might visit with neigh-
bour,
And love have his whisper apart.
The life finds a bloom still upon it,
And time walks in silver array ;
Oh ! wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day.

There are bonnets, etc.

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SOMEBODY WHISPER'D SO SWEETLY.

A. W. French.

WHERE is the harm if she met him,
Roaming alone in the lane?
Maybe she could not forget him,
Maybe she met him again:
Somebody whisper'd so sweetly,
Vowing he loved her so well;
What if he charm'd her completely,
Where is the harm, can you tell?

CHORUS.

Somebody whisper'd so sweetly,
Roaming about in the lane;
Maybe he charm'd her completely,
Maybe she met him again.

When in the twilight so lonely,
Waiting for someone she stood,
What if the thought of him only
Brighten'd hill, valley, and wood?
Oh! but the moments were fleet there,
Softly the starry light fell;
What if two lips chanced to meet there,
Where is the harm, can you tell?

Somebody whisper'd, etc.

When the bright summer was fading,
Somebody met her again;
Curtains of evening were shading
Valley and woodside and plain.
Then if a ring was the token,
Proving he loved her so well,
What if a sweet "yes" was spoken,
Where is the harm, can you tell?

Somebody whisper'd, etc.

TELL ME, MARY, HOW TO WOO THEE.

Hodson.

TELL me, Mary, how to woo thee;
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel;
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee;
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel.

No! when joy first brighten'd o'er us,
'Twas not joy illumed her ray,
And when sorrow lies before us,
'Twill not chase her smiles away,
'Twill not chase her smiles away,
'Twill not chase her smiles away.
Like the tree no winds can sever
From the ivy round it cast,
Thus the heart that loved thee ever,
Loves thee, Mary, loves thee, Mary,
Loves thee, Mary, to the last.

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee;
Teach my bosom to reveal
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel;
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee,
All its sorrows, sweet, unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel,
All the love my heart can feel,
All the love my heart can feel.

BE QUIET, DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co., 5, Vigo Street, London.

AS I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover;
He press'd my hand, and kiss'd my cheek,
Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother."

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then, wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat down on the grass beside me.
He feign'd such pretty am'rous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows, one after other,
I could but smile, and whisper low,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother."

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
And vow'd he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me.
"Oh, John," said I, "and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to tell my mother."

MIRABEL LEE.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

WHEN Mirabel Lee was crossing the sea,
All the bachelors courted her wealth
All the way to New York, about seventy-three,
But she long'd to be loved for herself.

They lessen'd to thirty when gales from the south
Made many feel very unwell,
For how can you court with your heart in your mouth,
With feelings you never could tell?

They dwindled at last to a party of six,
With appetites tenderly small;
And she walked with the six in a regular fix,
As to which to prefer of them all.

"Dear Captain," said she, "now *do* advise me!"
The Captain said, smiling within—
"I should drop my latch-key right into the sea,
And marry the man who jumps in."

This only increased her terrible fix;
She dropp'd the latch-key into the sea,
And five jumped overboard out of the six,
"Good gracious!" said Mirabel Lee.

"Oh, Captain! how now?" she cried with regret;
But this was his funny reply—
"Well, I wouldn't fret, for they're dreadfully wet—
And *I'd* marry the one who is dry."

NOTHING MORE.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

IN a valley fair I wander'd
O'er its meadow-pathway green,
Where a singing brook was flowing,
Like the spirit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden,
With a basket brimming o'er
With sweet buds, and so I asked her
For a flower, and nothing more.

Then I chatted on beside her,
And I praised her hair and eyes;
And, like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise.
With her timid looks down-glancing,
She said, would I pass before?
But I said that all I wanted
Was a smile, and nothing more.

So she shyly smiled upon me,
And I still kept wand'ring on:
What with blushing, smiling, chatting
Soon a brief half hour was gone.
Then she told me, I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage door;
But I would not till I rifled
A kiss, and nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys that then had birth
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning, at the altar,
A white bridal dress she wore;
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I ask'd for nothing more.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

James Hogg.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye o' a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis tae woo a bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame;
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burget,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves tae see,
And up upon the tapmost bow,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the lav'rock frae the blue lift
Drops down and thinks nae shame
Tae woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the e'e shines sae bricht,
The haill soul tae beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile.
Oh, wha wid choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang tae rest,
For his heart is in a flame
Tae meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gi'e?—
And a' the arts that prey upon
Man's life and libertie.
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

COME, SIT BY MY SIDE, LITTLE DARLING.

COME, sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast,
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.
Your hands are as fair as the lilies
That blossom in shadows of green,
And their touch has a magical power
My heart from all sadness to wean.

CHORUS.

Come, sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.

I dream when your arms are around me,
That life is an infinite calm;
Your kiss has the spell of a charmer—
Your kiss, that is sweeter than balm.
Oh! what could be sweeter than dreaming
This dream that is on us to-night?
Let us think of the present, my darling,
The future is out of our sight.

Come, sit, etc.

Sing low in the twilight some ballad,
As sweet as the smile on your face,
That shall thrill me with melody's sweetness,
And touch with its words' tender grace.
And I'll give you a kiss when it's ended—
A kiss that the singer shall earn;
And perhaps—do you hear, little darling?
I shall ask for a kiss in return.

Come, sit, etc.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

J. R. Planché.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

GENTLE Zitella, whither away ?
Love's Ritornella, list, while I play.
No, I have linger'd too long on my road,
Night is advancing, the brigand abroad.
Lonely Zitella, hath too much to fear,
Love's Ritornella she may not hear !

Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care ?
Night is not darker than thy raven hair.
And those bright eyes if the brigand should see
Thou art the robber, the captive is he !
Gentle Zitella banish thy fear,
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear !

Simple Zitella, beware ! ah, beware !
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer ;
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,
'Tis Masaroni himself who now sings.
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's Ritornella tarry and hear !

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

Graham of Gartmore.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New
Bond Street, London.

IF doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his scat,
That bears me from the meed :
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart !
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake no care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.
But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
No maiden lays her skaith for me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue,
For you alone I strive to sing,
Oh tell me how to woo.
Then tell me, etc.

OH, THE SWEETEST TIME OF LIFE.

OH, the sweetest time of life
Is the happy time of wooing,
Just before the name of wife
Crowns the deed of Cupid's doing.
All that has been sung or said
Proves no greater joy can find us !
'Tis a pity e'en to wed,
And leave a time so sweet behind us.

Oh, the sweetest, etc.

The moonlight walking to and fro,
The sighing, kissing, vowing, fretting—
Marriage may its pleasures know,
But wooing days there's no forgetting ;
Many a sigh from young and old,
All their present pleasures spurning,
Has been breathed, as I am told,
For that time once more returning.

Oh, the sweetest, etc.

Songs about Lovers Waiting.

IN OLD MADRID.

Clifton Bingham.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

LONG years ago, in Old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star !
There on the casement ledge, when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid ;
A face looked out, as from the river shore,
There stole a tender serenade !
Rang the lover's happy song,
Light and low, from shore to shore,
But ah ! the river flow'd along—
Between them evermore.
" Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing ;
Come, for thee a heart is pining :
Here alone I wait for thee ! "

Far, far away from Old Madrid,
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain ;
A convent veil those sweet eyes hid,
And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain !
But still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said
Her white hand opes the lattice wide ;
The faint, sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide !
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong—
Between them evermore.
" Come, my love, etc.

WAITING.

THE stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves,
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And listening as I wait
To the nightingale's sweet singing,
Sweet singing to its mate,
Singing—singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And the music in the air
Heralds my lover's coming,
And tells me he is there,

And tells me he is there.
Come, for my arms are empty,
Come, for the day was long ;
Turn the darkness into glory,
The sorrow into song.
I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near,
All my soul responsive answers,
And tells me he is here.
Oh, stars, shine out your brightest ;
Oh, nightingale, sing sweet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet,
To guide him to me, waiting,
And speed his flying feet.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

WHERE SHALL I SEEK THEE?

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., W.

Lindsay Lennox.

WHERE shall I seek thee? I know thou art waiting;

Somewhere for me beats thy true loving heart;—

Often thy face I have seen in my dreaming;

Dear, even now of my life thou art part;—

When shall I know thee, know thou'rt mine for ever?

Fairest, for thee I live now alone;—

I can but trust, and faithful wait thy coming:

Come then in beauty, and claim love's vacant throne!—

Where shall I seek thee? I know thou art waiting.

When shall I meet thee, and know thee for mine own?—

Would I be free from the spell that has bound me?

No, for I love thee wherever thou art!

So I will seek thee, and when I have found thee,

Sov'reign thou'lt reign on the throne of my heart;—

Come then, I wait thee, love's star will guide thee to me,

Brightly 'twill shine on our lives evermore!—

Lighting the way till we, at last united,

Know love's sweet peace and shall part nevermore!—

Where shall I seek thee? I know thou art waiting.

When shall I meet thee, and know thee for mine own?

MOLLY BAWN.

Samuel Lover.

OH! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,

All lonely waiting here for you?

While the stars are brightly shining,

Because they've nothing else to do.

The flowers late were open keeping,

To try a rival blush with you:

But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,

With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,

All lonely waiting here for you?

The stars above are brightly shining,

Because they've nothing else to do.

Molly Bawn! Molly, Molly Bawn!

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,

And the pretty stars were made to shine;

And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,

And maybe you were made for mine.

The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—

He takes me for a thief, you see;

For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling,

And then transported I should be.

Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,

All lonely waiting here for you?

The stars above are brightly shining,

Because they've nothing else to do.

Molly Bawn! Molly, Molly Bawn!

WHERE, WHERE IS THE ROVER ?

H. R. Addison.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

WHERE, where is the rover ?

Where, oh ! where is he gone ?
I've sought him o'er the mountain,
I've sought him through the storm,
I've wander'd through the valley —
No voice replies to me ;
Through the valley, through the valley,
No voice replies to me.

Where, where is the rover ?
Ah ! where can the rover be ?

Still, still I mourn him.
Why absent thus from me ?
Inconstant or deceitful
My lover ne'er can be.
I'll seek him through the valley,
Though dark the tempest be,
Through the valley, through the valley,
Though dark the tempest be.

Where, where is the rover ?
Ah ! where can the rover be ?

LÉONORE.

Clifton Bingham.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

THE moon was softly shining
O'er mountain, sea, and shore ;
A tender heart was pining
To hear her lover's song once more !
She watched for him that eve alone,
" Ah, wilt thou come, my love, my own ?
The day is o'er, the stars are bright,
I wait for thee to-night."

Softly afar,
From o'er the misty lea,
Sighed his guitar,
" Léonore, I love but thee !"

" Come with me o'er the sea,
Love shall ever guide thee ;
I will be beside thee,
Love but thee, live for thee !
Come with me o'er the sea,
Love shall ever guide thee ;
Whate'er betide thee,
I love thee, I love but thee !"

The moon its light is hiding,
The casement opens slow—
And love her step is guiding
To where her lover waits below.
Then side by side they cross the foam.
Farewell to Spain ! Good-bye to home !
For she has flown from wealth and pride,
To be her lover's bride.

" Farewell," she sigh'd,
While softly whisper'd he,
" Whate'er betide,
Léonore, I love but thee !"
Come with me, etc

I THINK OF THEE.

Mrs. V. Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

I THINK of thee at twilight hour,
When dark'ning shades surround me ;
I miss thy form within my bower,
I think of thee, I think of thee !
I think of thee at midnight hour,
In every dream thy form I see ;
Slumbring, feel the spell, the power,
Which, waking, binds me unto thee !
I think of thee when morn appears,
And joyous birds sing loud and free ;
I'll cherish thee thro' long, long years ;
My love, my life, remember me !
Remember me when far away !
Between us rolls the wide, wide sea ;
Each night, each morn, for thee I'll pray,
I'll think of thee, I'll think of thee !

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

Mrs. John Hunter.

MY mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribands rare,
And lace my bodice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
While others dance and play ?
Alas ! I scarce can go or creep
While Lubin is away.
'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near :
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? | Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be? | Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease me;
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be? | Oh! dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be? | Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

G. Hubi Newcombe.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

BELOVED star! my heart's delight!
Thine eyes are as the orbs of night.
Oh! bid me in their light to dwell,
Or let me die beneath their spell.
The golden moon, in radiance fair,
Pales beside thy beauty rare;
The dreaming earth, 'neath night's caress,
Charms not as thy loveliness.

Oh, come, my beloved!
The night waits for thee;
Come, my beloved!
Speed thou to me.
Come through the grove, love,
Ere moonbeams depart;
Come 'neath the palms, love,
To rest on my heart.

O love, one boon I humbly crave,
Ah, let me lowly kneel, thy slave,
And thou, my love, my queen, my own,
Shalt reign for aye, my heart thy throne;
For as the dew to parch'd flowers,
As a song to lonely hours,
As the moon to dark'ning sea,
So, love, my love, thou art to me.

Oh, come, my beloved!
My heart waits for thee;
Come, my beloved!
Speed thou to me.
Come through the grove, love,
'Neath the green palms;
Bid me to live, love,
Or die in thine arms.

QUEEN OF MY HEART.

B. C. Stephenson.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

I STAND at your threshold sighing
As the cruel hours creep by,
And the time is slowly dying
That once too quick did fly;
Your beauty o'er my being
Has shed a subtle spell,
And, alas! there is no fleeing
From the charms that you wield so well.
For my heart is wildly beating,
As it never beat before;
One word, one whisper'd greeting,
In mercy I implore.

For from daylight a hint we might borrow,
And prudence might come with the light,
Then why should we wait till to-morrow,
You're queen of my heart to-night!

Oh! tell me why, if you intended
Thus to treat my love with scorn,
Such rents as will never be mended
In this poor heart you have torn?
Why, why, did your beauty enslave me,
And give me such exquisite pain?
Oh! say but the word that would save me
And bid me hope again.
For my heart is wildly beating,
As it never beat before,
One word, one whisper'd greeting,
In mercy I implore.

For from daylight, etc.

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I AM WAITING.

A. M. Giffard.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

I AM waiting 'neath thy casement,
While the sky is bright with stars above me,
I am waiting just to tell thee,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.
Canst thou hear me in thy slumber,
And almost believe that thou art waking?
Wilt thou tell me on the morrow
That my poor fond heart is worth the taking?
I am waiting 'neath thy casement,
While the sky is bright with stars above me,
I am waiting just to tell thee,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.
I have waited, I am weary,
And the stars that were so bright are paling;
I am lonely in the dawning,
And my heart, my poor fond heart, is failing.
Would'st thou whisper words of comfort
If thy heart could guess how mine is aching?
Wilt thou tell me, ere the sunset,
That the love of years is worth the taking?
I have waited 'neath thy casement,
Till the stars are all gone out above me,
I have waited till the dawning,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

Samuel Lover

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy
Twas on a market day;
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a load of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in her low-back'd car.
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd for the toll, but just rubbed
his old pole,
And looked after the low-back'd car.
In battle's wild commotion
The proud and mighty stars,
With hostile scythes, demand the tithes
Of death, or war-like cars.
While Peggy, peaceful Goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly,
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well with the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming God of Love—
While she sits in the low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken that Peggy is pickin
As she sits in the low-back'd car.
Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady by my side—
For the lady would sit forenenst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high, at her
glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

Songs about Lovers Meeting.

SPEED ON, MY BARK.

M. Dec

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

SPEED on, my bark, speed on, speed on;
The wind is blowing fresh and free.
Oh! bear me to my darling one,
Who dwells beyond the sea.
She says the skies are ever fair,
The sun has ever brightly shone,
Yet still she is not happy there—
Speed on, my bark, speed on.
She tells of joys that once were ours,
When she was all my hope and pride;
She minds me of those happy hours
When I was by her side.
Long years have roll'd since last we met,
But still she cries with sorrowing tone,
"I cannot—wish not—to forget;"
Speed on, my bark, speed on.
Speed on, my bark, the hour is come;
No more shall she in sorrow pine.
I'll bear her to my happy home—
She'll be for ever mine.
We meet again, no more to part,
She cannot bear to be alone.
I long to press her to my heart,—
Speed on, my bark, speed on.

MEET ME IN THE WILLOW GLEN.

MEET me in the willow glen,
Where the silvery moon is beaming:
Songs of love I'll sing thee then,
When all the world is dreaming,
When the silver moon is beaming—
Songs of love I'll sing thee then,
If you meet me in the willow glen.
No prying eye shall come, love,
No stranger foot be seen,
And the busy village hum, love,
Shall echo through the glen.
Meet me, etc.
To melodious mandolins
My songs I'll softly blend, love;
While to thee my melody
A soothing balm shall lend, love.
No prying eye, etc.

THE MOON IS OUT TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, London.

THE moon is out to-night, love,
Floating through the sky,
Little stars are laughing,
As she passes by;
All the merry songsters
Sing a merry tune,
As happy as they can be,
While singing to the moon.
Clouds with silver lining
Are waiting in the sky
For the moon to pass them—
Kitty, so am I;
For I've come to meet you
With a happy smile,
To tell you how I love you,
While sitting on the stile.

CHORUS.

The moon is out to-night, love,
Meet me with a smile,
I've something sweet to tell you,
Sitting on the stile;
Kiss me when you meet me,
Kitty of the Glen,
And when I go to leave you
I'll have it back again.

The moon is out to-night, love—
All the roses blush,
When the gentle night-winds
Tell the birds to hush;
Now I want to listen
For a merry voice,
Whose every note is music
Which makes my heart rejoice.
Kitty, I am watching
To see if I can see
Some one like a fairy
Coming here to me.
Ah! the little angel,
Coming once again:
I have a kiss of true love
For Kitty of the Glen.

The moon is out to-night, love., etc.

MY QUEEN.

Stella.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co.,
Regent Street, London.

WHERE and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets' sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I would honour,
She that I wait for, my Queen, my Queen!

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or proud, my lady;
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
But whenever she comes she will find me ready
To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, the maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the Spirit above.
And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean,
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!

FROM OTHER SPHERES.

H. Kryzanowska.

By kind permission of Keith, Prowse, & Co.,
48, Cheapside, London.

New thoughts have come since we have met
Like lovely birds of Paradise,
"New as if come from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if known for years."
New hopes arise since we have met,
Like to sweetest flowers of spring,
"New as if come from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if known for years."

New life has come since we have met,
A life that cannot live alone,
"New as if come from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if known for years."
Oh, share these thoughts, these hopes, this
life,
It cannot be, thou wilt refuse,
Though new perspective from other spheres,
Yet filled with love for years and years.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

J. Augustine Wade.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told you by moonlight alone
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night-flowers their
queen;
Nay turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember, be sure to be there,
For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

How sweet in the breeze at eve's modest hour,
When it murmurs yon lime trees among,
When the blackbird and thrush so enchantingly pour
Their melodious sweetness of song !
When slowly adown from the warm glowing west
The bright sun is seen to depart,
When all passions but love are hush'd into rest,
I fly to the girl of my heart.

My Annie is gentle, is loving and kind,
Her bosom true sympathy warms,
Enchanting alike are her person and mind,
Each possesses a portion of charms ;
For a maiden so lovely, a charmer so bright,
Who uses no coquettish art,
I resign all the trifles that others delight,
And fly to the girl of my heart.

Her eyes, that so languidly speak soft desire,
Her cheeks that so rival the rose,
In my bosom the softest emotions inspire,
And charm my fond heart to repose ;
And when her sweet accents enraptured I hear,
Through my soul they so thrillingly dart—
Oh ! what sounds of sweet melody strike my rapt ear
When I meet the girl of my heart !

KATTY DARLING.

Mr. Lawson.

THE flowers are blooming, Katty darling,
And the birds are singing on each tree ;
Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,
My love, you know I'm waiting for thee !
The sun is sweetly smiling,
With his face so clear and bright ;
Haste to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to-night.

Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, etc.

Meet me in the valley, Katty darling,
When the moon is shining o'er the sea ;
Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty
darling,
And tales of love I'll tell to thee.
When the twinkling stars are peeping,
Sure those stars shine far more bright !

Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge to-
night.

Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, etc.

Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katty
darling :
Then you say you can ne'er be mine ?
I've sworn by heaven, Katty darling,
That this heart, love, alone was thine.
The sun is sweetly shining,
With his face so clear and bright ;
Oh, come to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to-night.

Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, etc.

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BROTHER AMBROSE.

F. E. Weatherly.

By kind permission of Robert Cooks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

THE Abbot look'd over the convent wall
As the shades of eve were beginning to fall,
And he saw as he look'd—O fortunate chance—
A sweet little nun in the old pleasaunce.
"Oh, if only I dared! Oh, if only I might!"
Half in love said the Abbot, and half in fright:
"All the brothers are safe, but the Lady Marie
Has the eyes of a cat and would certainly see."

The Mother Superior sat at her tea,
A crab'd old dame was the Lady Marie,
And she saw, as the shades were beginning to fall,
A head peeping over the convent wall.
Then her heart it grew tender, her face it grew soft,
And she murmured "Ah yes! I've fancied it oft,
'Tis that dear Brother Ambrose, I'm sure it is he,
And I fancy he's looking, he's looking for me."

The Abbot was waiting, the moon was dim,
When he saw a veil'd figure steal out to him
And he took her hand in the moonlight pale,
And slowly and softly he raised the veil;
But oh! whom he saw, there's no need to explain,
He hastily dropp'd to his garden again;
And he vows, if he even should live to fourscore,
He'll never try climbing that wall any more.

'TIS NIGHT! 'TIS NIGHT!

J. R. Planché.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

'Tis night! 'tis night!
The moon's soft light
Is on the Bodensee,
And Bregenz' towers and Arbon's bowers
Of silver seem to be.
Awake! awake! to join the lake
Full swiftly runs the Rhine,
But faster I across it hie
To meet the lady mine.

'Tis night! 'tis night!
The moon's soft light
Is on the Bodensee,
And Bregenz' towers and Arbon's bowers
Of silver seem to be.
Let age and pride sleep side by side,
They've ruled it through the day.
'Tis time for youth, and love, and truth
To have their own sweet way.
Delay not, dear, my bark is here,
No promise shalt thou break.
No love dost thou on earth allow
For I am on the lake. 'Tis night! etc.

NO MORE!

F. E. Weatherly.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

AGAIN I hold your hand in mine,
Again as friends we meet
And watch the same sweet moonlight shine,
The same waves at our feet.
And yet what need of dream or vow?
What profit thus to be,
If the wide gulf between us now
Is wider than the sea?

Farewell! forget me! let us part,
Or love me as of yore:
Give me your soul and all your heart,
Or speak to me no more.

Tell me the truth! spare not the pain,
Blot out the golden past,
We cannot meet as friends again,
This hour must be our last.
I dare not look into your eyes,
Your hand I dare not hold,
Remembering all the broken ties,
And what we were of old.
Farewell! forget me! etc.

MARGUERITE.

Oxenford.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
83, Argyll Street, London.

SHE stood alone in a garden fair,
Where roses bloom'd in the scented air,
And all was sweet in the golden light,
That flash'd and play'd in her tresses bright.
She stood alone; and the tell-tale tears
A story told of her hopes and fears,
While songsters warbled, in accents sweet,
"Love is undying, O Marguerite!"

She took no heed of the roses red,
But gather'd a snow-white flower instead,
And plucking its petals out one by one,
Sigh'd oft and oft ere her task was done:
"He loves me still! Nay, he loves me not!
The troth is broken, and all forgot!"
And yet she could hear the birds repeat,
"Love is undying, O Marguerite!"

Her task was o'er, and the petals lay
Like snowflakes born on a winter's day;
And still she linger'd, and tear-drops grew
That dimm'd her eyes with diamond dew!
The birds were hush'd, but a voice well
known
Beside her whisper'd, "My own, my own!
Our hearts, long parted, at last now meet:
Love is undying, O Marguerite!"

THEN IS THE HOUR.

H. L. Brown.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn.

WHEN day-flowers are sleeping,
When moonbeams are creeping
Sweetly and silently
O'er tree and tower
When sits the nightingale
Singing her lonely tale,
Fondly and fervently,
Then is the hour!

When night-flowers are peeping,
When soft dews are steeping
Sweetly and silently
Each leaf and flower;

When comes the Zephyr by,
Breathing o'er each a sigh,
Fondly and fervently,
Then is the hour!

Your vow then be keeping,
Lest mine eyes be weeping
Deeply and silently
Their passion's power;
Meet me, oh, meet me then,
Never to part again,
Fondly and fervently,
In Beauty's bower.

I WANDER'D BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

Milnes.

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade:
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a foot-fall,
I listen'd for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not;
The Night came on alone;
The little Stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When some one stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, nearer;
We did not speak a word—
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard!

Songs about Kissing.

THERE IS NO HARM IN KISSING.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 102, High Holborn.

UPON a rustic bridge we met
One afternoon in spring,
His loving words I can't forget,
Within my ears they ring.
The swans were sailing on the lake,
And all the park was gay,
My hand in his he chanced to take
In such a charming way.

The flowers were bright, but, oh,
They shone like stars of night,
His smile was like the glowing skies,
And fill'd me with delight.
I seem'd in love's delicious dream,
My heart with rapture beat;
And while his eyes did on me beam,
I heard his lips repeat:

CHORUS.

There is no harm in kissing,
Pray tell me, is there, dear?
Those rosy lips invite me now,
And no one lingers near;
When loving ones are meeting,
No prying eyes to mark,
There is no harm in kissing (*a kiss*)
At twilight in the park.

We stroll'd along where roses grow,
And all was bright and fair;
He promised ever to be true,
And begg'd my love to share.
The little birds were flying home,
They heard my lips reply,
And stars were bright in yonder dome
Before we said good-bye;

But, oh, he seem'd so sad to leave,
My heart grew sad as well,
For love within each heart did weave
Its dear bewitching spell.
We linger'd, though the hour was late,
How quick the time had sped;
But when our lips met at the gate,
He softly to me said:

There is no, etc.

THE MINIATURE.

G. P. Morris.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.

He almost thought it spoke;
He gazed upon the treasure still:
Absorb'd, delighted, and amazed
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."

"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"
"Why, no, my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me."

THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

Byron.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see;
The tear that from thine eyelids streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Not one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak;
Oh, what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

KISS ME, MOTHER, ERE I DIE.

F. Buckleys.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing;
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Give me once again thy blessing,
As you blest me when a boy,
When of life's bliss I was dreaming—
Years have wreck'd those ships of joy,
And no star of hope is beaming.

Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Once again your child caress;
Soothe, oh! soothe my dying hours,
dear mother,
Kiss me, kiss me, ere I die.

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
Never more on earth awaking:
Nay, I would not have thee weep
As my soul its flight is taking;
Do not weep for me, who goes
From a world of care and sorrow,
To a sweet and sad repose,
Where there comes no fading morrow.

Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.

Kiss me, etc.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die;
Sweeter far will be our meeting
Past the pearly clouds that lie
Where the sun the morn is greeting:
Thee upon my pallid brow
Press thy loving lips with gladness;
Death is painless to me now,
Thy sweet kiss hath banish'd sadness.

Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
Let me feel thy soft caressing,
Ere I in the cold grave lie,
Kiss me, mother, ere I die.

Kiss me, etc.

KISS ME, MOTHER, KISS YOUR DARLING.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lean my head upon your breast;
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
Brighter seems the other shore;
I am standing by the river,
Angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lean my head upon your breast;
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Breathe a blessing on my brow,
For I'll soon be with the angels,
Fainter grows my breath e'en now.
Tell the loved ones not to murmur,
Say I died our flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly
In the soldier's honour'd grave.

Kiss me, mother, etc.

Oh, how dark this world is growing:
Hark! I hear the angel band—
How I long to join their number
In that fair and happy land.
Hear you not that heavenly music,
Floating near so soft and low?
I must leave you,—farewell, mother,
Kiss me once before I go.

Kiss me, mother, etc.

LOVE KISSES.

THE kiss of love is sweeter far
Than voice or pen can tell;
And only those can know its bliss
That bow beneath love's spell.
And yet how oft the kiss of love
Is given, and given in vain;
And those who seek to taste love's joy,
Instead, know love's keen pain.
But still as long as earth shall stand,
As long as oceans roll,
The kiss of love will still give joy
To every love-lorn soul.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

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FAREWELL KISS.

KISSING by favour, kissing by stealth,
Kissing for favour, kissing for wealth,
Kissing for mischief, kissing for gain,
Kissing with pleasure, kissing with pain,
Kissing with laughter, kissing with tears,
Kissing with sorrow, kissing with fears,
Kissing with welcome, kissing farewell,
Of how many kisses could history tell !
But of all sorts of kisses, there's none half so sweet
As those which young lovers bestow when they meet,
And of all the sad kisses of which we can tell,
The saddest of all is the kiss of farewell.

**KEEP ONE LITTLE KISS
FOR ME.**

KEEP one little kiss, love,
One sweet kiss for me ;
When thy smiles I miss, love,
Wand'ring far from thee !
Doubt me not, my own love,
Still my heart shall hold
Faith to thee alone, love,
Though the world be cold.

Thou wilt be my star, love,
Watching o'er my way,
From the hills afar, love,
Guiding me each day.
When thy smile I miss, love,
Wand'ring far from thee,
Keep one little kiss, love,
One sweet kiss for me.

CHORUS.

Thou wilt be my star, love, etc.
Gaze within mine eyes, love,
Tell me thou'lt be true ;
'Neath the stormy skies, love,
We will faith renew.
Thou wilt be my dream, love,
Dream of sweet delight ;
Thy dear glances beam, love,
Through my darkest night.
Whisper ere I go, love,
Say thou still art mine ;
Every hope I know, love,
Every thought is thine.
When thy smile I miss, love,
Wand'ring far from thee,
Keep one little kiss, love,
One sweet kiss for me.

Thou wilt be, etc.

**LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS
MOTHER.**

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.
192, High Holborn.

LET me kiss him for his mother,
Let me kiss his youthful brow,
I will love him for his mother,
And seek her blessing now.
Kind friends have soothed his pillow,
Have watch'd his every care ;
Beneath the weeping willow,
Oh ! lay him gently there.

CHORUS.

Sleep, dearest, sleep,
I love you as a brother ;
Kind friends around you weep,
I've kiss'd you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother :
What though left a stranger here,
She has loved him as none other,
And I feel her blessing near.
Though cold that form lies sleeping,
He wears an angel's crown ;
Dear friends around are weeping,
Oh ! lay him gently down.

Sleep, dearest, etc.

Let me kiss him for his mother,
Or perchance a sister dear ;
If a father or a brother,
I feel their blessings here.
Then kiss him for his mother,
'Twill soothe her after years,
Farewell, dear stranger, brother,
Our requiem our tears.

Sleep, dearest, etc.

AE FOND KISS.

Burns.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benigns me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they lo'e me well,
And what the waur am I?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they lo'e me well,
And what the waur am I?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the toon,
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body gloom?
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they lo'e me well,
And what the waur am I?

MY TREASURE, MY OWN DARLING.

Creep close to my heart, oh, my darling,
And put up your lips for a kiss,
And tell me what joy in existence
Can equal a moment like this?
I know that time flies while I clasp thee,
But on let his chariot roll,
Whilst near thee he loses his power,
Thou life-giving light of my soul.

CHORUS.

Creep close to my heart, oh, my darling,
And put up your lips for a kiss,
And tell me what joy in existence
Can equal a moment like this.

Creep close to my heart, oh, my darling,
And tell me thy hopes and thy fears,
And should'st thou feel sorrow while
talking,
I'll soon kiss away thy bright tears.
Come tell me again that you love me,
That nothing shall tear us apart,
While I banish thy tears with my kisses,
Thou radiant queen of my heart.

Creep close, etc.

ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

Robert Dodsley.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu!
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love!
Let me kiss that falling tear!
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here:

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

LITTLE SWEETHEART, COME AND KISS ME.

LITTLE sweetheart, come and kiss me, just once more before I go ;
Tell me truly, will you miss me, as I wander to and fro ?
Let me feel the tender pressing of your ruby lips to mine.,
With your dimpled hands caressing, and your snowy arms entwine ; Ah

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me, come and whisper sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me, as I wander to and fro.

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me, we may never meet again ;
We may never roam together down the dear old shady lane !
Future years may bring us sorrow, that our hearts but little know,
Still of care we should not borrow ; come and kiss me ere I go ; Ah !

Little sweetheart, come and kiss me, come and whisper sweet and low,
That your heart will sadly miss me, as I wander to and fro.

KISS ME AND CALL ME YOUR DARLING.

KISS me and call me your darling, tell me you love me the same ;
Every dark shadow of sorrow fades, fades as I murmur your name.
Life is so weary without you, why do you linger afar ?
Come like the blush of the morning ; come like the night's early star.
Kiss me and call me your darling, tell me you love me the same ;
Every dark shadow of sorrow fades, fades as I murmur your name.

Kiss me and call me your darling, life is but wearisome pain ;
Come, like a bird that is weary, back to my heart once again.

Kiss me and call me your darling, speak as you've done in the past
Let not our love's happy vision perish in sorrow at last.
Why should a word idly spoken sever the joys we have known ?
Whisper that all is forgiven, let me not linger alone.
Kiss me and call me your darling, tell me you love me the same ;
Every dark shadow of sorrow fades, fades as I murmur your name.

Kiss me, etc.

Kiss me and call me your darling, smile with your sweet olden smile ;
Think of the vows we have plighted, you have I loved all the while.
Winter may wither the roses ; all will be lovely and bright,
When we again are united, dreaming our dreams of delight.
Kiss me and call me your darling, tell me you love me the same ;
Every dark shadow of sorrow fades, fades as I murmur your name.

Kiss me, etc.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Byron.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove,
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove,
From what bless'd inspiration your sonnets would flow
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove;
I court the effusions that spring from the heart
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Oh! cease to affirm that man since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove:
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood—when our pleasures are past
(For years fleet away with the wings of the dove),
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

OH! THAT KISS! THAT SWEET, SWEET KISS!

M. G. Lewis.

ON Baltic billows rode my ship,
The boatswain loud was calling!
On mine Paulina press'd her lip,
And said, while tears were falling,
"In foreign climes, Oh! think on this!
Your heart let naught deprave it;
But bring me back my parting kiss,
As pure as when I gave it."
Oh! that kiss! that sweet, sweet kiss!
The kiss she gave at parting,
In pain and grief, still brought relief,
And kept the tear from starting.

In breeze and battle, five long years,
I did a seaman's duty;
When pleasure call'd, I closed my ears,
And turn'd my eyes from beauty.
The wanton's tale of boasted bliss
I heard, but ne'er believed it,
And back I've brought that parting kiss,
As pure as I received it.
Oh! that kiss! that sweet, sweet kiss!
The kiss she gave at parting,
In pain and grief, still brought relief,
And kept the tear from starting.

SILENT KISSES.

Leigh Hunt.

WE'LL breathe not a kiss to the tell-tale air,
Nor proclaim the fond triumph for others to share,
For the rose never speaks while it opes to the dew,
And lovers say little whose feelings are true ;
The soul-speaking eyes are the language of blisses,
And we'll talk with our eyes amidst silent kisses.

'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night ;
'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight :
The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast
The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest :
The heart throbs in stillness, and we in our blisses,
Will honour its feeling by sweet silent kisses.

Yes ; when our lips move, yet have nothing to say,
And our eyes in each other's warm beam fade away,
'Tis then my heart springs up and trembles to thee,
As the arrow still trembles when fix'd in the tree :
Oh, never let ear rob a part of our blisses !
Oh, all for the heart be our sweet silent kisses !

MOTHER KISS'D ME IN MY DREAM.

LYING on my dying bed,
Through the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day,
Came a vision to my sight ;
Near me stood the form I loved,
In the sunlight's mellow gleam,
Folding me unto her breast,
Mother kiss'd me in my dream !

Mother, mother,
Mother kiss'd me in my dream.

Comrades, tell her when you write
That I did my duty well,
Say that when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell ;

Tell her, too, when on my bed,
Slowly ebb'd my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until
Mother kiss'd me in my dream !

Mother, mother, etc.

Once again I long to see
Home and kindred far away !
But I feel I shall be dead
Ere there dawn another day ;
Hopefully I bide the hour
When will fade life's feeble beam,
Every pang has left me now
Mother kiss'd me in my dream.

Mother, mother, etc.

Songs about Dreaming.

PEGGY BROWNE.

From the Gaelic. Translated by Thomas Furlong

OH, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doom'd to be,
While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee,
In the green spring of life, to the grave I go down,
Oh ! shield me, and save me, my loved Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that at evening my footsteps were bound
To yon deep spreading wood, where the shades fall around ;
I sought, 'midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For, like wild fairy music, they melt on the ear ;
Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down :
Oh, peerless and perfect's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherish'd tree,
But dearer, far dearer, is my loved one to me :
In my dreams I draw near her, uncheck'd by a frown,
But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

YOU DREAM OF ME, LOVE, AND I'LL DREAM OF YOU.

Joseph O'Connor.

I'VE got a girl, she is a pearl,
I love her, don't you doubt it ;
She's young and divine, her heart is mine,
I could not live without it.
Each night we meet just down the street,
And when it's time for parting,
She'll say, Dear Joe, now you must go,
And these words say when starting :

CHORUS.

Run away home, jump into bed,
Blow out the candle and cover your head,
When I go home the same thing I'll do,
You dream of me, love, and I'll dream of you

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COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

COME where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
In visions bright redeeming
The fleeting joys of day.
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
So sweetly dreaming the happy hours
away.

CHORUS.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
Come with a lute-toned lay,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away.
Come with a lute, come with a lay,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away.

Soft is her slumber,
Thoughts bright and free
Dance through her dreams
Like gushing melody.
Light is her young heart,
Young it may be.
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
Come where my love lies dreaming,
So sweetly dreaming the happy hours
away.

Come where my love, etc.

THE OLD SACRISTAN.

Mary Mark-Lemon.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

HE had peal'd the bells for evensong,
As sunset hour drew nigh,
And waves of crimson glory
O'erspread the evening sky;
And in the dreamy twilight
The old man paused to rest,
His bent head crown'd with silver
Reposing on his breast.
And he dreamt, and still dreamt on,
As sunshine round him fell,
And the voices of his dream
Awoke a wondrous spell.

He saw the white-robed singers
File slowly one by one,
And once again he join'd them
As in the days long gone.
He sang in chant and anthem,
In voice of wondrous tone,
Until his prayer ascended
Before a great white Throne.
Yet he dreamt, and still dreamt on,
As the darkness round him swept,
And the mantle of the night
Around the dreamer crept.

He saw among the singers
Old comrades dead and gone,
As in the days of childhood
Their careworn faces shone;
And his song became a prayer,
That in the golden land
His dream might last for aye
Among the joyous band.
But he dreamt, and still dreamt on,
As night gave place to day,
And they found him resting there,
But his soul had flown away.

GOOD NIGHT AND HAPPY DREAMS.

WHEN glowing stars have sweetly told
The parting hour is nigh,
And gentle hands our own enfold,
While sadness dims the eye;
Then loving lips repeat the words,
That fall like sunny beams,
And linger like the songs of birds,
Good night and happy dreams.

Good night! good night!
Good night and happy dreams;
Good night! good night!
Good night and happy dreams.

Oh, long we linger by the door!
The fleeting hours we chide,
For when love fondly tells them o'er
On wings of light they glide;
The rosy lips again we kiss,
Beneath the rosy beams,
And bless the whisper'd words of bliss,
Good night and happy dreams.

Good night! good night! etc.

THOU ART EVER IN MY DREAMS.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

THOU art ever in my dreams, little darling,
Thou art ever in my dreams, night and day,
I am gazing on thy form, sweet and lovely,
And I linger in thy smile, bright as May.
Oh, I never can forget thee a moment !
For thy mem'ry is a pure star to me ;
And in mine I hold thy hand, white and loving,
And I murmur all my fond vows to thee !

CHORUS.

Thou art ever in my dreams, little darling,
While the silver stars are out fair and bright ;
Oh, thy vision is to me like an angel !
Thou art ever in my dreams, day and night !

Oh ! I wander where we met, little darling,
And I love the very ground, fair and green,
Where thy tiny feet have trod in their roving,
When thy face made sweeter far all the scene !
While I listen to the birds of the summer,
Oh, I turn as if thy dear voice were near !
And I linger where the leaves o'er me whisper,
But their soft regret for thee, love, I hear.

CHORUS.

Thou art ever in my dreams, little darling,
While the silver stars are out fair and bright ;
Oh, thy vision is to me like an angel !
Thou art ever in my dreams, day and night !

There's a loving heart I keep, little darling,
And I hold it ever true—sun or rain !
Though I've heard thy lips repeat words of rapture,
Come and tell me every word once again !
Oh, the days were dark, so dark, ere I met thee !
And I wander'd on my way, sad and lone ;
But the hours are sunny now, best and dearest,
For thy tender love is mine, all my own !

CHORUS.

Thou art ever in my dreams, little darling,
While the silver stars are out fair and bright ;
Oh, the vision is to me like an angel !
Thou art ever in my dreams, day and night !

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LOVE'S GOLDEN DAYS.

Clifton Bingham.

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LAST night in dreams I saw again,
As in the bygone days,
The meadow gate, the winding lane,
And all our old sweet ways;
We wander'd, as in years ago,
My love of old and I,
Once more I heard a whisper low,
Our tender last good-bye.

Love will be always love,
Though years may come and go;
The world may change, grow sad
and strange,
But love no change shall know.

I saw the path we knew so well,
Round me grew other flowers,
From alter'd skies the shadows fell
Across the golden hours;
So sad, so strange all seem'd to be,
But as I woke to sigh,
There stole from heaven to comfort me
My old love's last good-bye.

Love will be always love,
Though years may come and go;
The world may change, grow sad
and strange,
But love no change shall know.

DREAM MEMORIES.

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

TO-NIGHT beside the murmur'ing stream
I stand and watch it flow,
And like the mem'ry of a dream,
Comes back the long ago;
Once more a face divinely fair
Shines out in beauty rare;
Once more the music of a voice
Has made my heart rejoice.

Flow on, O stream,
Flow and let me dream,
Murmuring sweetly,
Flow from shore to shore,
Bring back again,
Through the years of pain,
The dear old days,
The golden days of yore.

The shadows fall, and all is drear,
Thy face no more I see,
But in my dreams thy voice I hear,
And hope comes back to me;
For whisper'ing low, in accents sweet,
That we again shall meet,
That voice will surely be my guide
Across life's troubled tide.

Flow on, O stream,
Flow and let me dream,
Murmuring sweetly,
Flow from shore to shore;
Bring back again,
Through the years of pain,
The dear old days,
The golden days of yore.

DREAM ON.

Oonagh.

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DREAM on! dream on! nor wake too soon,
To find thy vision fled,
To see thy fairest hopes perchance
Lie number'd with the dead;
To feel the pain of trust betray'd—
Of love repaid by scorn;
To find the brightness fading out
Of life, while yet 'tis morn.

Dream on! dream on! 'tis better far
To slumber in belief
That rest will never be disturb'd
By hand of care or grief;
That tears will never dim the face
Where smiles are radiant now,
Or sorrow fray itself a place
Upon thy fair young brow.

Dream on! dream on! one day thou'lt
wake
Upon a happier shore,
When all the restless ebb and flow
Of time and tide are o'er;
No shade from sorrow, grief, or pain
Falls on its golden strand,
For joy and peace alone will find
A home in that bright land.

DREAM FACES.

William M. Hutchison.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited, 70, Berners Street, London.

THE shadows lie across the dim old room,
The firelight glows and fades into the gloom,
While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore,
And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.

CHORUS.

Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro,
Bring back to mem'ry days of long ago ;
Murmuring gently through a mist of pain,
"Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again !"

Once more I see across the distant years
A face, long gone, with all its smiles and tears ;
Once more I press a tender loving hand,
And with my darling 'neath the old oak stand.

Sweet dreamland faces, etc.

But all I loved are gone, and I alone in life,
To wait, and wait, and wait, till death shall end the strife ;
Until once more I join the hearts that loved me best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest !

Sweet dreamland faces, etc.

I DREAM'D A DREAM.

W. Wilsey Martin.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

I DREAM'D a dream of an old, old love,
And sweet was that dream to me ;
For it brought me the time of my early prime,
And life as it used to be ;
We walk'd once more to the village church,
'Neath the blue of the Sabbath skies ;
Down the trysting lane to the sacred fane,
With the light of young love in our eyes.
And again in the dark pine woods we stray'd,
Away from the noontide heat ;
Where only the thrush broke the stilly hush
As I lay at my darling's feet.

I dream'd a dream of an old, old love,
And sweet was that dream of bliss ;
For it brought me a hand from the spirit land,
And the touch of a spirit kiss.
A sense of happiness pure and strange,
Like a dove, on my bosom lay,
With the breath of a wing and the odour of Spring,
My sorrow had pass'd away.
So I know my old love as an angel lives
Beyond where the pale stars shine,
That she came from above, on a mission of love,
To bring peace to this soul of mine.

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

Alfred Bunn.

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride :
I had riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name ;
And I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
And knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden's heart could withstand,
That they pledged their faith to me ;
And I dreamt that one of this noble host
Came forth my hand to claim ;
Yet I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
That you loved me still the same.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

SOFT are the slumbers of minds fill'd with love,
Blissful the hours of repose,
Bearing the thoughts to the regions above,
Drowning all troubles and woes ;
Mem'ries of dear ones then float through the brain,
Fancies of long-treasured schemes ;
Alas ! and alas ! that they cannot remain,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.

Beautiful dreams, beautiful dreams,
Heav'nly, fairy-like, beautiful dreams !

The friends we have lost live over again,
They smile and they weep as of yore,
The objects we wish for we seem to obtain,
And we tread upon fairyland's shore ;
Our enemies love us, the world seems so fair,—
Alas ! that it's not as it seems !
They come like a perfume, and vanish like air,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams,

Beautiful dreams, etc.

Oh ! would they were lasting, oh ! would they were true,
Those dreams of an innocent heart ;
And would that the dreamer might never awake
To the truth they so quickly depart !
Oh ! would that the visions of maidens and babes—
Each one that with loveliness teems—
Could last for a lifetime, a foretaste of heaven,—
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams !

Beautiful dreams, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

ONLY A DREAM.

L. S. Gore Jones.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co.,
5, Vigo Street, London.

I REMEMBER the touch of a beautiful hand
And the flash and the flow of a river :
I held it in mine with affection so fond,
And I thought I could hold it for ever.
So fair and so fleeting that vision did seem,
Oh tell me, my heart, was it only a dream ?
And Echo's soft answer is "only a dream."

I remember the light of a beautiful face,
And the glow of a bright summer day :
It cast all around it a glory and grace,
But it pass'd with the sunset away.
So fair and so fleeting that vision did seem,
Oh tell me, my heart, was it only a dream ?
And Echo's soft answer is "only a dream."

I remember a voice with a beautiful tone,
And soft moonlight that hallow'd the strain :
The moonlight has come, but the music is gone,
And no magic can wake it again.
So sweet and so thrilling that music did seem,
Oh tell me, my heart, was it only a dream ?
And Echo's soft answer is "only a dream."

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM.

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

I HEAR to-night the old bells chime
Their sweetest, softest strain :
They bring to me the olden time
In visions once again ;
Once more across the meadow-land,
Beside the flowing stream,
We wander, darling, hand in hand,
And dream love's golden dream.

Love's golden dream is past,
Hidden by mists of pain ;
Yet we shall meet at last,
Never to part again.

I look into your love-lit eyes,
I hear your gentle voice ;
You come to me from paradise,
And bid my heart rejoice.
Sweet vision ! fade not from my sight,
I would not wake to pain,
But dream till at the portals bright
I clasp your hands again.
Love's golden dream, etc.

DON'T FORGET TO DREAM OF ME.

LITTLE darling, when you're dreaming,
Fast asleep within your bed,
When the silent stars are gleaming
Far above your golden head ;
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber,
Floating round you bright and free,
Keep me ever in their number,
Don't forget to dream of me.

CHORUS.

Little darling, when you're sleeping,
In the happy dreams that be,
One sweet thought of me be keeping,
Don't forget to dream of me.

When the morning, sweetly breaking,
Tells the starry hours are gone,
And the sleepy flowers, waking,
Ope their eyes to meet the dawn ;
When the south winds stir the flowers,
Like the wavelets of the sea,
Through the happy sunny hours,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Little darling, when you're sleeping, etc.

When you linger in the gloaming
By the little cottage gate,
Watching, waiting for my coming,
And the shadows whisper, "late,"
While the night winds softly sighing,
In their sweetest melody,
Sing the praise of daylight dying,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Little darling, when you're sleeping, etc.

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ANGEL OF MY DREAMS.

THOU whom my heart can love alone,
It is to thee I sing,
I fain would claim thee as my own,
To thee my love would bring ;
If but those soft blue eyes of thine
Would only shed their beams
Across this lonely path of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

CHORUS.

Sweet angel, sweet angel,
Sweet angel of my dreams ;
To love thee is a fault of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

When first I saw thy beauteous face,
So young and yet so fair,
It seem'd to me that I could trace
All that was lovely there.
My heart unbarred its very door,
And let in love's soft gleams.
Until for thee it held no more,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

Sweet angel, sweet angel, etc.

Thou whom I love so fond, so true,
How happy I would be,
If I was loved or only knew
You had one thought for me.
My heart with all its love is thine,
How strange, yet true, it seems :
To love thee is a fault of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

Sweet angel, sweet angel, etc.

OLD DREAMS.

Sarah Doudney.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

It was but a year ago, love,
In the balmy summer time,
That I linger'd there in the churchyard,
Till the bells began to chime ;
And the culver coo'd above me
In a soft and sleepy tune ;

From a hundred cottage gardens
Came the musky breath of June ;
But my thoughts were straying, straying,
To a crowded city street,
And my tears fell in the sunlight
On the grass about my feet ;
For the days to come seem'd the brightest,
And little I dreamt of their pain ;
And little I thought then, my darling,
I should dream the old dreams again.

It is but a year ago, love,
And the scene is far away ;
Yet here, 'mid our busy life, love,
I dream old dreams to-day ;
And the bells are chiming, chiming,
Through the misty London street ;
But I linger in the sunlight,
With the grass about my feet :
I am blest beyond all visions
That my thoughtless youth then knew ;
I have found your love so tender,
And your trust in me so true ;
But still the old days seem the brightest,
When we can forget half their pain,
So you must not blame me, my darling,
If I dream the old dreams again.

THY VOICE IS NEAR.

Mrs. Aylmer.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

THY voice is near me in my dreams,
In accents sweet and low ;
Telling of happiness and love
In days long, long ago ;
Word after word I think I hear,
Yet strange it seems to me,
That though I listen to thy voice,
Thy face I never see.

From night to night my weary heart
Lives on the treasured past ;
And every day I fondly say,
He'll come to me at last ;
But still I weep, I watch and pray,
As time runs slowly on,
And yet I have no hope but thee,
The first, the dearest one.

Songs about Wishing.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

T. H. Bayly.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower
Where roses and lilies and violets meet,
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet :
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd be a butterfly, etc.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings :
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas ! naught but misery brings :
I'd be a butterfly sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.
I'd be a butterfly, etc.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day !
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay :
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.
I'd be a butterfly, etc.

THE OLD COUNTREE.

Mary Mark-Lemon.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 83, Argyll Street, London.
ACROSS the pine-tree forest the red sun sheds its light,
And my heart is, oh ! so weary for one home face to-night—
For one home voice to sing to me the songs of bygone years,
To bring the old love back to me and wake life's truest tears.
Had I the wing of a dove, I'd flee
Just for to-night to the Old Countree !

I hear the wild birds singing through many a bygone hour,
And my heart is, oh ! so weary for one sweet meadow flower—
For one glance at the river that flows so calmly on,
Though footsteps from its margin for evermore are gone.
Had I the wing, etc.

Some faces now are missing that made the old years blest,
But my heart is, oh ! so weary once more to greet the rest ;
Each silver head, once golden, comes back to me to-night,
Until the pine-tree forest seems bathed in heaven's light.
Had I the wing, etc.

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IN THY PRESENCE.

R. Findlater.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

To live in thy presence,
How lovely it seems;
'Tis a world of delight,
'Tis a world of sweet dreams;
A love, though unspoken,
When near me thou art,
Is enough for my life,
Is enough for my heart.

The essence of roses
Need not be set free,
One waft of its fragrance
Were pleasure to me;
Though seal'd, it pervades—
'Tis enough thou art near;
'Tis enough that I feel,
'Tis enough that I fear.

O love, the awakener!
How can we e'er sleep
Who wake to thy feelings,
So vital, so deep?
O love, the enchanter!
Why should we e'er wake?
But sleep ever on
In dreams for thy sake!

THE GONDOLIER.

A. Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

THE gondolier to wind and wave
His fragile boat confides,
Assured the soul that's pure and brave
Can stem the rudest tides;
While able thus through clime or sea
Thy dauntless course to steer,
Where thou may'st be, oh, pray for me,
Poor gondolier, poor gondolier!

The gondolier by vesper's chime,
When bid no more to roam,
Contented hails the happy time
That wakens thoughts of home.
Beneath that roof on bended knee,
With all to thee so dear,
When thou shalt be, oh, pray for me,
Good gondolier, good gondolier!

TELL ME TO STAY.

Clifton Bingham.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

TELL me to stay: I cannot go,
Nor say farewell and leave you so,
With none in life on whom to lean
Or be to you as I have been.
Let me be still, in sorrow's night,
All I have been when life was bright;
Let me be near you, sweet, that hour
You wake to feel and learn love's power!

Tell me to stay, and I will stay,
Though all the world shall pass away;
Tell me to stay, O heart of mine,
And I for evermore am thine!

Tell me to stay; you do not know
How dark and lone the world may grow,
How soon pride wanes from less to less,
And silence turns to bitterness!
Be proud, be silent, if you will,
I cannot help but love you still:
One sigh, one tear, and I shall know
At heart you would not have me go!

Tell me to stay, etc.

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's silent hour;
And waking in the morning,
When falls the early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine,
And heaven's bright tear-drop too.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight's silent hour.

I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere;
And lilies bloom so sadly,
In sunshine or in shade
But daisies they look upward,
However dark the hour.

I'd choose to be a daisy, etc.

Songs about Warning.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Mary Howitt.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"

Said a spider to a fly,
"Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy;
You've only got to pop your head
Withinside of the door,
You'll see so many curious things
You never saw before!

"Will you, will you, will you,
Will you walk in, pretty fly?
Will you, will you, will you,
Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss?"
Said the spider to the fly.

"To taste your charming lips
I've a curiosity."

Said the fly, "If once our lips did meet,
A wager I would lay
Of ten to one, you would not, after,
Let them come away."

"Will you," etc.

"What handsome wings you've got,"
Said the spider to the fly,

"If I had such a pair,
I in the air would fly!—

'Tis useless all my wishing
And only idle talk;
You can fly up in the air,
While I'm obliged to walk.

"Will you," etc.

"For the last time now I ask you,
Will you walk in, pretty fly?"

"No, if I do may I be shot; I'm off,
So now good-bye."

Then up he springs, but both his wings
Were in the web caught fast;
The spider laughed, "Ha, ha! my boy,
I've caught you safe at last,

"Will you," etc.

Now, all young men, take warning by
This foolish little fly;
Pleasure is the spider that to
Catch you fast will try;

And although you may be thinking
That advice is quite a bore,
You're lost if you stand parleying
Outside of pleasure's door.

"Will you," etc.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Do not trust him, gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet,
Heed not him who kneels before you,
Gently pleading at thy feet;
Now thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the gipsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Listen to the gipsy's warning, etc.

Do not turn so coldly from me,
I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and with'ring power,
I would only tell the truth;
I would shield thee from all danger,
Save thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee, now beware:

Listen to the gipsy's warning, etc.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright, and like thee, fair,
But he wooed, and wooed, and won her,
Fill'd her gentle heart with care;
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save,
Soon she perish'd, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Listen to the gipsy's warning, etc.

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it;
Lady, I have pray'd for this,
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss.
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words, so cold and wild,
Lady, in that green grave yonder
Lies the gipsy's only child.

Listen to the gipsy's warning, etc.

Songs about Devoted Love.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER TRUE.

E. Baumer-Williams.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, London.

BENEATH the lime trees' leafy shade,
We wander'd when the days were fair;
We gather'd clover white and red,
And built our castles in the air!
The spring bloom'd within our hearts as well,
All Nature laugh'd a glad refrain:
When all our world was love, how could we tell
The clouds would come again.

Oh! love, oh! mine, through shade or shine,
Ever faithful, ever true!
The summer skies within thine eyes
Will hide the transient clouds from view!

Though suns, alas! too soon will set,
And autumn leaves around be spread,
The bird's sweet note we may forget,
When sunny June away has fled!
No flowers peep upon the grassy sweep,
No clover blossoms scent the air,
And eyes that laugh for love may learn to weep,
And hearts grow sad with care,
Oh! love, oh! mine, through shade or shine,
Ever faithful, ever true!
The summer skies within thine eyes
Will hide the transient clouds from view!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL.

Moore.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

SWEET LOVE OF MINE.

No jewell'd beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace;
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music shine;
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
Is this sweet love of mine.
Oh, joy to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me,
It sets mine leaping, like a tuneful lyre,
In sweetest melody.

My darling one, she is mine own,
My darling one, she is mine own,
This love of mine.

My soul upsprings a deity
To hear her voice divine;
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
Is this sweet love of mine.
If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win fame's victory,
I'll twine it on her lovely brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh none, so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine.

My darling, etc.

LINGER NEAR ME, LITTLE TREASURE.

Eben E. Rexford.

LINGER near me, little treasure;
When I have you by my side
I forget all care and trouble,
And that ill my life betide;
I remember only, darling,
That the one I love is near,
In the sunshine of his presence
All the shadows disappear.
Oh, my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be,
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.

Linger near me, little treasure;
Let me look into your eyes,
Where the sweetest violets blossom,
Underneath the summer skies.
Put your hand in mine, my darling,
And believe the words I speak,

Never any rose was fairer
Than the roses on your cheek.
Oh, my darling, etc.

Linger near me, little treasure,
While the days are going by;
Meet me with a kiss at nightfall,
And the love-light in your eyes.
Oh, my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be,
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.
Oh, my darling, etc.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Miss Blamire.

GIN livin' worth could win my heart,
You would not speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And, oh! what a heart was that to lose—
But I maun no repine.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bore to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.

I SAW THY FACE.

Muriel Knyvet.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co.,
5, Vigo Street, London.

I SAW thy face in dreams last night,
Fair as an angel's, mild yet bright;
Thy beaming eyes, with tender ray
Upon me gazing, seemed to say:
"My trusting heart I gave to thee,
And only ask: Dost thou love me?"
The night was dark, the stars were fled,
As though the earth was cold and dead;
But in my beating heart I heard
The echo of that pleading word:
"My trusting heart I gave to thee,
And only ask: Dost thou love me?"
How blissful was the Summer's day,
When at thy feet I dreaming lay,
When earth and sea and sky above
Seem'd but one heaven, a heaven of love.
My loving heart now lives for thee,
My life, my queen, I love but thee!

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ANNABEL LEE.

Edgar Allan Poe.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, London.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wing'd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

But the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In the tomb by the sounding sea.

BE WATCHFUL! AND BEWARE!

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

SEEK not to know the future,
Be happy while you may,
Nor cloud with dark fore-knowledge
The sunshine of to-day.

I see that you are hopeful,
I read it in your eyes,
And I can learn no more from
The stars that gem the skies.

Trust not the outward seeming
Of all who speak you fair:
What *has* been, Maiden, *may* be,
Be watchful! and beware!

I will not cheat you, Maiden,
My gipsy skill you seek,
This only of the future
The gipsy girl can speak.

When flippant worldlings flatter,
Let then your doubts begin,
Take, Maiden, for your counsel
The "still small voice within."

If weak the heart of woman,
Her stronghold too is there;
Guard then the fortress, Conscience!
Be watchful! and beware!

MY LOVE'S LOVE.

Thomas Ward.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

My true love's love is more to me
Than aught beside on earth and sea;
It fills my life with golden light,
And makes the darkest day seem bright;
And everything, come joy or pain,
My true love loves, I love again;
Like halo round a saintly shrine,
My true love's love is ever mine.
Ah! let it be mine for ever,
Never let love depart;
Though long years wane,
Never again
Banish me from thy heart.

My true love's love can hallow life,
And soften all its care and strife;
It breathes enchantment, fills with grace
The highest and the lowliest place.
Ah! by the charm that love has wrought,
And by the gladness love has brought,
By all the joy my heart can prove,
And every spell that bids me love;
Ah! let it be mine for ever,
Never let love depart;
Though long years wane,
Never again,
Banish me from thy heart.

LINGER NEAR ME, LITTLE DARLING.

LINGER near me, little darling,
Make my life a pleasant dream,
Charm away the hours of sadness,
Let your smiles upon me beam.
Lay your hand of snowy whiteness
In my own, and sweetly say
That you love me, little darling,
Love me better day by day.

Linger near me when the sunlight
Of my life is gleaming fair;
All the joys the day may bring me
I would have you fondly share.
In the calm and lovely evening
I would have you by my side,
You are still my only blessing
In this weary world so wide!

Linger near me when in sorrow
I am bow'd, and joy is flown;

Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Tell me you are still my own!
In my gloom and in my gladness
Win me with your gentle smile—
As the dewdrop loves the lily,
So I love you all the while.

I LOVE HIM MORE THAN I CAN SAY.

ONLY an angel's eye can see
The holy throbblings of her breast
Who in her youth loves fervently,
And knows the future to be blest.
In his true heart she finds a throne,
And reigns alone! then, day by day,
Daring with modest pride to own,
"I love him more than I can say."

Thus, one by one, pass happy years,
Endearing as they onward move;
E'en sorrow scarcely stirs her fears,
Ennobled by such princely love.
But the solemn messenger call'd Death
Bears him with sudden haste away;
She pleads with failing heart and breath,
"I love him more than I can say."

A struggle! then a holier fire!
Her soul has found its heavenward wings,
And meets its love translated higher
In the palace of the King of kings.
The parting sorrow has pass'd by,
She kneels with yearning heart to pray.
Breathing, to greet his soul on high,
"I love him more than I can say."

PRETTY ANNIE LEE.

OH, sweet her smile, the bonnie smile,
So full of life and glee;
Oh, the brightest star that lights our glen
Is pretty Annie Lee.
The blush of morn plays on her cheek,
With sunshine soft and fair;
No frown hath ever dimm'd the bloom
That loves to circle there.

I loved her once, I love her still,
She's all the world to me!
Her smiles now light our cottage home.
She's mine, sweet Annie Lee.
And should the gathering shades of time
Steal round us with decay,
I'll heed them not, if they but leave
One smile of hers to play.

WERT THOU SAD.

Mrs. Tighe.

WERT thou sad, I would beguile
 Thy sadness by my tender lay;
 Wert thou in a mood to smile,
 With thee laugh the hours away.
 Didst thou feel inclined to sleep,
 I would watch and hover near;
 Did misfortune bid thee weep,
 I would give thee tear for tear.
 Not a sigh that heaved thy breast
 But I'd echo from my own;
 Did one care disturb thy rest,
 Mine, alas! were also flown.
 When the hour of death should come,
 I'd receive thy latest sigh;
 Only ask to share thy tomb,—
 Then, contented, with thee die.

FLOWER SONG.

From the Opera of "Faust."

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
 50, New Bond Street, London.

GENTLE flowers in the dew,
 Be message from me,
 And to flower that is rarer,
 Oh, proclaim she is fairer
 And more precious than you
 Though fair you be!
 Gentle flowers in the dew,
 Be message from me,
 How my life I surrender
 With your beauty so tender,
 For the joy would be sweet
 To die at her feet.
 Her lip will not refuse to smile
 If she wonders who, with secret wile,
 Hath woven a charm
 From bloom and bower
 To move her heart
 With magic power.
 Gentle flowers, lie ye there,
 And tell her from me
 Of my long weary waiting,
 Of a heart wildly beating,
 While to angels in air
 I bended my knee.
 Gentle flowers, lie ye there,
 And tell her from me,
 Would she deign but to hear me,
 And with one smile to cheer me,
 For a moment so sweet
 I would die at her feet.

VENETIAN SONG.

B. C. Stephenson.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
 50, New Bond Street, London.

THE night-wind sighs,
 Our vessel flies
 Across the dark lagoon;
 The city sleeps,
 And well she keeps
 Her watch, the gentle moon—
 For with her light
 She guides our flight
 Across the silver sea:
 We are alone,
 The world, my own,
 Doth hold but you and me.

The night is still,
 But soft winds fill
 And swell the willing sail;
 The wind is fair,
 The scented air
 Brings perfume from the vale.
 Then fly with me
 Across the sea
 And leave the world behind;
 For here am I
 To live or die
 As you prove hard or kind.

I LOVE HER.

A. Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
 192, High Holborn.

I LOVE her as that Heaven I love,
 Whose shrine we are forbid to know,
 Whose light and beauty formed above
 But rarely blend with aught below.
 When slumber's pinions o'er me play
 In dreams her form appears to me,
 And when those visions pass away
 Its image still I seem to see.
 In hours of joy, or of distress,
 She is my heart's presiding star;
 And by her unmatched loveliness,
 I feel how worthless others are.
 When slumber's pinions, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

BONNIE JEAN.

Burns.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between;
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care—
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fond to meet—how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.

Moore.

My Mopsa is little,
My Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth
As the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose
Can come near her;
In short, she has woven
Such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear
Little Mopsa can part—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music
That dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb
Gives a daylight so clear,
That I'm dazzled
Whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly,
Are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh! their sweetness
I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty
That charms me alone,
'Tis her mind; 'tis that language
Whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave
Could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if
Death were her doom,
I would instantly join
My dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

I FEAR NO FOE.

Edward Ozenford.

The music of this song is published by J. B.
Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

I FEAR no foe in shining armour,
Though his lance be swift and keen,
But I fear and love the glamour
Through thy drooping lashes seen.
Be I clad in casque and tasses,
Do I perfect cuirass wear,
Love through all my armour passes
To the heart that's hidden there.

I fear no foe in shining armour
Though his lance be swift and keen,
But I fear and love the glamour
Through thy drooping lashes seen!

Would I fend a blow so given?
Would I raise a hand to stay?
Though my heart in twain be riven,
And I perish in the fray?
I fear no foe, except the glamour
Of the eyes I long to see:
I am here, love, without armour;
Strike! and captive make of me.

I fear no foe, etc.

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MY BLODWEN.

From *Blodwen*. By kind permission of Dr. Joseph Parry, University College, Cardiff.

My Blodwen, my darling, my true love,
Thy presence brings balm to my breast;
But cease thy lamenting, my true love,
Thy Howell will soon be at rest.
Though fetters my body encumber,
My spirit its freedom retains,
And ev'n in the darkest of dungeons,
Makes light of the strongest of chains.

My Blodwen, my darling, my true love,
Thy presence brings balm to my breast;
But cease thy lamenting, my true love,
Thy Howell will soon be at rest.

The ribbon thou gavest me, darling,
The morning we parted in pain,
I've brought from the battlefield, darling,
Though red with the blood of the slain;
Oh! treasure it up in thy bosom,
In constant remembrance of me,
As in the mysterious hereafter
My thoughts shall be ever of thee.

Oh! treasure it up in thy bosom,
In constant remembrance of me,
As in the mysterious hereafter
My thoughts shall be ever of thee.

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

Mrs. Crawford.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

It may not be, it cannot be,
That such a gem was made for me,
But, oh! gin it had been my lot,
A palace, not a Highland cot,
That bonnie, simple gem had thrown
Bright lustre round a jewell'd crown;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth,
I love her wi' the heart o' youth,
When a' the golden dreams o' love
Bring winged angels from above:

A stolen glance from Annie snares
My heart away from all its cares;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

Lady Dufferin.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

So, my Kathleen, you're goin' to lave me
All alone by myself in this place,
But I'm sure that you'll never decave me:
Oh no, if there's truth in that face.
Though England's a beautiful country,
Full of iligant boys, och; what then?
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och! them English decavers by nature!
Though maybe you'd think them
sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet charming
creature,
And don't you belave them, my dear.
No, Kathleen, agra, don't be mindin'
The flatterin' speeches they'll make,
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
Is breakin' his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from goin',
Though, faith! 'tis a mighty hard case;
For, Kathleen, you know there's no
knowin'
When next I may see, our sweet face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better shall I be off then;
You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh now! where's the need of this hurry?
Don't fluster me so in this way;
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was manin' to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—
Can I talk if you bother me so?
Och, Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye
Every inch of the way that you go

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

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TRUE AS THE STARS THAT ARE SHINING.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

TRUE as the stars that are shining, love, will I be unto you,
Fond as the vine that's entwining, dear as the rose to the dew;
Life that would ever be sadness, tranquilly flows when you're near me!
Thus in your beauty and gladness, love ever lingers to cheer me. Ah!

True as the stars that are shining, love, will I be unto you!
Answer my fond heart's repining, say that you'll still be as true.

Day is bereft of its splendour, love, when you're gone from my sight,
Gazing in eyes that are tender, life is a dream of delight!
Sweet is the breath of the roses, sweeter the joys that you bring, love;
Sorrow for ever reposes, cares unavailingly cling, love. Ah!

True as the stars that are shining, etc.

Look in my eyes once again, love, say you'll be true unto me!
True in the sunlight and rain, love, true wheresoe'er I may be!
Clasp me again to your bosom, tell me in accents of sweetness!
Dear as to Spring is the blossom, bring to my heart its completeness. Ah!

True as the stars that are shining, etc.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

BEAUTEOUS as Flora is lovely young Norah,
The pride of my heart and the rose of Kildare;
Ne'er can I deceive her, sadly 'twould grieve her,
To know that I sigh'd for another less fair.

Eyes with tears streaming, her lips with love beaming,
What mortal could injure a bosom so fair?

Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare,
Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love;
Though beauty may smile, and try to ensnare,
Nothing shall ever my heart from thee sever,
Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.

I'VE LOVED THEE, LOVE.

Alexander Hume

I'VE loved thee, love, lang, I've loved thee, love, deep;
I love thee awake, love, I love thee asleep;
While I think, while I feel, while I smile, while I weep,
By day, or by night, or in dream.
Though never by me, love, your praise has been sung,
Though never, love, told you were charming and young,
You dwell in my heart, love, and not on my tongue,
And there are you dweller supreme.

Great nature boasts not, love, the depth of her hoards;
The air never tells of the life it affords;
The sun gives its light, love, and utters no words.
Now sun and air surely are true.

My eyes cannot look, love, my lips cannot tell,
The tide of my heart in its ebb or its swell;
I cannot let others see how I love well,
Yet still do I worship but you.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

WHAT should make thee sad, my darling?
 Why those pearly tears I see?
 Have I caused one thought of sorrow?
 Have I not been kind to thee?
 By the stars that shine above us,
 By their wondrous mystery,
 By this heart that beats within me,
 Still I love thee, love but thee.

What should make thee sad, my darling?
 Why those pearly tears I see?
 Have I caused one thought of sorrow?
 Have I not been kind to thee?

O'er the bosom of the ocean
 Shall the sea-bird cease to rove,
 Sun and stars shall cease their motion,
 Winds and clouds forget to move,
 Ere my love for thee should falter,
 Or my faith forgotten be;
 All things else on earth may alter,
 Still I'll love thee, love but thee.

What should make thee sad, etc.

Joyfully, when first I found thee,
 Bow'd my soul at love's behest;
 Now when sorrows gather round me,
 Thou alone canst make me blest;
 Be my heart thy throne for ever,
 Let all tears forgotten be;
 Weal or woe estrange us never,
 Still I love thee, love but thee.

What should make thee sad, etc.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

OH! the old love—the true love—
 That years have tested well,
 Is stronger than the new love,
 More potent in its spell;
 For the new love, trusting never,
 Has jealous eyes for all;
 While the old love's firm as ever,
 Whatever may befall.

Oh! the old love—the kind love—
 Means more than it would say,
 It is not like the blind love
 That worships for a day;
 The new love may be bold love,
 And passion's warmth impart,
 But a kind look from the old love
 Sinks deeper in the heart.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

Morland.

IN my cottage near a wood
 Love and Rosa now are mine.
 Rosa, ever fair and good,
 Charm me with those smiles of thine.

Rosa, partner of my life,
 Thee alone my heart shall prize;
 Thou the tender friend and wife,
 Ah! too swift life's current flies.

Linger yet, ye moments, stay,
 Why so rapid is your wing?
 Whither would ye haste away?
 Stay and hear my Rosa sing.

Love and you still bless our cot,
 Fortune's frowns are for our good
 May we live by pride forgot,
 In our cottage near a wood.

TIME MAY STEAL.

C. D. Blake.

TIME may steal the roses, darling,
 From thy cheeks so fair and bright,
 And thy eyes 'neath golden lashes,
 Lose the radiance of their light;
 Beauty cannot last for ever,
 Brightest hours from us must flee,
 Still you will be ever, darling,
 More than all the world to me.

Time may steal the roses, darling,
 From the garden of the heart,
 And the beauty of thy presence
 Evermore from us depart;
 Shadows dark may fall around us,
 Drifting over life's sad sea,
 Still whatever may betide us,
 Fond and constant I will be.

Time may steal the roses, darling,
 From our pathway down life's slope,
 Leaving nought to bless and cheer us,
 But the little flower of hope;
 Yet, my love, in joy or sorrow,
 If you'll always trust in me,
 You shall know no sad to-morrow,
 Happy we will ever be.

LOVE AT HOME.

THERE is beauty all around,¹

When there's love at home;

There is joy in every sound,

When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,

Smiling sweet on every side,

Time doth softly, sweetly glide,

When there's love at home.

Love at home; love at home;

Time doth softly, sweetly glide,

When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy

When there's love at home;

Hate and envy ne'er annoy,

When there's love at home;

Roses blossom 'neath our feet,

All the earth's a garden sweet,

Making life a bliss complete,

When there's love at home.

Love at home; love at home;

Making life a bliss complete,

When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,

When there's love at home;

All the earth is fill'd with love,

When there's love at home.

Sweeter sings the brooklet by,

Brighter beams the azure sky,

Oh! there's One who smiles on high,

When there's love at home.

Love at home; love at home;

Oh! there's One who smiles on high,

When there's love at home.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

Upton.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass

More bright than May-day morn,

Whose charms all other maids surpass—

A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,

Has won my right goodwill;

I'd crowns resign to call her mine,

Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,

And wanton through the grove,

Oh! whisper to my charming fair

I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be

Who calls this nymph his own!

Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,

Mine's fixed on her alone.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

Marquis of Montrose.

My dear and only love, I pray

That little world of thee

Be govern'd by no other sway

But purest monarchy:

For if confusion have a part,

Which virtuous souls abhor,

I'll call a synod in my heart,

And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,

And I will reign alone;

My thoughts did ever more disdain

A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

Who dares not put it to the touch

To gain or lose it all.

But if no faithless action stain

Thy love and constant word,

I'll make thee famous by my pen,

And glorious by my sword;

I'll serve thee in such noble ways

As ne'er was known before;

I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,

And love thee more and more.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

I LOVE but thee, I love but thee,

My only love, believe it!

That gentle heart, so prized by me,—

May sorrow never grieve it!

Should fortune's smile my labours crown,

I then with thee will share it.

Come weal or woe, my song shall be:

I love but thee—I love but thee.

As down the paths of life we stray,

For thee I'll cull the roses,

And tear each rankling thorn away

That 'neath its leaves reposes.

Oh, may thy life be ever gay;

Round me though fortune lowers,

Be thine the glorious light of day,

And mine, night's storms and showers!

And still my song, sweet maid, shall be:

I love but thee—I love but thee!

Songs about Disappointed Love.

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Bayly.

OH! no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word;
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see,
But were I in a foreign land,
They would find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things
Recall the past to me,
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky
Before the sun is set,
Aye, every leaf I look upon
Forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me too,
But I heed not what they say:
Perhaps, like me, she struggles
With each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I do love,
She never can forget.

YOU NEVER BADE ME HOPE.

Gerald Griffin.

You never bade me hope, 'tis true,
I ask'd you not to swear;
But I look'd in those eyes of blue,
And read a promise there.

The vow should bind, with maiden sighs
That maiden lips have spoken—
But that which looks from maiden's eyes
Should last of all be broken!

ANSWER TO

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH! am I then remember'd still?
Remember'd too by thee!
Or am I quite forgot by one
Whom I no more shall see?
Yet, say not so, for that would add
Fresh anguish to my lot.
I dare not hope to be recall'd,
Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who parted us but known
How hearts like ours can feel,
They would have spared us both a pang
Beyond their power to heal.
I know not if my heart retains
Its wonted warmth or not;
Though I'm forbid to think of thee,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

Mayst thou enjoy that peace of mind
Which I can never know;
If that's denied, my prayer shall be
That I may share thy woe.
Where'er thou art, my every wish
Will linger o'er that spot;
My every thought will be of thee,
Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
Thou'lt find that I am changed;
My eyes grown dim, my cheeks grown
pale,
But not my faith estranged.
From mem'ry's page the hand of death
Alone thy name shall blot:
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

FALSE THOUGH SHE BE.

William Congreve.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:
They could not always last!
And, though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past

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I LOVE MY LOVE.

Gerald Griffin.

I LOVE my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair,—
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
Its clouds, her golden hair;
Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind;
Her tears, its dewy showers;
And her voice, the tender whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon,
For she is bright as the lord of light,
Yet mild as autumn's moon:
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one,
Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray
That lights the western heaven:
I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose;
But, best of all, when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

LOVE AGAIN.

HE deems that I can love again,
But first I must forget
The loved, the lost, whose truth and worth
Enchain my spirit yet;
He woos me in the same kind tones
That I was wooed before—
They fall like ice upon my heart,
Their former spell is o'er.
He sings the songs of other days—
Alas! he does not know
They but recall the past to mind,
And cause my tears to flow;
He strives to soothe my aching brow,
Nor deems my grief can last,
But kind words only seem to me
Sad echoes of the past.
He tells me that I still am fair,
He loves not for my face;
No vacant spot my heart contains,
If he that heart could trace;
I grieve to feel he loves me still,
His truth but gives me pain,
For who that once has truly loved
Can ever love again?

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

Juliet Bellchambers.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

My heart is like the faded flower
Whose beauty lost, and sweetness flown,
Forgot, neglected, in the bower
Is left by all to die alone;
And thus am I, all hope is o'er,
That hope so cherish'd in my heart;
I dare not wish to see him more,
The spell is broken, we must part.

I thought he loved; I was deceived—
Oh, would that we had never met,
For though he is no more believed
My heart refuses to forget.
And yet, alas! I must not tell
The grief that rends my aching heart:
Adieu! for ever, fare thee well!
The spell is broken, we must part.

THOUGH FATE, MY GIRL.

THOUGH fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting;
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eyes streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving;
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And with you all that's worth possessing
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing.

FAITHFUL.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co.,
5, Vigo Street, London.

HE, whom I love, wander'd far away,
And tears bedew'd my lonely pillow,
Came a youth, beneath our willow,
Soothing, tender words to say.
But I replied, My chosen lover,
Fond youth, it is not thou !
Alas ! that *he's* far from me now ;
Far from me now, my chosen lover !
'Tis vain these tender words to say
Unto me ; *he* has gone away.

Then came a knight of lineage old ;
He his hand and title offer'd,
And, as proof of love, he proffer'd
Bright gems in settings of gold.
Last came pale Death, O Death, I greet
thee !

Open wide thine arms for me !
Unto my love I'll fly with thee,
I'll fly with thee, O Death, I greet thee !
With thee should hasten to depart
She who conceals a broken heart !

WE MET.

T. H. Bayly.

By kind permission of Keith, Prowse, & Co.,
48, Cheapside, London.

WE met,—'twas in a crowd,—
And I thought he would shun me ;
He came,—I could not breathe,
For his eye was upon me ;
He spoke,—his words were cold,
And his smile was unalter'd ;
I knew how much he *felt*,
For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivall'd its whiteness,
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness !
He call'd me by my name,
As the bride of another :
Oh ! *thou* hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

And once again we met,—
And a fair girl was near him ;
He smiled and whisper'd low,
As I once used to hear him ;
She leant upon his arm,
Once 'twas mine, and mine only ;
I wept ; for I deserved
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride !
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother :
Oh ! *thou* hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

LOST ROSABEL.

G. Linley.

THEY have given thee to another,
They have broken every vow ;
They have given thee to another
And my heart is lonely now.
They remember not our parting,
They remember not our tears,
They have sever'd in one fatal hour
The tenderness of years.
Oh ! was it well to leave me ?
Thou could'st not so deceive me ;
Long and sorely I shall grieve
thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel !

They have given thee to another,—
Thou art now his gentle bride ;
Had I loved thee as a brother
I could see thee by his side.
But I know with gold they've won thee,
And thy trusting heart beguiled ;
Thy mother, too, doth shun me,
For she knew I loved her child.
Oh ! was it well to sever
Two fond hearts for ever ?
I can only answer, Never !
Lost, lost Rosabel !

They have given her to another—
She will love him, too, they say ;
If her memory do not chide her,
Oh ! perhaps, perhaps she may.
But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget,
And, though my poor heart be broken,
It will love her, love her yet.
Oh ! 'twas not well to sever
Two fond hearts for ever.
More I shall see her never,
Lost, lost Rosabel

TELL ME NO MORE.

Henry King.

TELL me no more how fair she is ;
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near :
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late :
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame ;
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame,
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

WHEN THEY TOLD ME.

J. E. Carpenter.

WHEN they told me he was married,
How I wept to hear his name !
For I lived but in his presence,
And was happy when he came ;
Had he spoken of another,
Had he spared my aching brow,
I had loved him as a brother,
But I dare not love him now.

It is true no vows were spoken,
But his words were soft and kind ;
Every gift I deem'd a token
That he strove our love to bind ;
There are hearts, where truth ne'er
enter'd,
That such falsehood ne'er could bow,
But my hopes in him were centred,
Yet I dare not love him now !

They deem not when they name him
Of the pangs that wring my soul,
And yet I ne'er shall blame him,
For could I my heart control ?
Had I known that to another
He had breathed the fatal vow,
I had loved him as a brother,
But I dare not love him now.

WE MEET.

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

WE meet !—but not as once we met !
Our better days are o'er,
And, dearly as I prize thee yet,
I cannot love thee more :—
My young and precious hopes were wept
With many tears, away,
And since thy faith so long has slept,
It wakes too late to-day !
Oh ! sighs and smiles are idle, all,
To raise the thoughts of youth :
They come and go, without a call,
They linger *but* with truth ;—
Like roses—if to-night they die,
To-morrow's sun is vain ;
And oh ! like birds—if once let fly,
They never come again !
My heart has found no treasure yet,
Like what it lost in thee,
And years of long and lone regret
Have made me what you see !—
Then dearly welcome back again,
But ask no *lover's* vow ;
The world—that had not won it *then*—
May not restore it now !

WHEN, LULL'D IN PASSION'S DREAM.

Moncrieff.

WHEN, lull'd in passion's dream,
My senses slept,
How did I act ?—e'en
As a wayward child ;
I smiled with pleasure
When I should have wept,
And wept with sorrow
When I should have smiled !
When Gracia,—beautiful
But faithless fair,
Who long in passion's bonds
My heart had kept,—
First with false blushes
Pitied my despair,
I smiled with pleasure !—
Should I not have wept ?

And when, to gratify
Some wealthier wight,
She left to grief
The heart she had beguiled,
My heart grew sick, and,
Saddening at the sight,
I wept with sorrow !—
Should I not have smiled ?

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

Thomas Moore.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lips such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied :
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver ! go—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story ;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends
Would then have bled to right thee.

But go, deceiver ! go !
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed
No lights of age adorn thee :
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go ! go ! though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever ;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.

Go ! go ! 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

I CANNOT LOVE AGAIN.

OH, do not bid me, mother,
The loved one to forget ;
And speak not of another,
My heart clings to him yet.
He loved me once, believe me,
Though now grown cold and strange,
He sought not to deceive me,
False friends have wrought the change.
Then speak not of another,
Your pleading is in vain ;
Believe me, oh, my mother,
I cannot love again.
Tell me no more of pleasure,
The world for me has none ;
My wish'd-for prize and treasure—
Hope's brightest dream—is gone.
I breathe no word upbraiding,
For death I know is nigh ;
I feel my strength is fading,
And peacefully would die.
The flame I tried to smother
Has fired my throbbing brain ;
My heart is breaking, mother,
I cannot love again.

MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

A SAILOR left his native land,
A simple gift he gave,
A seashell gather'd by his hand
From out the rippling wave :
"Oh, love, by this remember me !
Far inland thou must dwell—
But thou shalt hear the sounding sea
In the murmur of the shell."
Ah ! woe is me ! with tatter'd sail,
The ship is wildly toss'd ;
A drowning cry is on the gale,
They sink—and all are lost !
While happy yet, untouch'd by fear,
Repeating his farewell,
Poor Mary smiles, and loves to hear
The murmur of the shell.
The tidings wreck'd her simple brain,
And smiling still she goes ;
A mad girl—reckless of her pain—
Unconscious of her woes !
But when they ring the village chimes
That toll'd her lover's knell,
She sighs, and says she hears at times
Death music in the shell !

Songs about False Lovers.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

The concluding stanza is by Sir Waller Scott.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething beside.
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown awa',
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.
My father couldna work, and my mither doughtna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, Oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack,
The ship it was a wrack: why didna Jenny dee?
Oh! why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!
My father urged me sair; my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
Now auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back, love, to marry thee."
Oh sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish'd I were dead; but I'm no like to dee,
Oh! why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.
"Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
Despair it was come, and she thought it content,
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she dropp'd like a lily broke down by the hail."

LOVE SMILES BUT TO DECEIVE.

From "Bohemian Girl." By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

'Tis gone, the past was all a dream,
The light of life is o'er,
The hope that once so bright did seem
Now shines for me no more.
Ah! foolish heart, without a thought,
In joy that didst believe,
Nor knew what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

No more I'll join with dance and song,
Nor mingle with the gay,
And happy as the day is long
Beguile the hours away.
I'll seek me out some silent spot
In solitude to grieve,
And learn what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

SHE never blamed him, never;
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same;
But vainly she dissembled—
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear, unbidden, trembled,
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom;
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was alter'd,
And she knew her eye was dim;
Her voice, though, only falter'd
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn;
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known;
And though she seldom named him,
Yet she thought of him alone.

She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part;
She spoke not when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They pass'd—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

THOU HAST CAST OFF THE HEART.

THOU hast cast off the heart that I gave
thee
Like a weed that is worthless and vain;
A heart that had perish'd to save thee,
Thou hast given to the bleak world again.
Thine is false, and so oft hast thou told me,
Lived only to beat for my own;
And the arms that were wont to enfold me,
Perhaps round another are thrown.

When I gazed on thy beautiful tresses,
On thy brow and thy bosom of snow;
When I lived but amid thy caresses,
Oh, how little my heart did I know.
When I felt that young heart wildly beat-
ing,
I believed it could beat but for me;
The delusion was lovely, but fleeting,
As all that is lovely must be.

Yet who, when thy bosom was heaving,
While he drank thy bewildering sighs,
Could think that thine heart was de-
ceiving,
And false the pure light of thine eyes?
Oh! who, when thy arms were around him,
As his lips to thy kisses he press'd,
Could think that thy falsehood could
wound him
That pillow'd thy head with his breast?

But go, though that soft breast were
heaven,
Its snows were an heaven alone
To the chosen one to whom it is given
To rest on it all as his own.
Farewell, thou art false, and I leave thee:
Farewell, my vain hopes I resign;
Farewell, I could never deceive thee,—
The crime and the ruin are thine.

OH! I REMEMBER WELL.

T. H. Bayly.

OH! does he think when I assume
This cold unmeaning smile,
That I forget his vows of love?—
That I forgive his guile?
’Twas he that left Remorse to pine
Where Peace was wont to dwell;
And shall the trampled foot forget?—
Oh, I remember well!

I sought him not:—my mother’s love
Then left me nought to seek:
My heart was gay, my step was light,
And health was on my cheek,
He came, and bought the simple wreaths
My mother used to sell:
He whisper’d praises in my ear—
Oh, I remember well!

He linger’d near my village home,
And said ’twas for *my* sake!
He deign’d to be my partner, too,
At harvest-home and wake;
He placed a ring upon my hand,—
And could I then repel
The token of a blameless life?—
Oh, I remember well!

The summer pass’d, he came no more,
I thought I should have died,
When next we met, a noble dame
Was smiling at his side.
He saw me—but his guilty eyes
Abash’d before me fell:
The lady soothed him, and he smiled—
Oh, I remember well!

They told me ’twas his wedding day!
They bore me to the church;
And pale, and cold, and statue-like,
I linger’d in the porch;
I heard his wedding peal—I *felt*
The beating of the bell;
I saw him kiss his lovely bride—
Oh! I remember well!

And I have met him in the world,
And I have heard him speak;
And madly forced a smile, to light
My flush’d and feverish cheek.
Do I *forget*? No,—let him wait
Until he hears my knell;
For till I rest beneath the turf
I shall remember well!

ACCUSE ME NOT.

ACCUSE me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee,
For I was true, would still be so,
Hadst thou been true to me;
But when I knew thy plighted lips
Once to a rival press’d,
Love-smother’d independence rose,
And spurn’d thee from my breast.

The fairest flower in nature’s field
Conceals the rankling thorn;
So thou, sweet flower! as false as fair,
This once kind heart hath torn.
’Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
That slighted love can feel:
’Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
Which bids this long farewell.

BARB’RA ALLEN.

IN Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin’,
Made every youth cry, “Well-away”
Her name was Barb’ra Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin’,
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay,
For love of Barb’ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
“Young man, I think you’re dying.”
When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;—
“Oh! mother, mother, pity me,
For I shall die to-morrow.”

She, on her deathbed, as she lay,
Begg’d to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the day
When she did e’er deny him.
“Farewell,” said she, “ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb’ra Allen!”

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

Thomas Moore.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely;
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet, think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee—
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Burns.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'dst break my heart, thou warbling
bird,
That wantons through the flowering
thorn;
Thou mind'st me o' departed joy,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang of its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley,
3, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

THOUGH I mingle in the throng
Of the happy and the gay,
From the mirth of dance and song
I would fain be far away;
For I love to use no wile,
And I can but deem it sin,
That the brow should wear a smile,
When the soul is sad within.
Though a parent's stern command
Claims obedience from me,
Oh, 'tis hard to give the hand
Where the heart can never be.

'Tis hard to give, etc.

I have sigh'd and suffer'd long,
Yet have never told my grief,
In the hope that for my wrong
Time itself would find relief;
I will own no rebel thought,
But I will not wear the chain,
That for me must still be fraught
With but misery and pain.
In all else I will be bland,
But in this I must be free,
And I will not give the hand
Where the heart can never be.

And I will never, etc.

SWEETER VOW WAS NEVER SPOKEN.

SWEETER vow was never spoken
Than that faithful vow of thine,
Truer heart was never broken,
False one, than this heart of mine.
I had paid thy best devotion,
Not with homage idlers plight,
But with love as deep as ocean,
And with truth as pure as light.
Fare thee well, though I might linger,
Fearless now of greater woe,
'Twere not well the worldling's finger
Mark'd the hand that struck the blow.
So we part, nor deem I leave thee
Curse or hate,—despair is dumb,
Not one word I breathe to grieve thee,
But be sure the day will come.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Byron.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well ;—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That my heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?
With silence and tears.

GIVE ME BACK MY HEART AGAIN.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

GIVE me back my heart again,
I'll forget the happy past ;
You have caused me grief and pain,
Shadows o'er my pathway cast,
Life to me was once so bright,
Ah ! I dreamt 'twould so remain,
But my hopes have vanish'd quite,
Give me back my heart again.
But my hopes have vanish'd quite,
Give me back my heart again.

Give me back my heart again,
I'll not heed my foolish tears,
'Tis a bitter cup to drain,
Sad 'twill make the coming years.
I have been too true to thee,
Now I know I loved in vain.
Break your vow, I leave you free,
Give me back my heart again.
Break your vow, I leave you free,
Give me back my heart again.

Give me back my heart again,
Now as strangers we must meet,
Other smiles will soon enchain,
Other lips thine own will greet.
Go, the wrong you've done forget,
Ne'er can I sweet peace regain,
Oh, that we had never met !
Give me back my heart again.
Oh, that we had never met !
Give me back my heart again.

THEY PLACED HER HAND IN HIS.

THEY placed her hand in his,
And bade her love him well :
They heeded not the bitter tears
That down her pale cheek fell.
Her mother blamed her childish grief,
Her father frown'd with pride,
Her lips were mute before their choice,
And she became his bride.

Her brow was wreathed with flowers,
Bright gems were in her hair,
But in her young and perjured breast,
A dreary void was there :
She thought of him on foreign strand,
More dear than all beside,
And wept to think that she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

She dare not love him now,
Her pride and pleasure once,
Doom'd in the sacred name of wife
The lover to renounce.
There rests a stain upon her heart,
A stain she cannot hide,
Alas ! that ever she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

ALLAN WATER.

M. G. Lewis.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.
On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more;
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was sad as she.
On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

THE CAVALIER.

W. H. Bellamy.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

'Twas a beautiful night,
The stars shone bright,
And the moon o'er the waters play'd,
When a cavalier
To a bower drew near,
A lady to serenade.
To tend'rest words
He swept the chords,
And many a sigh breathed he;
While o'er and o'er
He fondly swore,
Sweet maid! I love but thee!
Sweet maid! sweet maid!
Sweet maid! I love but thee!
He raised his eye
To her lattice high,
While he softly breathed his hopes.
With amazement he sees
Swing about with the breeze,
All ready, a ladder of ropes!
Up, up! he's gone—
The bird has flown!
"What is this on the ground?" quoth he.

"Oh, it's plain that she loves!
Here are gentlemen's gloves!
She's off! and it's not with me!
For these gloves, these gloves,
They never belong'd to me!"

Of course you'd have thought
He'd have follow'd and fought,
As that was a duelling age;
But this gay cavalier
He quite scorn'd the idea
Of putting himself in a rage.
More wise by far,
Put up his guitar,
And as homeward he went sang he,
"When a lady elopes
Down a ladder of ropes
She may go to Hongkong for me!
She may go, she may go,
She may go to Hongkong for me!"

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

Scott.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?—
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die—under the willow!
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempest sways,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever;
Never again to wake—never, oh never!
Where shall the traitor rest—
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying!
Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted:
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—never, oh never!

AH, CRUEL MAID!

Sheridan.

AH, cruel maid ! how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind ?
My heart, by thee from love estranged,
Becomes, like thee, unkind.
By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was ;
And friends I had who fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.

But now, my weakness all accuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me ;
Friends, fortune, fame itself, I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee.
And only thou shouldst not despise
My weakness or my woe ;
If I am mad in other's eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days, like this, with doubting curst,
I will not long endure.
Am I disdain'd ?—I know the worst,
And likewise know my cure.
If, false, her vows she dares renounce,
That instant ends my pain ;
For oh ! the heart must break at once
That cannot hate again.

A CARELESS, SIMPLE BIRD.

T. S. Fay.

A CARELESS, simple bird, one day
Fluttering in Flora's bowers,
Fell in a cruel trap which lay
All hid among the flowers,
Forsooth—the pretty, harmless flowers.

The spring was closed ; poor silly soul,
He knew not what to do,
Till, pressing through a tiny hole,
At length away he flew
Unhurt—at length away he flew.

And now from every fond regret
And idle anguish free,
He singing says, " You need not set
Another trap for me,
False girl ! another trap for me."

SIGH NO MORE.

Shakespeare.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more !
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore—
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go ;
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, " Hey, nonny, nonny ! "

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'e
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go ;
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, " Hey, nonny, nonny ! "

THEY TOLD HER TO FORGET ME.

THEY told her to forget me,
To think of me no more ;
They hinted they had seen me
With other hearts before ;
They bade her never mention
My hated name again,
And should she ever meet me,
To pass me with disdain.

They told her, etc.

A Baron, rich and haughty,
Stood smiling at her side ;
A Father's word was given,
He led her forth a bride ;
One smile she gave, which faded
Like the sun's last parting ray,
Her sad, sweet spirit trembled,
And meekly pass'd away.

They told her, etc.

TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!

Shakespeare.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !

Songs about Eyes.

HAUNTING EYES.

IN the hour I first beheld thee, soft thy kindly glances fell,
And my heart bow'd down before thee as beneath a magic spell;
Since that time, like some sweet phantom, in my home thy form doth rise,
And where'er my sad gaze wanders, there I meet thy haunting eyes.

Oh, those eyes ! their lovely shadow stole the light of life away,
And my heart, in languid dreaming, idly pines from day to day ;
Vain the evening's dewy coolness, vain the calm of midnight's skies ;
E'en with darkness closing round me, still I see those haunting eyes.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" EYES.

My love is as free as a bird on the wing,
As fresh and as fair as a morning in spring,
For though it is scarcely an hour since the dawn,
She's tripping to meet me across the green lawn.
Oh, my darling is loving, and trusting, and true,
And her eyes are the sweetest and tenderest blue ;
When they beam with delight, or they start with surprise,
Oh ! there's nothing so bright as "forget-me-not" eyes.

"Forget-me-not" eyes ! "Forget-me-not" eyes !
Bluest and truest "forget-me-not" eyes.
Brown eyes are beautiful, blue eyes are wise,
But there's truth in the depths of "forget-me-not" eyes.

Since the face of my darling first gladden'd my sight,
The whole face of Nature's more pleasing and bright,
Fresh treasures and beauties in all things I see,
Since the love of my little one's given to me.
Too often my breast felt the chill of despair,
But now there's the warmth of sweet hopefulness there ;
And should care reach my heart, it soon withers and dies
When I look into Katie's "forget-me-not" eyes.

"Forget-me-not" eyes ! etc.

LITTLE BLUE EYES.

Cyril Bowen.

LITTLE blue eyes, home's sweet treasure,
Laughing, dancing to and fro,
Fill'd with joy in over measure,
As the spring days come and go:
Little songs at morning ringing,
Ere the grey has changed to red;
Little hymns at evening singing,
As she kneels beside the bed.

Little blue eyes brightly glancing,
Little soft hands clasping tight,
Little white feet gaily dancing,
Little red lips laughter-dight.

Little blue eyes smiling sweetly
Midst the summer's glorious sheen,
Treading garden pathways fleetly,
Soft locks crown'd with leafy green;
Little posies deftly twining,
Red of rose, and lily white,
With forget-me-not combining
Buttercup and daisy light.

Little blue eyes, etc.

Little blue eyes closed in slumber,
Ere ye well had seen life's day;
Little white feet, short the number
Of your footsteps on the way;
Little cold hands raised no longer,
Seek her not beneath the sod,
Mother, let thy faith be stronger,
Little blue eyes gone to God.

Little blue eyes, etc.

UNCLOSE THOSE EYELIDS.

Henry Glassthorpe.

UNCLOSE those eyelids and outshine
The brightness of the breaking day!
The light they cover is divine,
Why should it fade so soon away?
Stars vanish so, and day appears;
The sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's tears.

Oh! let not sadness cloud this beauty,
Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover!
It is not love's, but sorrow's duty,
To die so soon for a dead lover.
Banish, oh! banish grief, and then
Our joys will bring our hopes again

LOVE LURKS IN A LAUGHING EYE.

R. Manners White.

LOVE may dwell in a sleek
Or a dimpled cheek;
His voice may be heard in a sigh;
But such signs are weak
His presence to speak,
Compared with a laughing eye,
Oh, he lurks in a laughing eye,
He lurks in a laughing eye.
No adage more true
Than this I tell you,
Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Love may dwell in the mind,
Like a debtor confined,
But in vain to secure him you try;
His captivity ends
When he writes to his friends,
His postman a laughing eye,
For he lurks in a laughing eye,
He lurks in a laughing eye.
No adage more true
Than this I tell you,
Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Youths and maidens, take care,
I would have you beware
Of a little wing'd urchin so sly;
For if it should prove
You have harbour'd this love,
'Twill peep forth in a laughing eye.
Yes, he lurks in a laughing eye,
He lurks in a laughing eye,
No adage more true
Than this I tell you,
Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Songs about Beauty.

MERRY IS THE GREEN- WOOD.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

MERRY is the greenwood,
And merry, too, am I,
While roaming through the forest,
Beneath a summer sky.
Birds are warbling sweetly,
And bees are humming there;
Soft winds, the green leaves wooing,
With music fill the air:
What says that song? oh, tell me!
What says that song to thee?
Hark! hark! hark! hark!

Merry is the greenwood,
And merry, too, am I,
While roaming through the forest
Beneath a summer sky.

Like a bounteous mother,
All lavish of her treasures,
Nature spreads before thee
Her best and purest pleasures.
But loving must the heart be,
Pure, dutiful, and kind;
He most enjoys her beauties
Who owns a quiet mind.
Come with me,
And happy we will be
Upon the sunny greensward,
Or 'neath the shady tree.

Merry is the greenwood, etc.

Come, then, merrily, singing cheerily,
Wake ye the echoes
Of the forest as ye go;
Up with the morning light,
Roam till the dewy night,
Free as the mountain bird,
And fearless as the roe!
Come! come! come!
Come to the greenwood, come!

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

Carew

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires;
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

WHEN THIS ENCHANT- MENT I BEHOLD.

A. Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

WHEN this enchantment I behold,
These halls so bright that are,
The tablets of my heart unfold
Some scenes more lovely far;
Though lost for ever now is she
Who gave them such a grace,
Yet only one like her can be
The Spirit of this place.

It is not that I hope to find,
Though earth were traversed o'er,
A being of that perfect kind
Which met my sight before;
But some resemblance there might be
For memory to trace,
If once mine aching eyes could see
The Spirit of this place.

THY SWEET VOICE.

Egdon.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sounds were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.
There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

And the midnight moon is waving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep;
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full and soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer ocean.
There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

THERE'S A MAGIC IN THINE EYE.

THERE'S a magic in thine eye, love,
Which seems a soul of light;
There's a music in thy sigh, love,
More sweet than lutes at night.
Oh! thy every word's a song, love,
Thy every breath a rose;
For they steal thy lips along, love,
And scent them as they close.

I shall ne'er forget the day, love,
When first I heard thee sing—
Oh! 'twas like the young bird's lay, love,
That wakes the infant spring;
For the murmurs from thy lips, love,
Came faintly sweet to me,
As the sound of oar that dips, love,
At moonlight, in the sea.

SWEET ECHO! SWEETEST NYMPH.

Milton.

SWEET Echo! sweetest nymph,
That liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,—
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song
Mourneth well;—
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of parley,
Daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace
To all Heaven's harmonies!

NELLIE.

RADIANT as a starlight beam
Is my sweet Nellie's eye,
Bewitching is the love-light glance
That in its blue depths lie.
Oh! soft and tender is the bloom
That on her cheek doth dwell;
Her charms, enchantingly divine,
Are more than tongue can tell.

Oh, that I were a diamond bright
To grace her form so fair!
Or e'en a pearl within the band
That binds her golden hair.

Oh! sylph-like is her tiny tread
Across the dewy lawn,
Her lips surpass the ruby's tint,
Her glow a summer's morn;
Her voice is like the southern wind,
Soft breathing o'er the plain;
Her smile outvies the golden gleams
Of sunshine after rain.

Oh, that, etc.

KATHLEEN OF KILDARE.

Oh ! my love's a flower surpassing
All others I have seen ;
Though all o'er my dear old Erin
A rover I have been,
I ne'er yet beheld a blossom
So beautiful and fair,
As that lovely gem of Nature,
Young Kathleen of Kildare.

Oh ! her eyes are like the morning,
When breaking softly bright ;
Her lips like opening roses,
Her teeth are snowy white,
Her step is light and graceful,
Her brow beyond compare,
And rich dancing golden tresses
Hath Kathleen of Kildare.

Oh ! the sun and moon for ever,
With all the stars, may shine,
But they cannot beam, no, never,
On bliss surpassing mine ;
When she, fondly yielding, whisper'd
" Life's ills or joys to share,
I am thine, my Terence, darling ! "
Sweet Kathleen of Kildare.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

Oh ! my heart is gone and I'm forlorn,
A darling face has won me ;
Such a lovely girl with teeth of pearl
I met down by the brook—
She's the prettiest and the wittiest,
Her smile has quite undone me ;
I'm her only beau, she told me so,
When first my arm she took.
She's as pretty as a picture !
And her voice is just a cage
Where little birds are singing !
She's the sweetest and the neatest,
She's as pretty as a picture
All the while.

Oh ! my heart is gone and I'm forlorn,
A darling face has won me,
Such a lovely girl with teeth of pearl,
An angel without wings.

As we stray'd along the sweet bird's song
Was ringing o'er the meadow,
And I pull'd a rose, you may suppose,
To give my charmer fair ;
So we'd gaily chat while her gipsy hat
Half hid her face in shadow ;
But when'er I sigh'd her eyes replied :
They shone like diamonds there.
She's as pretty as a picture !
And you never miss the sun
Whenever she is near you !
If you saw her you'd adore her,
She's as pretty as a picture
All the while.

Oh ! my, etc.

When 'twas time to go we talk'd so low,
The roses scarce could hear us,
Then my heart in sport was Cupid caught,
Like fishes near the shore ;
When I told her so as I turn'd to go,
She fondly linger'd near me,
And she droop'd her head and sweetly said,
I wish you " au revoir."
She's as pretty as a picture !
And my heart's a golden frame
Whenever you may find her !
She's a fairy blithe and airy,
She's as pretty as a picture
All the while.

Oh ! my, etc.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe ! I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy ;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile.
There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe ! I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy :
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, ripe ! I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

OH! 'TIS PLEASANT TO FLOAT.

J. R. Planché.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

OH! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea
When the wearied waves in a deep sleep be;
And the last faint light of the sun hath
fled;
And the stars are musing overhead;
And the night breeze comes with its
breath so bland,
Laden with sweets from the distant land.
Oh! 'tis pleasant to float and sing,
While ever our dripping locks we wring.

Oh! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,
When nothing stirs on its breast but we.
The warder leans at the twilight hour
Over the wall of his time-worn tower,
And signs himself, and mutters a prayer;
Then listens again to the witching air.
Oh! 'tis pleasant to float and sing,
While ever our dripping locks we wring.

LOVELY NIGHT.

Mark Lemon.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

LOVELY night! Lovely night!
They have call'd thee dark and drear;
But the light, but the light
Is to me not half so dear:
For though the sunlight glad some seems,
Too oft it brings but tears alone;
But, circled with thy fairy dreams,
How many joys my heart hath known.
Lovely night! etc.

Lovely night! Lovely night!
Though thy dew may be thy tears,
Yet how bright, yet how bright
From thy grief the world appears.
The flowers that before the noon
Had faded with the sun's warm ray,
When smiled on by the gentle moon,
Revive to bless the coming day.

Lovely night! etc.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

Burns.

My love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

But, fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my dear,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

IN THE SWEET MAY-TIME.

G. Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

IN the sweet May-time
The flowers bloom again,
And the birds resume their
Blithe and happy strain;
All is fragrant and fair
On the earth, in the sky,
And the heart feels no care,
And the breast heaves no sigh.

I alone am sad, where all else are glad,
In the sweet May-time.

Why so brightly bloom,
Ye flowers of the spring?
Why for me, ye birds,
So gaily do you sing?
Once with you I could rest
As with friends loved for years,
Now ye fill my fond breast
With sorrow and tears.

I alone, etc.

Songs about Beauty and Worth.

SWEET MARY IS MINE.

Harry Hunter.

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A WHITE cottage stands at the edge of the wood,
And Mary, sweet Mary is there,
She's pure as she's pretty, and fair as she's good,
And proud of her hazel-brown hair ;
She's pluck'd the best rose that the garden can show,
A rose in her tresses to twine,
But I pick'd the sweetest one twelve months ago,
For Mary, sweet Mary is mine.

Mary is beautiful, Mary is true,
Mary has eyes of the prettiest blue
Her voice is enchanting, her smile is divine,
But the best thing of all is, that Mary is mine.

Then Mary and I take a stroll in the lane,
And see in the old rustic seat
The handsome young squire, and the fair Lady Jane,
Who soon at the altar will meet :
She is toasted the belle of the whole country side
By nobles and gentlemen fine ;
But Mary will be a more beautiful bride,
And Mary, sweet Mary is mine.

Mary is beautiful, etc.

We part at the gate at the close of the day,
But still my heart's happy and light,
For do I not think every step of the way
Of the kiss and the whisper'd good-night ?
I think of the lord in his castle and hall,
Who drinks the best juice of the vine,
And know I am richer than he after all,
For Mary, sweet Mary is mine.

Mary is beautiful, etc.

"ANGELS LISTEN WHEN SHE SPEAKS."

J. E. Carpenter

LOW her voice is, soft and kind,
Sorrow ne'er appeals in vain ;
She can soothe the troubled mind,
Bid despair to hope again.
She is good, and kind, and true,
Her the weeping mourner seeks,
Holy words her lips bedew,
Angels listen when she speaks.

From her lips but words of truth
Fall, like manna from above,
All the innocence of youth,
All the strength of perfect love.
Ne'er a thought unkind, unjust,
Bring the rose tints to her cheeks,
Still she bids us hope and trust,
Angels listen when she speaks.

I HAVE KNOWN THEE IN THE SUNSHINE.

T. Haynes Bayly.

I HAVE known thee in the sunshine
Of thy beauty and thy bloom,
I have known thee in the shadow
Of thy sickness and thy gloom;
I have loved thee for thy sweet smile,
When thy heart was light and gay;
But, alas! I loved thee better,
When the smile had pass'd away.

When we first met, thou wert sporting
With the proud ones of the earth,
And I thought thee only made for
Nights of music and of mirth:
But thy virtue dwelt in secret,
Like a blossom that has furl'd
All its sweet leaves from the notice
And the sunshine of the world.

THE PICTURE OF MY FAIR.

BRIGHT auburn locks and sparkling eyes,
Of ivory teeth a polish'd row,
Engaging smiles that dimpling rise,
A damask cheek, a breast of snow,
An easy shape, a graceful air!
This is the picture of my fair!

Her decent artless dress displays
Simplicity with taste combined;
Its pleasing elegance portrays
The graces of her spotless mind!
Genteel and neat beyond compare!
This is the picture of my fair!

Not pert, presuming, indiscreet;
In conversation loud or vain;
But every accent's mild and sweet,
With flowing wit in every strain:
Free, open, lively, debonair!
This is the picture of my fair!

Sincere in friendship, constant, kind,
Unartful, disinclined to rove:
Of delicacy most refined
In the soft mystery of love!
Indulgent to my plaintive prayer!
This is the picture of my fair!

The loveliest proof of nature's skill
I sure will cherish to the tomb!
No other maid can her excel!
A Venus in her new-born bloom!
Ye swains, who nuptial bliss would share,
Choose by this picture of my fair!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Byron.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure—how dear the dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

R. B. Sheridan.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise
claim'd,

Your charms would make me true;
To you no soul shall be deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

And when they learn that you have
bless'd

Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

I CANNOT FLATTER.

I CANNOT flatter if I would
A face so fair, a heart so good.
The clearest stream that ever shone
But dim reflects the golden moon;
And words as feebly can express
Thy more than woman's loveliness.

I've often dream'd in stillly night
Of angels clothed in robes of light,
And while I slumber'd deem'd they were
Beyond what earth could show me fair.
But even when I wake and see
There's nothing can compare with thee.

WHEN ALL AROUND OUR PATH IS DREARY.

A. Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

WHEN all around our path is dreary,
And sorrows o'er us sweep;
When rest denied is to the weary,
And calm to hearts that weep;
When those the bitter world neglecteth,
But ruin near them see—
Then Heaven the innocent protecteth
If pure their spirit be.

When friends in their devotion falter,
We deem'd before so true,
And that regard begins to alter
Which fond was hitherto;
When time, which heals all grief, respecteth
No more the ills we see—
Then Heaven the innocent protecteth
If pure their spirit be.

SWEET MARY OF THE VALE.

WHERE nature sheds a calm repose,
There stands a cottage fair,
Where twines the jasmine with the rose,
Whose fragrance fills the air.
It seems like some enchanted bower,
Secured from sorrow's gale,
Where beauty guards her fairest flower,
Sweet Mary of the vale.

Her voice is like a bird of Spring,
When first the violet blows,
Her step is like the zephyr's wing,
Her heart with feeling glows.
Oh! would it were my happy lot,
In life's romantic tale,
With such a flower to deck my bower
As Mary of the vale.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I HAVE heard the mavis singing
His love-song to the morn;
I have seen the dew-drops clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Though thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Burns.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be nae mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In one starry cluster shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee, etc.

THOU MAY'ST NOT REST.

Lucy Larcom.

THOU may'st not rest in any lovely thing,
 Thou, who wert form'd to seek and to aspire;
 For no fulfilment of thy dreams can bring
 The answer to thy measureless desire.

The beauty of the round green world is not
 Of the world's essence; far within the sky
 The tints which make this bubble bright are wrought:
 The bubble bursts; the light can never die.

Thou canst not make a pillow for thy head
 Of anything so brittle and so frail;
 Yet may'st thou by its transient glow be led
 Into the heaven where sun and star grow pale;

Where out of burning whiteness flows the light—
 Light, which is but the visible stream of love;
 Hope's ladder brightening upward through the night,
 Whereon our feet grow winged as they move.

Let beauty sink in light; in central deeps
 Of love unseen, let dearest eyes grow dim:
 They draw us after, up the infinite steep
 Where souls familiar track the scaphim.

SWEET ANGELINA.

How I love sweet Angelina,
 She's the sunlight of my days!
 Oh, my heart with gentle rapture
 Tries in vain to sing her praise!
 Dear to me her voice of gladness,
 Sweeter than the birds of spring:
 Like the vine the oak entwining
 Round my heart her love doth cling.

How I love, etc.

Flowers of June are bright and bonny,
 But her face is sweeter far,
 Oh! her words are fond and winning;
 She's my loving guiding star.
 Day is wearisome without her,
 For her heart is warm and true;
 Dear is she unto my bosom,
 Dear as floweret to the dew.

How I love, etc.

Earth would be a dreary desert,
 Were she severed from my heart!
 Oh, her smiles, in beauty glowing,
 Bid each care of mine depart!
 Stars will cease their golden shining,
 Ere my love for her shall die:
 She's my heart's delight and treasure,
 Sweetest girl beneath the sky.

How I love, etc.

BONNIE KATE.

KATE's a dear delightful creature,
 Laughing all the live-long day,
 Merry as a chirping cricket
 That 'mid flowers loves to stray:
 Ringlets form'd of silken sunshine,
 Measures such as poets prize—
 See her 'mid her birds and flowers,
 Mirth and mischief in her eyes,

See her, etc.

Bonnie Kate is blithe and happy;
 How ideal is her form!
 Roguish, full of coquetry,
 But whose heart is true and warm;
 Eyes of blue, with silken lashes,
 Voice of sweetest silver tone,
 Bonnie Kate, provoking beauty,
 Would that thou wert all my own.

Would that, etc.

Bonnie Kate dwells in a cottage,
 Where the flowers of dale and dell
 Odours breathe in bloom and beauty,
 And where fairies love to dwell;
 Tresses floating round her forehead
 Give her such a dreamy air;
 Lips that seem to say, half-parted,
 "Come and kiss me, if you dare."

Come, etc.

AILEEN ASTHORE.

OH, blessings for ever on Aileen Asthore,
She's as good as she's lovely, and twenty times more;
With her sparkling blue eyes, and her magical smile,
Oh, the hearts that are hardest 'tis she can beguile!
I'll never forget the Curragh of Kildare:
Though the prettiest girls of the country were there,
I'm sure I ne'er saw, either since or before,
One fit to be named with my Aileen Asthore.
We met in a dance, and how great was my pride,
As I moved like a lord, with my girl at my side:
But, oh! when to others we gave up the floor,
My heart was clean gone to fair Aileen Asthore.
My love it was honest, and faithful, and true,
And better than that, 'twas a winning love too:
For the day will soon come, with the priest to the fore,
When for life she'll be mine—dearest Aileen Asthore.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

My dear little girl, shall I freely impart,
And make a fond secret known?
Shall I tell you, with candour, what conquer'd my heart,
And fix'd me for ever your own?
Then know it was not e'en your beautiful face,
Nor form—which all forms excel;
Ah, no—but your mind, which of all must take place,
Subdued me, my sweet little girl.
Not your cheeks, where sweet roses eternally grow,
Nor skin, than the lily more white!
Not your lips, which surpass the ruby in show,
Nor eyes, more than diamonds bright!
All these I could gaze on, unconquer'd and bold,
Nay, smile, truly smile at the spell;
But you spoke, and your mind, yes, your mind, be it told,
Subdued me, my dear little girl.
In chains from that moment my heart was thy slave,
In bondage for ever to be;
For though boasted liberty others may crave—
O Love, bind your fetters on me!
With the fair one I prize, and that fair one my wife,
I'll ne'er at my sentence rebel;
But bless the kind moment you gave me for life
My dear little, dear little girl.

LOVELY MARY.

John Griev.

I'VE seen the lily of the wold,
I've seen the opening marigold,
Their fairest hues at morn unfold;
But fairer is my Mary.
How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
With op'ning flowers at spring's return!
How sweet the scent of flowery thorn!
But sweeter is my Mary.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;
Her form's not fairer than her mind;
Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
But join'd in lovely Mary.
As music from the distant steep,
As starlight on the silent deep,
So are my passions lull'd asleep
By love for bonnie Mary.

Songs about Angry Words.

I AM NOT ANGRY WITH YOU, DEAREST.

I ~~AM~~ not angry with you, dearest,
The passing cloud of care is gone;
The smiles you love will beam more brightly
Since every pang of grief has flown!
I thought of days and hopes departed,
That knew me in their joyful glow;—
When round me play'd the gentle-hearted,
Whose songs were like the brooklet's flow.

I am not angry with you, dearest,
Your love is still the same to me;
My words of joy shall fall around you
In love's delightful melody.

I am not angry with you, dearest,
My heart still throbs the same for you;
Oh, every tender word I utter
Shall speak my love as fond and true!
The summer birds may leave the meadow,
The summer flowers may fade and die;
But oh! my heart, in sun and shadow,
Will breathe for you its latest sigh.

I am not angry, etc.

ANGRY WORDS ARE LIGHTLY SPOKEN.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they—
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest mem'ries of to-day.
Angry words, oh! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them e'er they soil the lip.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.

THE CARELESS WORD.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

A WORD is ringing through my brain,
For startling anguish bids it stay
With leaden weight of lingering pain,
When lighter griefs should pass away.
Oh, lips whose accents now are gone,—
Oh, voice which I shall hear no more,
How bitter seem'd your one harsh tone?
The careless words in days of yore.

Even now recalling hopes of old
And musing lone, with many a sigh,
On life grown sad and love grown cold,
I hear its echo wandering by.
That discord in a voice beloved,
Which alter'd all life's music then,
In vain hath fleeting time removed—
The careless word comes back again.

The cup of sorrow fear to fill,
Words rashly said will linger long,
And haunt us e'en against our will,
For love is weak, and pain is strong;
And memory gives to vanished sound,
Like poison on the warrior's dart,
Such strength by slender means to wound,
A careless word may break the heart.

LOVE IN QUIET.

George Villiers.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To life and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.
The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best,

Say but the same to me; you'll find
How blest will be our fate:
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late!

DON'T BE ANGRY.

DON'T be angry with me, darling,
Smile your brightest, sweetest smile!
Keep the joyous twinkle beaming
In your bright eyes all the while!
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Drive each shadow from your brow,
Be again the heart's sweet treasure,
Don't be angry, darling, now.
Don't be angry with me, darling;
Drive away that look of pain;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure;
Smile your sweetest smile again!

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Keep the tear back from your eye;
'Twas a friendly, timely warning
Given for the days gone by.
Not for words would I distress you—
Cast one cloud upon your brow;
Let not, then, my words depress you,
Don't be angry, darling, now.
Don't be angry with me, darling;
Drive away that look of pain!
Let your laugh be one of pleasure;
Smile your sweetest smile again!

Don't be angry with me, darling,
I would have you blithe and gay,
Happy as the birds that cheer us
In the merry month of May.
See each little cloud of sadness
Fast is fading from your brow,
Sunshine's coming, full of gladness,
Don't be angry, darling, now.

Don't be angry with me, darling;
Drive away that look of pain;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure;
Smile your sweetest smile again!

Songs about Smiles.

THE SMILE.

LET others love the pearly tear,
The pearly cheek adorning ;
And say 'tis like a dew-drop clear,
That gems the rose of morning.

Let others love to see the fair
With pensive mien appearing ;
Be mine to hail the sprightly air,
The dimpled smile endearing.

It speaks good-humour's mild control,
With magic fascination ;
It tells the feelings of the soul,
With sportive animation.

Superior to the brightest eyes,
Or cheek with roses blooming ;
A winning charm it still supplies,
The lovely face illuming.

'Twas Hebe taught fair beauty's queen
The gay bewitching wile ;
And still her glowing lips are seen
To wear a playful smile.

SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

Kenney.

SAID a Smile to a Tear
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart
To yonder sad daughter of grief ;
And I, said the Smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh ! then, said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear
We are twins, and soft Pity our mother :
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace
For the woe and the bliss of another.

SMILING FACE .

I LOVE to gaze on smiling faces,
Beaming merry mirth and glee ;
Of all creation's charms or graces,
None are half so fair to me.
Life is full of joy and sorrow !
But while sorrow's form we see,
Joy from some a heart may borrow—
Oh ! a smiling face for me.
When I gaze on smiling faces,
Though my spirits may be sad,
Their very sight all grief erases,
And I smile to see them glad.
Some say smiles are oft deceiving,
While I own some such may be ;
There are many worth believing—
Oh ! a smiling face for me.

SAVE A SUNNY SMILE FOR ME.

George Cooper.

WHEN afar your footsteps wander,
Will you then your words forget ?
Will you leave me but a mem'ry
Of the days when first we met.
Oh ! my heart would fondly whisper,
In the weary days to be,
Will you, dearest, tell me truly,
Save a sunny smile for me ?

Other smiles may beam upon you,
Other hearts may gentle be ;
Will you, dearest, promise truly,
Save a sunny smile for me ?

When you linger far away, love,
Will you think of me again, love,
Dreaming of the happy moments—
Moments that too soon must wane ?
Will you think of days departed,
When your face no more I see ?
Say that you will save for ever,
Save a sunny smile for me.
Other smiles, etc.

Never doubt the love I bear you,
Though you linger still afar ;
Love for you is beaming brightly,
Fair as evening's fairest star.
Clasp my hand in yours so fondly,
Whisper that you'll faithful be,
Say that you will ever save, love—
Save a sunny smile for me.
Other smiles, etc.

Songs about Forgiveness.

GIVE ME THAT LOVING GLANCE AGAIN.

Geo. Cooper.

COME to my heart, for I am weary now and lonely,
Oh! let the past be for evermore forgot,
Life without thee is but care and sorrow only,
Joy flies this bosom still, where thou, my love, art not.
Speak to me, speak to me, bring the days of gladness,
Call back the frown that would give me pain,
One word from thee, love, can wake my heart from sadness,
Dear one, oh! give me back that loving glance again.

One gentle word, one sunny smile,
Look in mine eyes like the sunlight after rain;
Oh! can we forget all the joys that we have shared, love?
Give me, then, darling one, that loving glance again.

Come when the spring brings its bright and gentle roses,
Fairer to me all the smiles thou wilt bestow,
Creep to my heart when the golden day reposes,
Breathe but my once-loved name in twilight's tranquil glow.
Haste, darling! haste, darling! never more to sever;
Haste ere the days of life's spring shall wane!
Oh! must a word part two gentle hearts for ever?
Dear one, oh, give me back that loving glance again!

One gentle word, etc.

Clasp now this hand as thou didst in days departed,
Be once again all this world, my own, to me;
Leave me no more, ever sad and weary-hearted,
Each tender thought of mine for ever flies to thee.
Speak to me, speak to me, say that all's forgiven,
Long in thy heart, say may sweet gladness reign;
Faithful I'll be till life's delightful even—
Dear one, oh, give me back that loving glance again!

One gentle word, etc.

OH! TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN.

OH, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.
Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherish'd chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined about thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again,
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

DOUGLAS!

Lady John Scott.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas!
Douglas!

In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

Never a scornful word should pain you,
I'd smile as sweet as angels do,
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not,
Mine eyes were blinded, your words are
few!

Do you know the truth now, up in heaven?
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!
Not half worthy the like of you,
Now all men besides are to me like
shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! so tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas!
Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

FORGIVE THAT LITTLE ANGRY WORD.

George Cooper.

FORGIVE that little angry word,
And smile on me again;
Oh, give to me, love, one tender sigh,
And woo, now, my heart from weary pain.
Clasp once more my hand with kindness,
And speak to me in the olden way;
Let not a careless word our joy ever
blight,
Nor winter destroy life's lovely May.

Take me back to your heart,
The same olden glance I long to see;
Oh! then forgive that little angry word,
And give one kindly thought to me.

Forgive that little angry word,
The past be all forgot,
This world without thee were sad and
lone,
And life is so drear where thou art not.
Hours of joy we've pass'd together,
Oh! let never storms o'ercloud that sky;
Come to my side again, and gaze into
mine eyes,
And sweetly the days will wander by.

Forgive that little angry word,
And be my own once more;
Thy gentle smile, love, is joy to me,
The pleasures of life again restore.
Give me back the sweet affection
I claim'd in the past whene'er we met;
Call back the gloomy frown, and whisper,
my own,
That word of reproach thou wilt forget.

HAVE I NOT BEEN KIND TO THEE?

LET the past be all forgotten—
Why that look of weary pain?
Tell me that you love me fondly—
Take me to your heart again.
Bid my days go on so gently—
Calmly as the summer sea;
Whisper truly, dearest, sweetest—
Have I not been kind to thee?
Stay the tear-drop, falling fast,
Darksome days will never last!
Darling, whisper sweet to me,
Have I not been kind to thee?

Lovely roses soon will blossom,
Though the leaves are falling round;
What if days of sorrow greet us,
Sunny hours will soon be found.
Can we e'er forget the gladness
That has bloom'd for you and me?
Chide me not, but whisper sweetly—
Have I not been kind to thee?
Stay the tear-drop, etc.

Drive away that look of sorrow,
Every fault of mine forgive,
Let our past be all forgotten,
Only for your sake I live!
Smile your olden smile then, dearest,
In those eyes my heaven I see;
Doubt no more my heart's affection,
Have I not been kind to thee?
Stay the tear-drop, etc.

TAKE BACK EACH ANGRY WORD.

My heart so sad and lone, darling,
 Dreams of our days of joy,
 That heart is still thine own, darling,
 No power can love destroy ;
 Then think of our hopes so glowing,
 Let vows of truth once more be heard,
 Forget, forgive the past, darling,
 Oh ! take back each angry word.

The flower that bides the rain, darling,
 Smiles when the storm is o'er ;
 Oh ! leave me not in pain, darling,
 But call me thine once more.
 The days of my life are lonely,
 Thy voice of joy no more is heard ;
 The smiles of old be mine, darling,
 Oh ! take back each angry word.

Then clasp me to thy heart, darling,
 Call me thine own again,
 And say we ne'er shall part, darling,
 And calm each thought of pain.
 Turn, turn not away in silence,
 Must love's fond sigh be all unheard ?
 Each hope, each thought, is there, darling,
 Oh ! take back each angry word.

FORGIVE AS I FORGIVE.

WE parted, and in anger,
 With half-averted eye,
 You gave back every token
 Of joyous hours gone by ;
 But one long day of absence
 Chased anger from my mind,
 And I remember'd only
 How good thou wert, how kind !
 With sadden'd heart I sought thee,
 Thy brow was clouded yet ;—
 Forgive, as I forgive thee ;
 Forget, as I forget.

The chain of pure affection
 Was never snapt apart
 By thoughtless words of anger
 Which came not from the heart.
 And yet for worlds I would not
 Such hours of anguish live,
 Not even for the pleasure
 Of hearing thee forgive ;
 By all the pangs I suffer'd,
 By all thy past regret,
 Forgive, as I forgive thee ;
 Forget, as I forget.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

GENTLY speak in accents tender
 Of those friends ye loved of yore,
 Though, perchance, they may not render
 All the joy they gave before ;
 There are few whose lives are blameless,
 Who have nothing to regret,
 Then let others' faults be nameless—
 Oh ! forgive them and forget.
 Then let others', etc.

'Tis no trifle that we cherish
 When we find and prove a friend,
 One whose fealty will not perish,
 Growing stronger to the end.
 But should dark clouds overshadow thee,
 And old friends grow cold—oh ! yet,
 Think how happy once they made thee,
 Then forgive but ne'er forget.
 Think how happy, etc.

REMEMBER AND FORGIVE.

J. H. Jewell.

GENTLY, gently take her to thee,
 She still wears the galling chain
 That repentance rivets on her—
 It will ever there remain !
 Take her kindly to thy bosom,
 Fondest mother, while you live ;
 Whisper softly in true kindness,
 " Dearest child, I all forgive ! "

How many an erring daughter
 Could be saved from want and shame,
 If some gentle voice recall'd them,
 And restored a blighted name !
 How many sad hearts breaking—
 Yearning—hungering as they live,
 Would revive again by hearing
 From a mother—"I forgive" !

Then ope wide the door of mercy :
 We all err in some degree ;
 Then be gentle to the erring ;
 Grant them pardon full and free.
 In our daily supplication
 That we offer, let us give
 A prayer for those who've wrong'd us,
 And remember and forgive.

TAKE ME AGAIN TO YOUR HEART.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

TAKE me again to your heart,
Say you forgive and forget
All that has torn us apart,
All that has brought us regret ;
Let your bright tresses of gold
Lovingly lie on my breast,
With thee again in my hold
Earth is a haven of rest.
Oh ! take me again to your heart,
Say you forgive and forget
All that has torn us apart,
All that has brought us regret.

Take me again to your heart,
Whisper those sweet words once more,
Tenderly telling thou art
Dearer than ever before.
Smile on me sweetly again,
Promise to never recall
Words that have given thee pain,
Why did my lips let them fall ?
Take me again to your heart,
Whisper those sweet words once more,
Tenderly telling thou art
Dearer than ever before.

Take me again to your heart,
Life will be brighter with thee,
Never again will we part,
Wandering over life's sea.
Time will go by like a dream,
Days be a haven of bliss,
All our lost time we'll redeem
In the sweet spell of a kiss.
Oh ! take me again to your heart,
Life will be brighter with thee,
Never again will we part,
Wandering over life's sea.

OH ! CALL ME YOUR DARLING AGAIN.

Frank Dumont.

OH ! call me your darling again
In tones that are tender and true,
And say that you're loving me still,
And tell me I'm dearest to you.
I care not for days full of sorrow,
If ever you're true, love, to me,
And hope for a brighter to-morrow
When I shall be dearest to thee.

Call me your darling again
In tones that are tender and true,
And say that you're loving me still,
And tell me I'm dearest to you,
Call me your darling, call me your
darling,
Call me your darling again,
And say that I'm dearest to you,
Call me your darling again, yes again.

Oh ! call me your darling again,
And now let us banish the past ;
I've pray'd for our meeting again,
And now I am happy at last :
Oh ! tell me you'll never forget me,
While pressing me close to your heart ;
Oh ! kiss me and call me your darling,
And say never more shall we part.
Call me, etc.

"MY DARLING."

REPLY TO

"CALL ME YOUR DARLING AGAIN."

J. Cuthbertson.

THROUGH the day I've been weary with-
out thee,
At night I've been lonesome and sad,
But now that we're once more together
Our hearts are in unison glad ;
No more will I leave you to sorrow,
Nor cause you again to know pain,
But loving you still the more dearly
I'll call thee my darling again.

My darling I'll call thee again,
My darling I'll call thee again,
And loving you still the more dearly
I'll call thee my darling again.

Let the past be for ever forgotten,
Its memory brings nothing but pain,
We are sure of a brighter to-morrow
Now I've called thee my darling again.
From thy future shall sorrow be banish'd,
Never more from my darling I'll part,
With a kiss let me seal it, my dearest,
While pressing thee close to my heart.

My darling, etc.

Songs about Proposing.

NORAH MACHREE.

YOUNG Phelim O'Neale loved sweet Norah Machree,
The prettiest maiden in merry Tralee ;
But though she look'd on him with favouring eyes,
His love went no farther than glances and sighs.
In sport or in broil none were bolder than he,—
His heart then was dauntless as stout heart could be,
But when to her side he attempted to steal,
Faith, all in a flutter was Phelim O'Neale.

“ Oh, Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Sure, you are the girl that's bewildering me.
Oh, Norah Machree ! sweet Norah Machree !
Your bright eyes an' sure are bewildering me.”

One day Phelim thought he'd find courage to tell
Pretty Norah the love that within him did dwell ;
He went to her cottage his suit to get heard,
But she so bewitch'd him he spoke not a word.
The maid sweetly smiled, still he seem'd in a dream ;
So finding smiles useless, she gave a loud scream—
“ Why, I never kiss'd you ! ” said Phelim, in fear ;
Says she, “ Ain't you going to, Phelim, my dear ? ”

Oh Norah Machree, etc.

Young Phelim thought twice, then he stole to her side
And ask'd her, all trembling, to be his sweet bride ;
Her answer you'll guess, for a sharp, sudden sound—
I think 'twas a kiss—broke the silence around.
If men will be bashful, and dally like this,
A slight, gentle hint is not surely amiss ;
So when, pretty maidens, in such straits you be,
Then just take a lesson from Norah Machree.

Oh, Norah Machree, etc.

THE THORN.

J. O'Keefe.

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn ;
No, by heavens ! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

No, by heavens ! etc.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implored her to marry,—
She blush'd like the dawning of morn.
Yes, yes ! I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by heavens ! etc.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

Edward Fitzball.

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring,
The lads and lasses in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, etc.

GENTLE ALICE.

My gentle Alice, list to me,
Nor turn thy face aside,
For well thou know'st I love but thee,
And woo thee for my bride.
Though sad misfortunes bid me roam
Afar from love and thee,
I'll seek in other lands a home
For gentle Alice Lee.

Then tell me, love, that thou wilt share
A heart and home with me,
And I will guard from every care
My gentle Alice Lee.

Thy love shall be my guiding star,
To cheer my weary way;
'Twill whisper in mine ear afar,
There dawns a brighter day.
And when I've found that happy home
That now I dimly see,
Upon the wings of love I'll come
For gentle Alice Lee.

Then tell me, love, etc.

SAY "YES," PUSSY.

SHE sat close by my side,
His face with fear was wan;
He could not, though he tried,
Propose—that timid man:
He moved uneasy in his seat:
She ask'd him, "Was he ill?"
He only shuffled with his feet,
His bosom's pain to still.

"Yes, no—no, yes—not very well,"
He said with ghastly smile;
"But oh! I dare not, dare not tell
What ails me all this while;
I've often tried to say,
Think of me if you can—
I hope I'm not in the way."
He was a timid man.

A favourite Tabby lay
Upon the lady's lap,
All in her own sleek way
Taking a quiet nap.
"Oh puss," she thought, "I wish you'd tell
All that he wants to know;
I really like him very well,
But must not tell him so."

"I'm sure you are very, very kind,"
She slowly thus began;
"But I—but I've made up my mind
Never to think of man.
I never can consent to change—
You should have ask'd before,
At least—that is—'tis very strange,
I cannot tell you more."

He gave up all for lost,
Took up his hat to fly;
But ere the room he cross'd,
He heard a gentle sigh.
With beating heart he turn'd him round,
Then hit upon this plan;
His eyes were cast upon the ground—
He was a timid man.

"Oh! pussy cat," said he,
"Were I to ask her now,
D'ye think your mistress would have me—
Would listen to my vow?"
Aloud his thoughts he trembling spoke,
Then paused to hear his doom.
"Say yes, pussy; say yes, pussy,"
The lady answer'd soon.

ASKING.

HE stole from my bodice a rose,
My cheek was its colour the while;
But, ah, the sly rogue! he well knows
Had he ask'd it I must have said no.

He snatch'd from my lips a soft kiss;
I tried at a frown—'twas a smile;
For, ah, the sly rogue! he knows this,
Had he ask'd I must have said no.

That asking in love's a mistake,
It puts one in mind to refuse;
'Tis best not to ask, but to take;
For it saves one the need to say no.

Yet stay—this is folly I've said;
Some things should be ask'd if desired;
My rogue hopes my promise to wed
When he asks me I'll not say no.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Is love contagious?—I don't know;
But this I am prepared to say,
That I have felt for many a day
A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought of me?
Sometimes I think she does; and then
I'm forced to grope in doubt again,
Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking know?
I grant, perhaps, it might be wise;
But when I look into her eyes,
And hear her voice, which thrills me so,
I think that on the whole I won't;
I'd rather doubt than know she won't.

WILT THOU BE MY BRIDE?

OH! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen,
Though lowly I may be?
My only wealth is this poor heart,
Which beats alone for thee.

The wealth that others bring, Kathleen,
Upon thy brow to shine,
Oh! do they speak of love and truth,
Like this poor gift of mine?

Then wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen,
Though lowly I may be?
My only wealth is this poor heart,
Which beats alone for thee.

I've not rich robes for thee, Kathleen;
Thy beauty needs no dress:
The pride of queenly splendour fades
Before thy loveliness.

I have no banquet hall, Kathleen,
To grace thy bridal day;
But I've a heart, where thou may'st live
Till life hath pass'd away.

Then wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen,
Though lowly I may be?
My only wealth is this poor heart,
Which beats alone for thee.

WHAT WAS I TO SAY?

I MET him in the spring-time,
When leaves look'd forth again,
And earth was just escaping
From winter's iron reign;
The time I well remember,
A sunny April day—
He saw me home that morning—
Now what was I to say?

What was I to say?
What was I to say?
He saw me home that morning—
Now what was I to say?

His air was so respectful,
That when he call'd again,
I treated him with kindness—
I could not give him pain;
We met at balls and parties
Where all around were gay;
When ask'd to dance so often,
Pray, what was I to say?

What was I to say?
What was I to say?
When ask'd to dance so often,
Pray, what was I to say?

His soft eyes spoke a language
Each heart must understand,
And every time he met me,
Oh, how he press'd my hand!
So when at length he ask'd me
To name the happy day,
I felt I loved him dearly—
Then what was I to say?

What was I to say?
What was I to say?
I felt I loved him dearly—
Then what was I to say?

THE GIRL THAT'S GONE AND LEFT ME.

My blissful dreams are pass'd away,
To sorrow I awaken;
My neighbours will, like asses, bray
O'er me, now left forsaken.
It ne'er will do to court a maid,
Except you let her know it;
You'll lose the prize, if you're afraid
To tell your love and show it.

From this great city of New York
To Flatbush she's gone over,
And left me here alone to work,
A poor heart-broken lover.
Oh! would the past I could recall—
Each joy that's now bereft me!
A blooming wife I soon would call
The girl that's gone and left me!

But, like a dog that would not eat
The horse-feed in the manger,
By her I took my selfish seat,
To guard against each stranger.
But now, alas! too late I see
My selfishness and folly;
I'll drink to her who jilted me,
And drown all melancholy.

May rays of love from courts above
Shed round her peace and plenty;
And crown her joys with girls and boys,
At least till she has twenty!
Young men who would a-wooing go,
Explain yourselves in season;
And if then maidens answer "No,"
They'll give at least their reason.

ASK ME AGAIN, AND I WILL NOT SAY "NO."

DON'T look so sad when you're passing
me by,
Don't hang your head and so wearily
sigh—
What if I told you I could not say "Yes,"
Now, does that prove that I love you the
less?
Maiden, don't always say just what they
mean,
"No" oft is "Yes," if its meaning be seen;
Don't let a word such a gloom o'er us
throw,
Ask me again, and I will not say "No."

If I should own that my mind was per-
plex'd,
If I should say that I somehow was vex'd,
Would you excuse me, and smile once
again?
Who would think one little "No" gave
such pain?
Some hearts may hide all the love that
they feel,
Some lips their joy never fully reveal;
Look in my eyes, with the dear old-time
glow,
Ask me again, and I will not say "No."
Surely one "No" will not drive you away,
Ah! you will find me more pleasant to-
day—
Maidens are only too willing to tease,
Tell me I'm loved, and I'll say what you
please.
Hearts easy won are not easy to keep,
Love easy told is not lasting nor deep—
So when you're wooing, ask twice ere you
go,
Ask me again, and I will not say "No."

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

William Reid.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie in a braw new goon
Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud tinged wi' morning shower
Bloom'd fresh within the hazel bower
But Kitty was the fairest flower,
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll take ye to my father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak' ye lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

ROBIN'S SO SHY.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

YOUNG Robin, my sweetheart, is handsome and fair,
His cheeks are fresh-colour'd, and raven his hair;
My Robin is nimble, and light on his feet,
To me he's the dearest I ever did meet.

But Robin's so shy,
'Tis very distressing that Robin's so shy.

My Robin is ready and willing, I know,
To come and escort me wherever I go;
He ne'er in his life sought a kiss, it is true,
While I am quite ready to let him have two.

But Robin's so shy, etc.

My Robin is gentle, so loving and kind,
But yet he's too bashful to speak out his mind,
To offer his love with true fondness to me,
And say, My dear Mary, oh! will you have me?

But Robin's so shy, etc.

But should he some morning more courage command,
And say, My dear Mary, while pressing my hand,
Oh! shall we be married, pray what do you say?
Yes! Yes! my dear Robin, we'll marry to-day.

But Robin's so shy, etc.

I SAID "NO," BUT I THINK I MEANT "YES."

WHAT! ask me at once, and for ever,
To quit the loved home of my youth!
To sever the fond ties of kindred,
And trust to your love and your truth!
Perhaps never more to revisit
The haunts of my happiest years,
Or those whose kind friendship has cheer'd
me,

When sorrow has waken'd my tears!
I'll try, when a few years pass over,
Wherever you wish me to go;
But old ties so sweetly enthrall me
That now I can only say—"No!"

Oh! start not away in such anger,
Nor call me inconstant, unkind;
And leave me not just at this moment,
For scarcely I know my own mind!
I wish not to fail in my promise,
To banish for you each regret;
To leave the sweet scenes of my childhood
That never my heart can forget.
I would not, if possible, grieve you,
My feelings perhaps you may guess;
O'erwhelm'd by contending affections,
I said "No"—but I think I meant
"Yes."

JUANITA.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

SOFT o'er the fountain,
Lingering falls the Southern moon:
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendour,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks—yet tender—
Speak their fond farewell!

Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part.
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

When, in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming,
Prove thy dreams are vain:
Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting
To a prayer gone by?

Nita! Juanita!
Let me linger by thy side!
Nita! Juanita!
Be my own fair bride!

A LADY'S NO MEANS YES.

AH ! do not frown, my little one,
And turn your head away,
You know I love but you alone,
I've said this ere to-day.
I only ask a word from you,
That word you well may guess ;
Oh ! tell me, darling, is it true,
A lady's *no* means *yes* ?
Oh ! tell me, darling, is it true,
A lady's *no* means *yes* ?

I've told your name to every star,
And to the roses fair ;
I've worshipp'd you both near and far,
I've known true love's despair.
Though you say *no*, and frown and frown,
I cannot love you less ;
Oh, all my hopes and wishes crown,
Do say your *no* means *yes* !
Oh, all my hopes and wishes crown,
Do say your *no* means *yes* !

One little word is all I ask,
'Twill make me happy quite ;
Oh ! speak it—'tis a simple task—
To bring my heart delight.
You do not frown and turn away,
Your loving eyes confess
What loving lips would sweetly say :
A lady's *no* means *yes* !
What loving lips would sweetly say :
A lady's *no* means *yes* !

WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOK- ING.

'Twas in the golden sunset,
And we gazed up at the sky,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by ;
We wander'd slowly through the dell,
I tried to say I loved her well,
But still the tale I could not tell
Though nobody was looking.

When nobody was looking,
There met two lovers, who were shy,
When nobody was looking,
Who were shy, when nobody was by.

The shadows soon grew darker,
And the cottage home was nigh,
And nobody was looking,
And nobody was by ;
But still my tongue refused to say,
The lesson I'd learn'd all the day
I had the will, but not the way,
Though nobody was looking.

When nobody was looking, etc.

But just as we were parting
All my doubts appear'd to fly,
When nobody was looking,
When nobody was by ;
Her mother call'd her from the gate,
Did she not know the hour was late ?
A word ! a kiss ! I knew my fate,
And nobody was looking.

When nobody was looking, etc.

CLOSE TO THE THRESHOLD.

"Nella."

The music of this song is published by
J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

WHAT were you dreaming, love, that
evening,
When on the threshold, lingering still,
Silent you stood to hear my story ?
How shall the future its hopes fulfil ?
That was our parting, oh ! my darling,
Never a word from you to me,
But you had learnt how well I loved you,
And for the rest I left you free.

Ah ! told in the twilight, oh ! my darling,
Just the old story, soft and low,
Told in the twilight, when we parted,
Close to threshold, a year ago.

Now that I speak with tender pleading,
Shall the old story be all in vain ?
What will you answer when you hear it,
Told in the twilight once again ?
Come with your hands held out in welcome,
Lips raised to mine with a scarlet glow ;
So let me learn my answer, darling,
So tell me all that I care to know.

Ah ! told in the twilight, etc.

Songs about Marriage.

THIS IS THE DAY OF DAYS.

WE two play'd together in the fields long ago,
She was fair as a dream, she was pure as the snow
Oh ! she call'd me her king, and I call'd her my queen,
Till the pride of her father a bar placed between ;
But we loved with a love that no ban could destroy,
Though her cheek paled with grief where it once flush'd with joy,
And her voice when she told him she'd wed me alone
Was low, but as calm and as firm as his own.

This is the day the sun shines out,
And we meet in the golden rays ;
This the day that the clouds pass away,
This is the day of days.

I was banish'd and sent far away from my dear,
But she knew that my heart still remain'd with her here,
And the brave little maid to the suitors who came,
Were they lowly or great, she could answer the same :
Oh ! my true love's away, and he's over the sea,
But the little birds say he will come back to me.
And to-day she has conquer'd, the victory is won,
And the old man has bless'd us, his daughter and son.

This is the day, etc.

WHEN WOMAN PLIGHTS HER TROTH.

R. McMurray.

WHEN woman plights her troth to him
To whom her heart is given,
And to her fancy, homeliest scenes
Seem tinged with hues of heaven ;
Oh, how that happy time survives
Through many an after year—
Ling'ring with long-remember'd things
To sadden or to cheer !

Be mine that blissful hour to keep,
From trace of care or woe,
Enshrined amid those gladsome hopes
So pure an hour should know !
Nor gems I ask—nor rich attire—
Nor wealth—nor high degree ;
But, oh, the truthful, constant heart
My bridal portion be !

SHE IS THINE.

SHE is thine, the word is spoken,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Though all other ties be broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness
From the altar's holy shrine.
Oh ! remember her in sadness,
She is thine, and only thine.

In so fair a temple never
Aught of ill can hope to come :
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,
Say that care should cloud thy brow,
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

THAT'S TELLINGS!

James Bruton.

THERE is a county I know well,
Which I've been long away from;
And in that county is a town
Which I not long will stay from;
And in that town there is a lane,
Where vows I've breathed, impassion'd;
And in that lane there is a house
As fair as e'er was fashion'd!
I know you'd know all I know of
A place with such excellings;
But then you'd be as wise as I—
And so—and so—that's tellings!

Well, in that house there is a form
Of beauty past believing;
And in that form there is a breast,
Like gentle billow heaving;
And in that breast there is a heart,
Whose true faith nothing turneth;
And in that heart there is a love,
Whose fire for ever burneth!

I know you'd know, etc.

Within that house there is a room—
A room so clean and sandy;
And in that room there is a box—
A box all trim and handy;
And in that box there is a draw'r,
And in that draw'r a paper;
And in that paper is a ring
For some one's finger taper!
I know you'd know, etc.

THE TWO BRIDES.

THERE stood beside the altar,
In their loveliness array'd,
A baronet's fair daughter
And a simple cottage maid;
Oh! paler than a lily
Was she of high degree,
While the blush of summer roses
On the other seem'd to be.

There were no smiles of gladness
The bridegroom's cheek upon,
Who led with sullen sadness
The high-born damsel on;
The hand was coldly given,
The hand, without the heart,
Oh! are they *thus* united,
Whom nought but death should part?

And next that cottage maiden,
She kneels with timid glee,
With him whose love assures her
How joyous life will be;
They leave the sacred altar
Their wedding rites to keep,
One bride goes forth in gladness,
And one goes forth—to weep.

Oh! greater is the portion
Of him, who, for his bride,
Has that poor cottage maiden,
Than all the lordling's pride;
For forms that are united
By worldly ties alone,
Can never know the raptures
That kindred hearts may own.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, mother! tears are streaming
Down thy pale and tender cheek;
I, in gems and roses gleaming,
Scarce this sad farewell may speak.
Farewell, mother!—now I leave thee—
Hopes and fears thy bosom swell—
One to trust who may deceive me—
Farewell, mother, fare thee well!

Farewell, father!—thou art smiling,
Yet there's sadness on thy brow;
Winning me from that beguiling
Tenderness to which I go.
Farewell, father!—thou didst bless me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell—
He may wound who should caress me—
Father, guardian, fare thee well!

Farewell, sister!—thou art twining
Round me in affection deep,
Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
Why "a blessèd bride" should weep.
Farewell, sister!—have we ever
Suffer'd wrath our breasts to swell?—
E'er gave looks or words that sever?—
Sister, dearest, fare thee well!

Farewell, brother!—thou art brushing
Gently off those tears of mine,
And my wayward grief thou'rt hushing—
Can I e'er meet love like thine?
Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
Thou more dear than words may tell!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All beloved ones, fare ye well!

BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE.

T. Haynes Bayly.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek ;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak :
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,—
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel ;
From friends long tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part ;
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold, unfeeling heart.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning every selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child ;
Sigh not for her, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than one ;
She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles,
Supported by her son !

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth ;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth.
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh ! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

I'M LEAVING THEE, MY MOTHER DEAR.

J. H. Eccles.

I'M leaving thee, my mother dear,
Another claims me now ;
Yet one sweet boon I fain would ask—
Thy blessing ere I go.
For many years, with joyous step,
I've wander'd by thy side ;
And leave thee now for other scenes—
To be a fair young bride.
I'm leaving thee, my mother dear,
Another claims me now ;
Yet one sweet boon I fain would ask—
Thy blessing ere I go.

I'm leaving thee, my mother dear,
In other scenes to roam ;
To youthful friends I bid adieu,
My childhood's happy home.
The marriage bells ring gaily forth,
A fond heart waits for me ;
Adieu, adieu, my mother dear,
For now I'm leaving thee.
The marriage bells ring gaily forth,
A fond heart waits for me ;
Adieu, adieu, my mother dear,
For now I'm leaving thee.

I'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

T. Haynes Bayly.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.
192, High Holborn.

I'LL be no submissive wife,
No, not I !
I'll not be a slave for life,
No, not I !
Think you on a wedding day
That I said as others say—
Love and honour and obey,
No, not I !
I to dulness don't incline,
No, not I !
Go to bed at half-past nine,
No, not I !
Should a humdrum husband say
That at home I ought to stay,
Do you think that I'll obey !
No, not I !

GUARD HER AS A TREASURE.

J. B. Carpenter.

GUARD, oh ! guard her as a treasure,
She has given her heart to thee ;
And her love's unbounded measure
Shall through life thy solace be.
It was no slight thing to sever
From the home of earlier youth,
And to trust her fate for ever
In thy constancy and truth.
If the gift be worth thy keeping,
She will never mourn the day ;
She will ne'er, with woe or weeping,
Grieve she gave her heart away ;
And 'tis thine the flower to cherish,
For its germ of life's with thee ;
And with cold neglect 'twill perish,
That might and would a blessing be !

HOME OF HER CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

THERE's joy around—there's music nigh—
There's laughter at the board ;
But the fair bride stands, with tearful eye,
Beside her wedded lord.
She is leaving all she has loved so long,
To dwell in other lands :
Her heart is cold, for 'tis only gold
That has form'd the new-made bands.
There's joy around—there's music nigh—
But the fair bride stands to gaze,
With trembling form and tearful eye,
On the home of her childhood's days.

Far, far away in the silver light,
She lists to the gondolier ;
The Southern moon is high and bright—
The waters soft and clear ;
There's beauty in the glist'ning tide—
There's bloom on the myrtle bough ;
Her wedded lord is by her side,
And gems are on her brow ;
But the fair bride is still heard to sigh,
While the minstrel pours his lays,
For still she thinks, with a tearful eye,
On the home of her childhood's days.

THE WEDDING RING.

C. Neale.

I GIVE thee, dear, this little ring,
This plain, this unadorned thing ;
Yet well I ween, for love's own sake,
The dearest gift that love can make ;
For oh, how much of bliss is bound
Within this small and holy round !

Oh ! bond, all earthly bonds above ;
It binds our joys together, love :
Henceforth, there is no bliss for me
But 'tis reflected back from thee ;
And not a smile that cheek shall wear,
But kindles up its fellow here.

It binds our woes together, too,
Mine will be lighter shared by you ;
And oh ! if ever grief should dare
That gentle heart to venture near,
The joy, the mournful joy 'twill be
To sit beside and comfort thee.

IN MY WILD MOUNTAIN VALLEY.

Sir F. W. Brady.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

IN my wild mountain valley he sought me,
My heart soon he knew was his own ;
When he made me his bride then he taught
me

Contented to dwell here alone.
When the day in the West is declining,
His boat on the dark lake I see,
And led by my taper's bright shining,
He comes o'er the water to me.

I ask not if others be fairer,
How rich or how noble they be ;
I know that to him none are dearer,
And who could be dearer to me ?
My heart it would ever beat lightly,
Nor shrink from each day's coming dawn,
Could he but still smile on me brightly,
Nor part from his own Colleen Bawn.

THE BRIDE.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

OH ! take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now.
Remember 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart :
'Tis one that only Truth should weave,
And only Death can part.

The joys of Childhood's happy hour,
The home of ripper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth
In sunshine and in tears ;
The purest hopes her bosom knew
When her young heart was free—
All these and more she now resigns
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her, and may fleeting Time
Mark only Joy's increase,
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

Wm. J. O'Riordan.

OUR marriage bells are ringing—
What a glorious peal to me !
The present hour is bringing
Sweet joy and ecstasy ;
For she whom I have loved so long,
Loved dearly as my life,
Will give me, ere the hour has gone,
The right to call her wife, my wife, my wife.

Our marriage bells are ringing—
What a glorious peal to me !
The present hour is brimming o'er
With joy and ecstasy.
Come, my darling, come, and haste to me :
Do not tarry, love, I wait for thee.
Dost thou hear the wedding bells ?
Joyous peals they ring for thee ;
What welcome sounds their music tells !
I fondly wait for thee.

What care I for the world's frowns
With the loved one by my side ?
For through its ups and downs
We'll breast life's stormy tide ;
And though the current bears us on
From all that's bright in life,
My love will ever be as strong
As when I call'd her wife, my wife, my wife.

Our marriage bells are ringing—
What a glorious peal to me !
The present hour is brimming o'er
With joy and ecstasy.
Come, my darling, come, and haste to me ;
Do not tarry, love, I wait for thee.
Dost thou hear the wedding bells ?
Joyous peals they ring for thee ;
What welcome sounds their music tells !
I fondly wait for thee.

Songs about Jealousy.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

L. V. H. Croby.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

GENTLEMAN.

No, no, I will not tell you all I heard of you last night;
Your horrid flirting at the ball with that young Arthur Kite.
You promised—but why do I speak of promises to you?—
There is no blush upon that cheek, still changeless in its hue.

LADY.

You know you're always jealous, sir, what will it come to next?
If I but speak, or smile, or stir, you look quite cross and vex'd.
I will not be so fetter'd down, afraid to speak a word,
Lest I should meet a chilling frown,—really, it's quite absurd!

GENTLEMAN.

Well, perhaps you'll say you did not dance with that young widower, too;
I am not blind, and saw each glance, so sweetly cast on you,
Yes, yes, I tell you every eye was turn'd upon you there,
When you sat down he stood close by, and lean'd upon your chair.

LADY.

And pray what harm was there in that? it was not worse than you:
I saw your long and cosy chat with Arabella Prue.

GENTLEMAN.

Come, come, love!

LADY.

Oh, pray don't "love" me, I'll not be treated so:
If you prefer your dear Miss P., why to her you may go.

GENTLEMAN.

Nay, then, good-bye; you cannot say I have not acted right;
Your widower may call to-day, or Mr. Arthur Kite.

LADY.

Perhaps they will, but now, thank Heaven, it matters not to you;
I'll send the trinkets back you've given—they'll do for dear Miss Prue.

SISSY'S SPITE.

My mother says that I'm in love,
 I'm sure it is not so,
 How can a young girl be in love
 Unless she has a beau ?
 And as for liking Harry Sims,
 I'm sure it's quite absurd ;
 For two whole days we've not been friends,
 And not exchanged a word.
 The reason that we quarrel'd was,
 He said last Sunday night,
 That Susie Brown was pretty, and
 I said she was a fright.
 So when he ask'd me if I'd ride
 With him next day to town,
 I slyly said he'd better take
 His pretty friend Miss Brown.

I dress'd myself betimes next morn,
 And went to see them start ;
 We never spoke a word, but oh !
 I felt so sick at heart.
 I s'pose it was the sweets I'd had,
 What else now could it be ?
 If Harry did take Susie out,
 Why should it trouble me ?
 I'm sure that he likes me the best,
 That everybody knows—
 He's just like all the foolish men,
 He's frighten'd to propose.
 I'd give—(this is a secret, mind)
 Well—say a silver crown,
 To marry Harry Sims right off,
 To spite Miss Susie Brown.

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

Miss Stephens.

OH ! dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 'Deed I darena tell ;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 Ask it o' yoursel'.
 Oh ! dinna look sae aft at me,
 For oh ! ye weel may trow,
 That when ye look sae sair at me,
 I darena look at you.

And when ye gang to yon braw toon,
 And bonnier lasses see,
 O Jamie ! dinna look at them,
 For fear ye mind na me.
 For I could never bide the lass,
 That ye lo'e mair than me ;
 And ah ! I'm sure my heart would break
 Gin ye prove false to me.

Songs about Women.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Professor Benjamin.

BLESSINGS on the hand of woman,
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage, palace, hovel,
Oh ! no matter where the place.
Would that storms could ne'er assail it,
Rainbows ever gently curl'd ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod ;
Keep, oh ! keep, the child's heart open
Always to the breath of God.

All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother's love impearl'd,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman,
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry :
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky ;
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever gently curl'd,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Thomas Bishop

BEATS there a heart which love ne'er assail'd
In the form of a smile or a tear ?
Breathes there a soul which woman has fail'd
Or to charm, or to bless, or to cheer ?
Oh ! no, there breathes not a soul in the land
Can the love of sweet woman repel ;
Whom she loves can never withstand
Those charms that all others excel.

Yes ! lovely woman's the sun of my soul,
Whom to love and protect is my joy ;
Cupid's power, I know by the last kiss I stole,
'Tis in vain ye attempt to destroy.
E'en her hand which she gives with a smile
Alone the sweet mischief oft does ;
But her lips, which ye hold for a while,
For ever unite former foes.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Burns.

THERE'S nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chasc,
An' riches still may flee them, O!
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Green grow the rashes, etc.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warly cares, an' warly men
May a' gae tapsal-icerie, O!

Green grow the rashes, etc.

For you sae douce wha sneer at this,
Ye're nocht but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!

Green grow the rashes, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

Green grow the rashes, etc.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

George Withers.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
Because another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery mead in May,
Yet, if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her worthy merits known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
That may merit name of best,
Yet, if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go;
For, if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WHAT DEAR LITTLE INNOCENT THINGS THEY ARE!

WOMAN, lovely woman, she

Was sent to us for this—.

To share our joys, to smooth our cares,

To fondle and to kiss.

What dear little innocent things they are!
They're angels without any wings;
My love is so hot, I could kiss all the lot
Of the dear little innocent things.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED?

Is there a heart that never loved,
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark unmoved
Dear woman's tearful eye?
Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where nought but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue dear.
And he who can resist her smiles
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy that care beguiles—
The joy her virtues give.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

G. P. Morris.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came with bow and brand
The Red Men of the wood;
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim.
The Chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head, in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl in wild despair
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him," gasp'd the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kiss'd away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

WOMAN'S WAY.

F. E. Weatherley.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

We went a-gleaning,
Early was the morn,
We went a-gleaning
Among the yellow corn;
But ere the birds were singing,
And ere the sun was high,
We fell a-quarrelling—
My love and I.

So I went eastward,
And he went west;
For let men say
Whate'er they may,
Woman's way is best!

I went a-gleaning,
All alone was I,
Weary was the stubble,
Wearyful and dry;
Why did he leave me?
'Twas he who began,
He began the quarrel—
Just like a man!

But I'll go eastward,
Let him go west,
The fault's his own,
And his alone—
Woman's way is best!

So I kept a-gleaning
Till the sun was low,
But little was my gleanings,
Homeward I must go;
I rush'd into the orchard,
Flung my gleanings down,
And wept and sobb'd, and sobb'd and wept,
And spoilt my new pink gown.

But he came behind me,
Clasp'd me to his breast;
And there's no doubt,
When folks fall out,
That man's way is best!

GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN !

Old English Song.

Published by Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

GOOD morrow, Gossip Joan !
Where have you been a-walking ?
I have for you at home
A budget full of talking,
Gossip Joan !

I've lost a Harry groat
Was left me by my granny,
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every cranny,
Gossip Joan !

My pocket is cut off
That was full of sugar candy ;
I cannot stop my cough
Without a gill of brandy,
Gossip Joan !

Let's to the alehouse go
And wash down all our sorrow,
You there my grief shall know,
We'll meet again to-morrow,
Gossip Joan !

THEY SAY THERE IS SOME DISTANT LAND.

A. Bunns.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

THEY say there is some distant land,
Some shore from these remote,
Where this dark shadow doth the brand
Of servitude denote ;
Where man to bondage and disgrace
His fellow-man can bind,
And with such marks he can't efface
May even chain the mind.

Yet here, where woman's charms abound
Where'er her beauty reigns
And throws its soft enchantment round,
How welcome are her chains !
For if by her for ever doom'd
In fetters thus to see
Our lives in slavery consumed,
Oh, who would e'er be free ?

OF WOMAN'S SMILE AND WOMAN'S CHARMS.

OF woman's smile and woman's charms
A thousand praises number ;
She lights the peaceful world to arms,
And bids the battle slumber.
Such nectar hangs upon her lip ;
Such sunbeams dance about her ;
Man dreams of heaven whene'er he sips,
And fancies none without her.

Tho' cased in mail that spurns the lance,
And arm'd with martial boldness,
She wounds with one bewitching glance,
That melts his icy coldness.
Yet, while he owns her soft control
And bends in silken slavery,
Her cheering voice can wake his soul
To deeds of matchless bravery.

LOVELY WOMAN ! CHARM- ING WOMAN !

H. B. Coda.

WHEN to lovely woman's power
Man submits his raptured soul,
Then he culls life's sweetest flower,
And his hours in pleasures roll,
Nor shall meaner ties invading
Tempt deluded man to stray ;
Bliss alone, when love pervading,
Bends him to dear woman's sway.

Lovely woman !
Charming woman !
The best and dearest gift of life.

Earth contains no other treasure
That the truly wise should prize,
Life no sweeter, dearer pleasure
Than when love beams from her eyes.
He alone to heaven aspiring
E'er can hope its joys to know,
Who, no other heaven desiring,
Worships woman here below.

Lovely woman ! etc.

ONLY A WOMAN.

ONLY a woman ! you idly say, with a carelessly doubtful smile.
Do you ever think how that woman may my life of its grief beguile ?
Little I care what the world may think, for its pleasure is naught to me,
From its want of sunshine why need I shrink, when there's sunshine at home for me ?
'Tis but a face that will always light with a welcoming smile for me,
But the smile that maketh my whole life bright, the star of my home shall be.
Only a woman ! 'twas lightly said, and yet none but myself can know,
To the light she over my path has shed, the good of my life I owe.
Peacefully ever the days pass by, with her love for my guiding star,
Though the wealth some boast ne'er be mine, yet I shall but deem myself richer far.
Only a woman ! yes, that is all ; but on earth there can never be
Any prize so precious, or gift so great or dear, as her love to me.

OH ! I COULD LOVE HIM.

George Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

OH ! I could love him with a woman's love,
Worship the light that kindles in his eye !
Not with a passion colder hearts approve,
But with love that could never die !

Oh ! I could love him with a woman's love,
Worship the light that kindles in his eye !

Like some rich pearl in ocean cavern sleeping,
Deep in my breast his image long hath lain,
Oh ! may the treasure love delights in keeping
Prove a bliss to her, who else will love in vain !

Oh ! I could love, etc.

THE REPENTANT LOVER.

TELL not me of woman's wiles,
I, yes I've accused her wrong ;
Oh, there is in woman's smiles
All that can to bliss belong

Tell not me her heart is cold,
Feigning warmth she never knew ;
Tell not me her price is gold,
I have found her all that's true !

Tell not me that woman lives
But to jilt and laugh at man ;
Nought in life such rapture gives,
Rapture such as woman can !

Tell not me she's false and vain,
Luring only to betray ;
Man is proud to wear her chain !
Life's a gloom when she's away.

WHEN A WOMAN APPEARS.

John Gay.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,
Caress her.
With blisses,
Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

AN OLD MAID'S HEART.

Helen M. Burnside.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

How does it feel, my darlings,
To be an old maid, you say ?
How does it feel to be old, dears,
And faded, and worn, and grey ?
I'm glad my lessons are done, dears,
I have had so many to do,
And now I am quite at leisure
To brighten the world for you.

For my heart has been growing big, dears,
While you thought it was growing old,
There were never too many children
For an old maid's heart to hold.

And is it not very lonely
And dull to be old ? you say.
Not while I have you to love, dears,
My darlings will keep me gay.
I have had my joys and my sorrows,
When the morning skies were blue,
And now I am ready for yours, dears,
To hope and to pray for you.

For my heart, etc.

WHATEVER] SHOULD WE DO WITHOUT 'EM ?

THERE are some men who always are ready
The opposite sex to run down,
And greet every sweet little darling
With a growl, and a grunt, and a frown ;
But such fellows are not worthy mention
With the daughters of Eve that they scorn :
Do they ever reflect that without 'em
They would ne'er have been thought of or born ?

Songs about Damsels.

BE WISE IN TIME.

B. C. Stephenson.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

Be wise in time,
Oh! Phyllis mine;
Have a care,
Maiden fair,
Pray beware!
Men that combine
Such traits divine
Ever dare,
Never spare,
Never care!
Would you your liberty resign
To gain a golden ring?
'Twere best in spinsterhood to shine,
Than do so rash a thing.
Ah! be wise in time,
Oh! Phyllis mine;
Have a care,
Maiden fair,
Pray beware!
Men that combine
Such traits divine
Ever dare,
Never spare,
Never care!

All men deny,
All men defy,
Warily,
Charily,
Airily;
Renounce the tie,
And single die;
Let all three
Swear to be
Ever free.
Take good advice and pray behave,
As prudent maidens ought;
Recall the plight you rashly gave,
No man is worth a thought.
Ah! be wise in time,
Oh! Phyllis mine;
Have a care,
Maiden fair,
Pray beware!
Men that combine
Such traits divine
Ever dare,
Never spare,
Never care!

WHERE FLAMED A FIELD OF FLOWERS.

T. B. Read.

WHERE flamed a field of flowers, and where
Sang noisy birds and brooks,
Aurelia to the frolic air
Shook down her wanton waves of hair,
With laughter-loving looks.

Her large and lustrous eyes of blue,
Dash'd with the dew of mirth,
Bequeath'd to all their brilliant hue;
She saw no shades, nor even knew
She walk'd the heavy earth.

Her ringing laughter woke the dells,
When fell the autumn blight;
She sang through all the rainy spells;
For her the snow was full of bells
Of music and delight.

She swept on her bewildering way,
By every pleasure kiss'd,
Making a mirth of night and day,—
A brook, all sparkle and all spray,
Dancing itself to mist.

I love all bright and happy things,
And joys which are not brief;
All sights and sounds whence pleasure springs;
But weary of the harp whose strings
Are ever tuned to grief.

THE GIRL I APPROVE.

You ask me what sort of a girl I approve ;
Few words shall express my desire ;
Her face must be fair, like the mother of Love,
Like her are the charms I admire.

Bright beauty alone shall not conquer my heart,
The maid to my mind must have more,
More charms to enslave than Beauty's keen dart,
For wit and good sense I adore.

Her beauty, her wit, and good sense combined,
Should not fix me her servant for life ;
But her manner so sweet, her temper so kind,
Are the charms I seek in a wife.

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING FOR ME.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan
Of myself—to be sure I'm a neat Irishman :
There is neither Sultana nor foreign Ma'am'selle
That has charms to please me or coax me so well
As the sweet Irish girl so charming to see.
And sing filliloo, fire away, frisky shall be,
Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

For she's pretty, She's witty,
She's coaxing, She's smiling,
 Beguiling to see, to see ;
She rattles, She prattles,
She dances, She prances,

Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

Now some girls they are little, and some they are tall,
Och ! others are big too, and others are small ;
And some that are teasing so archly I tell,
Still none can please me or coax me so well
As the dear Irish girl so charming to see—
Och ! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

For she's pretty, etc.

IF YOU GIVE A GIRL THE CHANCE.

SINCE first this world created was,
The greatest power of mind
Is wielded by the gentle sex,
That lord it o'er mankind ;
Since Mother Eve to Adam gave
The first sweet taste of sin,
The husbands and the sweethearts have
Been always taken in.

These charming little creatures win
Your heart with but a glance ;
You're surely to be taken in
If you give a girl the chance.

Don't talk to me of mighty deeds
Upon the battlefield,
Of soldiers and of statesmen great,
Of men that would not yield,
There never was produced a man
Who did so brave become,
But that a girl when'er she liked
Could twirl him round her thumb.

These charming little creatures win
Your heart with but a glance ;
You're surely to be taken in
If you give a girl the chance.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

THE hour was sad, I left the maid,
A ling'ring farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delay'd,
I thought her heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I bless'd,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish press'd
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
To win a name in story,
And there where dawns the sun of day,
There dawn'd our sun of glory:
Both blazed in noon on Alma's height,
Where, in the post assign'd me,
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring;
But they were of the deeds of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingled with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my glad returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
Dishonour's breath shall never stain
The name I leave behind me.

CHERRY RIPE!

THE *Anon.* **THERE** is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries are that none may buy,
Till "Cherry Ripe!" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
Look like to rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry Ripe!" themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still;
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand,
Threatening, with piercing frowns, to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,—
Till "Cherry Ripe!" themselves do cry.

BLESS THEIR HEARTS! I LOVE THEM!

THE pretty girls so turn my brain,
Bless their hearts! bless their hearts!
That I can't turn it back again,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
With eyes of hazel, eyes of blue,
And lips that kissi-kissi too,
What is a poor young man to do,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
Bless their pearly teeth and gums,
Bless their little tootsicums,
Bless their eyes and bless their noses,
Bless them in their pretty clothes-es,
Bless the short, and bless the tall:
I'm bless'd if I don't love them all.

We know the darlings love to tease,
Bless their hearts! bless their hearts!
But after all they tease to please,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
For when they sigh, and sob, and pout,
And we can't tell what it's about,
It makes the smiles more sweet, no doubt,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
Bless their, etc.

Although we think we are so wise,
Bless their hearts! bless their hearts!
They are the spiders, we the flies,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
A web or two we may get past,
But still we all are caught at last,
And when we're caught they hold us fast,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
Bless their, etc.

I can't get one to marry me,
Bless their hearts! bless their hearts!
Because I love them all, you see,
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
One day I fall in love with Jane,
And then for Nell my heart's in pain,
Until I meet with Jane again.
Bless their hearts, I love them dearly!
Bless their, etc.

Songs about Home.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain—
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

IF ONE FAITHFUL HEART.

C. Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

GIVE me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove;
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.

Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers;
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers:
There, woo'd by the sunshine, and kiss'd by the gale—
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

Oh, give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove—
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice?—
Oh! come to the woods where the song-birds rejoice;
Or would'st thou be free, to the forest repair—
The stag in his freedom bounds merrily there.

When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the flowers—
Though ice-bound the brook, and snow-cover'd the dale,
The proudest might sigh for our home in the vale.

Then give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove;
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

THE OLD HOME.

F. E. Weatherley.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited, 70, Berners Street, London.

THE old door closes on us, the gate behind us falls,
Good-bye, the dear old garden, good-bye, the ivied walls!
While still the flowers are shining, where we no more may dwell,
A stranger's heart finds place and part in all we loved so well!
But walls don't make a home, dear, nor ever roof so wide:
It is the hearts that beat there, the love that dwells inside!

Ah me! ah me! whatever may betide,
It is the hearts that beat there, the love that dwells inside!

But see! the light grows dimmer, we've not much more to roam,
The sun will soon be gone, dear, and evening bring us home!
There stands the last grey milestone, and here we'll kneel and say,
The old home was so happy, but the new will last for aye!
For walls don't make a home, dear, nor ever roof so wide:
It is the hearts that beat there, the love that dwells inside!

Ah me! ah me! etc.

HOME IS HOME.

HOME is home, however lowly,
Fenced around by many a spell,
If within its precincts holy
Room be found for love to dwell.
There is sure no spot on earth,
Wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
Can outshine the smiling hearth
Of a tranquil, happy home.

Home is home, however lowly,
Fenced around by many a spell,
If within its precincts holy
Room be found for love to dwell.
Home is home. Home is home.

Home is home, however lowly,
Peaceful pleasures there abide;
Soothing thoughts and visions holy
Cluster round our own fireside.
Though the outer world be dark,
And its ocean lashed to foam,
Safe within its sheltring ark,
All is bright and calm at home.

Home is home, etc.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

NEVER forget the dear ones
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Though other scenes may woo thee
In other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away;
Their love, so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way:
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget thy father,
Who, cheerful, toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come—
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

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SAILING HOME.

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

WHEN o'er the sea to distant lands we roam,
'Tis hard to leave the loving friends at home;
Their faces bright we picture night and day,
Our hearts they cheer, when sailing far away;
But now, my lads, that homeward bound are we,
What joy to know our dear ones we shall see,
And hear once more the voices, kind and true,
Of those we love across the waters blue.

We're sailing home, across the ocean clear,
And gay and light
Our hearts to-night,
As homeward bound we steer.

A fresh'ning breeze is filling every sail,
And soon, my lads, old England's shore we'll hail;
For dangers past we sailors little care,
A rich reward with friends we soon will share;
The sweetheart dear with bonnie eyes of blue,
The gentle wife so faithful, kind, and true,
The laughing bairns, more bright than golden store,
Will welcome us to-night on England's shore!
We're sailing home, etc.

See yonder, lads! the lights are gleaming bright,
Our barque in port will safely ride to-night:
The loving hearts that wait upon the quay,
How gladly they will welcome us from sea!
Our voyage o'er, let's sing a merry strain,
And hope we may as messmates meet again,
With hearts as true, as jovial, brave, and free,
To sail once more upon the deep blue sea.
We're sailing home, etc.

WHERE IS HOME?

HOME is where affections bind
Gentle hearts in union,
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion;
Home is where the heart can rest,
Safe from dark'ning sorrow,
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow.
Home is where the friends we love
To our hearts are given,
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem a heaven.

Home is where, etc.

Home is where congenial hearts
All are kindly blended,
Where no treasure e'er departs,
And no sweets are ended;
Home is where the stars will shine
In the skies above us,
Peeping brightly through the vine,
Train'd by those who love us.
Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreath the brows that greet us,
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us.

Home is where, etc.

OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

OH, the old house at home, where our forefathers dwelt,
Where, a child at the feet of my mother, I knelt;
Where she taught me the prayer—where she taught me the page,
Which, in infant's lisps, is the solace of age:
My heart, midst all changes, where'er I may roam,
Never loses its love for the old folks at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me:
The home of a stranger henceforth it shall be
And ne'er will I view it, nor rove as a quest
O'er the evergreen fields which my father possess'd
Yet, still in my slumbers sweet visions will come
Of the days that are past and the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the gay or the noble was there;
O'er the porch, the wild rose and the woodbine entwined,
And the sweet-scented jessamine waved in the wind:
Yet dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Were the halls of my fathers—the old house at home.

THE COTTAGE IN WHICH I WAS BORN.

I PASS'D by that way when the church bells were ringing,
The May-blossoms gleam'd on the rugged old thorn,
Above the white cloudlets the skylark was singing,
As I stood by the cottage in which I was born.
Oh! I've wander'd o'er many a beautiful mountain,
But amid all the grandeur my heart was forlorn:
As a thirsty man longs for a bright sparkling fountain,
I have dream'd of the cottage in which I was born.

Oh! I've wander'd o'er many a beautiful mountain,
But amid all the grandeur my heart was forlorn:
As a thirsty man longs for a bright sparkling fountain,
I have dream'd of the cottage in which I was born.

The laburnum was drooping its long golden fringes,
The swallows peep'd out from the moss-cover'd thatch;
The garden gate hung on its rusty old hinges,
My heart gave a bound as I lifted the latch.
But I knew that no face in the doorway would meet me,
For the friends of my youth to the churchyard are borne,
But I almost expected my mother to greet me,
As I stood by the cottage in which I was born.

Oh, I've wander'd, etc.

THAT OLD-FASHION'D COT IN THE LANE.

THE fond days of childhood come back to me now,
Bringing thoughts of the sweet long ago ;
My memory pictures a loved mother's smile,
And a face framed in tresses of snow ;
A father so gentle, I climb'd on his knee,
When twilight stole over the plain ;
In the glow of the grate, what tales he'd relate,
In that old-fashion'd cot in the lane.

It spoke not of grandeur, of wealth, nor of power,
But peace and content used to reign :
A mother's sweet smile banished sorrow and guile
From the old-fashion'd cot in the lane.

In summer the flowers would climb to the sill
Of the window, where my mother would sew ;
Through the murmuring trees came the laugh of the brook
That danced in the valley below.
The broad-shaded porch, the moss-cover'd well,
The creaking old gate with its chain,
Come back through the years that have brought me but tears,
Since I left the old cot in the lane.

It spoke not, etc.

The cheery old kitchen when Christmastide came
Was a picture of peaceful content ;
The mantelpiece high, where our stockings we'd hang,
Awaiting what Santa Claus sent.
How sadly has time changed the home that I loved,
But memory will ever retain
The bright days of joy I spent when a boy
In the old-fashion'd cot in the lane.

It spoke not, etc.

FAR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

J. R. Thomas.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

FAR on the deep blue sea,
The ever moving sea,
Our hearts will fondly turn,
Beloved home, to thee ;
And all who made it dear,
The loving and the true,
We ne'er may see again,
How turn our hearts to you !
Thus as we watch the foam
Dart backward on our lee,
We think of thee, dear home !
Far on the deep blue sea.

Swift o'er the rolling wave,
Our bark speeds gaily on,
Each billow seems the grave
Of happy moments gone ;
Hope points to brighter hours,
We wipe our tears away,
And think of that blest land
Where friendship's ne'er decay !
Still, as we watch the foam
Dart backward on our lee,
We think of thee, dear home !
Far on the deep blue sea.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

GOOD news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe,
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.

Good news from home, etc.

No father's near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on mine ear,
Nor brother's smile to give me cheer;
But though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends (across the ocean's foam)
Have sent to me good news from home.

Good news from home, etc.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before?
'Twas then I knew no grief or care,
My heart was always happy there.
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doom'd to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

Good news from home, etc.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land,
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet, in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And, fearless, there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

SEND ME A PICTURE OF HOME.

J. Haynes.

SEND me a picture of home,
Of the house in which I was born,
And the lane with the old, old trees,
And the fields with the standing corn.
I am longing to see the dear spot,
Where I sported my happy days,
'Mid the roses and hawthorn sweet,
Where singing birds warbled their lays.
Send me a picture of home,
Of the house in which I was born,
And the lane with the old, old trees,
And the fields with the golden corn.

Send me a picture of home,
With the brook with its ringing rhyme,
And the good old church on the hill,
And the bells that so merrily chime.
In fancy I see the old green,
With the schoolhouse so plainly neat,
And hear all the children at play,
And patter of swift little feet.

Send me a picture, etc.

PILGRIM SONG.

George Lunt.

OVER the mountain wave, see where they come ;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home ;
Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
There their song peals along, deep-toned and free :
" Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their perfume :
Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land—home far away !
" Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

Dim grew the forest path : onward they trod ;
Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in God.
Grey men and blooming maids, high rose their song ;
Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along :
" Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast ;
Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they pass'd.
Green be their mossy graves, ours be their fame,
While their song peals along, ever the same :
" Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come ;
Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME ?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, " I wish he were here " ;
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam.
Oh ! yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's miss'd when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh,
When the lights are bright in the parlour,
And the stars in the calm blue sky?
And when the " Good nights " are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Think they of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd " Good night " while they weep?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome?
Are pleasures less hale than before
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

Madame Malibran De Bériot.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

In the wild chamois track at the breaking of morn,

With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,

We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn—

Tra la la la la la la la la.

Oh! that voice to me is a voice of glee

Wherever my footsteps roam;

And I long to bound, when I hear that sound,

Again to my mountain home.

In the wild chamois track at the breaking of morn,

With a hunter's pride, o'er the mountain side,

We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn—

Tra la la la la la la la la.

I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone,

And there is no spot like the simple cot

And the hill and the valley I call my own—

Tra la la la la la la la la.

There the skies are bright, and our hearts are light,

Our bosoms without a fear;

For our toil is play, and our sport the fray

With the mountain roe or the forest deer.

I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone,

And there is no spot like the simple cot

And the hill and the valley I call my own—

Tra la la la la la la la la.

OH! MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

H. Butterfield.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

THROUGH life I have roved, and I've search'd the world round

For a spot where the truest delights may be found;

From the north to the south, from the east to the west,

I have tried every land to find one I loved best:

But I've wander'd in vain, and 'tis folly to roam,

For pleasure herself fondly lingers at home;

And whate'er the delights of those countries may be,

Oh! my own native land is the country for me!

Our own little island encircled by sea

Of the heart of a Briton fit emblem may be;

On the ocean of life for the poor and distress'd,

His bosom affords a sure haven of rest:

The streams of soft pity and charity flow;

The tears of sweet sympathy mingle with woe.

'Tis the soul of delight dwells, dear England, in thee;

Oh! my own native land is the country for me!

WILL YOU COME WITH ME MY PRETTY ONE?

"WILL you come with me, my pretty one?"

I ask'd a little child—

"Will you come with me and gather
flowers?"

She look'd at me and smiled;
Then in a low, sweet, gentle voice,

She said, "I cannot come;

I must not leave this narrow path

For I am going home."

For I am going home,

For I am going home;

I must not leave this narrow path,

For I am going home.

"But will you not?" I ask again,

"The sun is shining bright,

And you might twine a lily wreath

To carry home at night;

And I could show you pleasant things

If you would only come."

But still she answer'd as before,

"No, I am going home."

No, I am going home, etc.

"But look, my child, the fields are green,

And 'neath the lofty trees

Children are playing merrily,

Or resting at their ease.

Does it not hurt your tender feet

This stony path to tread?"—

"Sometimes, but I am going home,"

Once more she sweetly said.

For I am going home, etc.

"My father bade me keep this path,

Nor ever turn aside;

The road which leads away from him

Is very smooth and wide;

The fields are fresh, and cool, and green,

Pleasant the shady trees;

But those around my own dear home

Are lovelier far than these."

For I am going home, etc.

"I must not loiter on the road,

For I have far to go;

And I should like to reach the door

Before the sun is low.

I must not stay; but will you not,

Oh! will you not come too?

My home is very beautiful,

And there is room for you."

For I am going home, etc.

I took her little hand in mine,

Together we went on;

Brighter and brighter o'er our path

The blessed sunbeams shone.

At length we saw the distant towers,

But ere we reach'd the gate,

The child outstripp'd my ling'ring feet,

Too overjoy'd to wait.

And as she turn'd her radiant face,

Once more to bid me come,

I heard a chorus of glad songs,

A burst of "Welcome Home."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,

Far, far away;

Dere's whar my heart is turning ebber,

Dere's where de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation

Sadly I roam,

Still longing for de old plantation,

And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,

Eb'rywhere I roam;

Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,

Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd,

When I was young;

Den many happy days I squander'd,

Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder,

Happy was I:

Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,

Dere let me live and die.

All de world, etc.

One little hut among de bushes,

One dat I love,

Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,

No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming

All round the comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming,

Down in my good old home?

All de world, etc.

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HEARTS AND HOMES.

Charlotte Young.

HEARTS and homes, sweet words of
pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall;
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided, losing all.
Homes, ye may be high or lowly,
Hearts alone can make ye holy;
Be the dwelling e'er so small,
Having love it boasteth all.

Hearts and homes, sweet words of
pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall;
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided, losing all.
Hearts and homes, hearts and homes.

Hearts and homes, sweet words revealing,
All most good and fair to see,
Fitting shrines for purest feeling,
Temples meet to bend the knee.
Infant hands bright garlands wreathing,
Happy voices incense breathing;
Emblems fair of realms above,
"For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Hearts and homes, etc.

HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

Charles Swain.

OH! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us,
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet
If we'd but stoop to raise them:
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us:
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:—
Though all were night: if but the light
Of friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us!

MOTHER, TAKE ME HOME AGAIN.

MOTHER, all alone, to-night,
I have sat and thought of thee;
At times I thought I heard thy voice,
But, alas! that cannot be.
But when I think of childhood's days,
The bitter tears they fall like rain;
My heart then calls for home and mother—
Take me back a child again.
Then my heart calls for thee, mother;
Oh! take me home again.

There's not a place on earth like home:
Home, where our brightest hopes remain.
Oh! my heart calls for thee, mother;
Take me back a child again.

Years have pass'd, dear mother, now,
Since you kiss'd me, sweet good-bye;
With quiv'ring lips a blessing ask'd
Of Him who dwells on high.
Dear mother, I am still thy child,
Thy image on my heart remains;
Tho' years my once fair brow have wrinkled,
Oh! take me home again.
Though years my brow have wrinkled,
Oh! take me home again.

There's not a place on earth, etc.

Can I forget, when gather'd round
The bright hearth of home for prayer,
How mother rock'd me in her arms,
And soothed my every care?
I little knew—perhaps 'twas well—
The world was fill'd with care and pain;
No home on earth to me like mother's,
Oh! take me home again.
No home on earth like mother's,
Oh! take me home again.

There's not a place on earth, etc.

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IT IS NOT HOME WITHOUT THEE.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

It is not home without thee,
Without thy loving face ;
Through blinding tears I look upon
My darling's vacant place ;
I miss the smile that ever came
Responsive to my own,
And, in my grief, I miss the tear
That in thy dark eyes shone.

It is not home without thee ;
All now seems dark and drear,
The softest strains of music
Fall discordant on mine ear ;
The flowers you loved, the birds you fed,
Now speak to me of thee,
And e'en the sighing breezes share
My heart's sad misery.

It is not home without thee ;
I miss the pleasant ways
That made a bright home brighter still
And cheer'd my darkest days :
But if, in brighter climes, thy heart
Its happiness can find,
Forget, my child, that mine is left
In loneliness behind.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drunk of the cup of delight ;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendour,
And stood in the courts of kings ;
I have snatch'd each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.
But vainly I sought for joy and peace
In that life of light and shade ;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home,
The home where my childhood play'd,
And I turn with a sigh, etc.

When jewels are sparkling around me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for those sunny hours,
Ere day was turn'd to night,
For one of those nosegays of wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on these scentless buds,
That can never bloom nor fade ;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green
fields,
The home where my childhood play'd,
And I turn with a sigh, etc.

THE SONG OF BLANCHE ALPEN.

C. Jefferys.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

YOU speak of sunny skies to me,
Of orange-grove and bower,
Of winds that wake soft melody
From leaf and blooming flower ;
And you may prize those far-off skies,
But tempt not me to roam ;
In sweet content my days are spent,
Then wherefore leave my home ?
In sweet content my days are spent,
Then wherefore leave my home ?

YOU tell me oft of rivers bright,
Where golden galleys float ;
But have you seen our lakes by night,
Or sail'd in Alpine boat ?
You speak of lands where hearts and hands
Will greet me as I come ;
But though I find true hearts and kind,
They're kinder still at home.

But though I find true hearts and kind,
They're kinder still at home.

HAD you been rear'd by Alpine hills,
Or loved in Alpine dells,
You'd prize, like me, our mountain rills,
Nor fear the torrent swells :
It matters not how drear the spot,
How proud or poor the dome,
Love still retains some deathless chains
That bind the heart to home.
Love still retains some deathless chains
That bind the heart to home.

THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

Wm. Jones.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

'Tis a pleasant spot that Old Farmhouse,
That stands on the lone wayside,
Where the sweet woodbine and the eglantine
The rent in its old walls hide.
And the porch, it seems as though 'twould greet
Each wand'rer for its guest,
And lead him where there is hearty cheer
And a home of tranquil rest,
And lead him where there is hearty cheer
And a home of tranquil rest.

How joyous once was that Old Farmhouse,
In times that have pass'd away,
When the yeomen took in the ingle nook
Their place at the close of day;
And still do the merry husbandmen
The mirthful hours beguile,
And many a tale as there they regale
Is told of that ancient pile,
And many a tale as there they regale
Is told of that ancient pile.

AT MY WINDOW.

"Nella."

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer
& Co., Regent Street, London.

WHEN the golden morn is breaking
Through the mists that veil the lake,
Ere the milkmaids cross the meadow,
Ere the daisy stars awake;
Through my casement, flower-surrounded,
Comes a cadence clear and strong,
'Tis a bird that breaks the silence
With a sudden burst of song.

Oh! happy bird, sing on for aye
Thy carol blithe and free,
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, oh! sing to me!
Ah! . . . Ah! . . . Oh! sing to me!
Thy music speaks of love and home,
Then sing, oh! sing to me!

When the twilight shadows darken
Over distant hill and lea,
Then again I long to listen
For the song that comes to me,
With fair promise for the future
In its music ever heard,
Till my heart, for very gladness,
Sings with thee, my bonnie bird.

Oh! happy bird, etc.

MY NATIVE MOUNTAIN HOME.

J. Moncrief.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

My mountain home, my mountain home,
The East may boast its charm;
The West tempts those, who weary roam,
With isles of halcyon calm;
For me they do not boast a charm,
I sigh where'er I roam;
For land of flood and storm I sigh,
My native mountain home.

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
I sigh where'er I roam,
Sigh for the land of flood and field,
My native mountain home.
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

A sunny home is Italy,
Greece breathes with classic lore,
And Palestine, and Araby,
Are holy as of yore.
Yet not for me earth's gem and sea,
I sigh where'er I roam;
For land of Alp and pine I sigh,
My native mountain home.

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
I sigh where'er I roam,
Sigh for the land of Alp and pine,
My native mountain home.
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

THE HAMEWARD SONG.

Hugh Ainslie.

EACH turn of the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The bame of my youth—
Every object grows dearer,
Thae hills and thae huts,
And thae trees on that green,
Losh! they glowre in my face
Like some kindlie auld frien'.

And dear are the comrades
With whom we ance sported,
And dearer the maiden
Whase love we first courted !
Joy's image may perish,
E'en grief die away,
But the scenes of our youth
Are recorded for aye.

"OH! TAKE ME BACK TO SWITZERLAND."

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

By the dark waves of the rolling sea,
Where the white-sail'd ships are tossing
free,

Came a youthful maiden,
Pale and sorrow-laden,

With a mournful voice sang she:
Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
My own, my dear, my native land;
I'll brave all dangers of the main
To see my own dear land again.
La la la la la la la.

I see its hills, I see its streams,
Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams;
When the day declineth,
Or the bright sun shineth,
Present still its beauty seems!

Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
Upon the mountains let me stand
Where flowers are bright,
Where skies are clear,
For oh! I pine, I perish here.
La la la la la la la.

For months along that gloomy shore,
Mid seabird's cry and ocean's roar,
Sang that poor maiden,
Pale and sorrow-laden,
Then her voice was heard no more.

For far away from Switzerland,
From home, from friends,
From native land,
Where foreign wild-flowers
Coldly wave,
The broken-hearted found a grave.
La la la la la la la.

MY VILLAGE HOME.

E. Ransford.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

DEAR village where so oft I've been,
Whose verdure bears the brightest green,
Thou art the spot that gave me birth,
The place I prize the most on earth!
All tranquil, quiet, and serene,
Where every happiness is seen!

Wherever I may chance to roam,
I dearly love my village home!

My thoughts will often turn to thee,
Sweet village ever dear to me!
Whose towering trees with perfume teem,
Refresh'd by that pure crystal stream,
Which down thy banks all gently flows,
To seek some silent calm repose!

Wherever I may, etc.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Samuel Rogers.

DEAR is my little native vale:
Thering-dove builds and murmurs there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade—
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Songs about Wives.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem,
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when meals are late.
To glorious colour the clouds are turning,
If she would look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and here is the churning—
Those things always must yield to these.
The world is fill'd with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must go for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.
The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;
Oh for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and bake the bread.
The busy men in the hayfield working,
If they saw her with idle hand,
Would think her lazy and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.
They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner—
Plenty of it—and just "in time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draw nigh.
Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of children's clothes.
Her husband comes home from the field of labour;
He gives no praise to the weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbour;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.
But after strife and weary tussle,
When life is done and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D.

John Imlah.

THOU'RT sair alter'd now, May,
Thou'rt sair alter'd now,
The rose is wither'd frae thy cheek,
The wrinkle's on thy brow ;
And grey have grown the locks o' jet
Sae shining wont to be :
Thou'rt alter'd sair,—but, May, thou'rt yet
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,
That aft in former time
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,
The echo's amorous chime ;
Thy e'e has lost its early light,
My star in ither years,
That aye hath beam'd sae kindly bright
To me through smiles and tears.

For a' the signs that show, May,
The gloam' o' our day,
I lo'ed thee young—I lo'e thee yet,
My ain auld wife May ;
Nae dearer hope ha'e I than this,
Beyond the day we die,
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless
My halidome on hie.

MY OLD WIFE.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

I MERRILY sing from morn till night,
And misery I defy,
And I've a wife who, with delight,
Sings just as happy as I.
She is the comfort of my life,
My darling and my pride,
For twenty years together, my boys,
We've travell'd it side by side.

Round goes the world,
Trouble I defy,
Jogging along together, my boys,
My dear old wife and I.

When homeward I'm returning, why,
She'll greet me with a smile ;
Her dear old face beams with delight
In such a happy style.
"Sit down by the fireside,"
She'll say, "and take your tea ;"
She laughs and jokes on t'other side,—
A picture, boys, to see.

Round goes, etc.

In winter when the snow is down,
She'll meet me at the door,
With "Come in, lad, and warm yourself,
You must be cold, I'm sure."
She brings my slippers, warm and dry,
And lays them by my side ;
I never could find her equal, though
I search the world so wide.

Round goes, etc.

I smoke my pipe, and sing my song,
Content to stay at home,
As happy as the day is long,
And ne'er inclined to roam.
There's many talk of single bliss,
And for their freedom sigh ;
But that will never be the case
With my old wife and I.

Round goes, etc.

MY OLD WIFE.

TIME has dimm'd the lustre
Of her eyes that brightly shone,
And her voice has lost the sweetness
Of its girlhood's silv'ry tone ;
But her heart is still as cheerful
As in early days of life,
And as fondly as I prized my bride,
I love my dear old wife !

When the spring of love was in its bloom,
And hope gave zest to youth,
We at the sacred altar stood,
And plighted vows of truth :
And since, tho' changeful years have pass'd,
With joys and sorrows rife,
Yet never did I see a change
In her, my dear old wife !

Her gentle love my cares have soothed,
Her smiles each joy enhanced,
As fondly through progressive years
Together we've advanced.
Though calmly now the current flows,
We've known misfortune's strife :
Yet, ever did she cheer my woes—
My faithful, fond old wife !

A WIFE IS THE MAIN THING.

N. Stone.

"OH, I'm a poor unlucky wight
As ever there was born, sir!
There's nothing in my house that's right,
'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir;
I've cash enough, and pay it well,
To keep my house in order,
But ne'er can get a decent meal,
Though plentiful my larder;
'Tis overdone or underdone,
Perhaps not done at all, sir:
No man had ever such a home
In all this dreary world, sir.

"My coat is at the elbows out,
I ne'er can get it mended;
My shirts are scorch'd in ironing,
My vest to ribbons rended;
My stockings down unto the ground,
I ne'er can keep a garter;
And if they e'er get wash'd at all,
It's sure in dirty water.
There's nothing done that should be done,
And if it's done at all, sir,
It better never had been done,
Than done so very ill, sir."

"Go, get a wife," the old man said,
"Nor sit ye here complaining;
Of wedlock never be afraid,
A prudent wife's the main thing:
She'll keep your house, she'll mend your
clothes,
And chat and sing the while, sir;
And when at eve you hasten home,
She'll meet you with a smile, sir.
And all that's done will be well done,
And done without complaining;
If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,
A wife—a wife's the main thing."

Jack quickly took the sage advice,
And woo'd a farmer's daughter,
And never did he rue the day
When home a bride he brought her.
His clothes are always clean and neat,
His house is like a palace;
His cooking that a king might eat,
And do it with a relish.
And now he is a happy man,
He never goes complaining;
But with a joyous smile declares
A wife—a wife's the main thing.

THE WIFE.

OH, no! though rank and riches sue,
And poor and humble he,
I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,
My world—my all to me.
For, oh, when all the world desert,
And life's fair scenes grow dim,
Then is the time a wife should prove
The world and all to him.

There's love, and friends, and kindred, too,
In wedlock's unity;
And still I'll to my love prove true,
As he prove true to me.

Around the hallow'd name of wife
Glide rapture, truth, and health;
Her breast your pillow, arms your home
Her heart your dearest wealth.
Friends may betray and love prove false,
As clouds appear in view;
But let fame frown, and fortune lower,
Your wife will still prove true.

There's love, etc.

MY AIN WIFE.

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

Oh! couthie is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheerie is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

An' oh! her looks sae kindle,
They melt my heart outright,
When o'er the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight;
She looks intill its bonnie face,
An' syne looks to me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Hon. R. W. Spencer.

ONE day when to Jove the black list was presented,—
The list of what fate for each mortal intends,—
At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—Wife, Children, and Friends.

In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
And justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—Wife, Children, and Friends.

The day-spring of Youth, still unclouded with sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of Age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow: and long may it flourish,
Bedew'd with the tears of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

A WIFE.

W. H. Delehanty.

I HAVE a wife, she's good and kind,
And very fair to see;
She's modest, gentle, and refined,
As any wife can be;
She's elegant and eloquent,
She knows the wrong and right:
I know her every act is meant
To guard the marriage rite.

Indeed she's all I took her for,
A little more, perhaps;
But still we cannot see before
The coming ill mishaps,
For oft there comes a rueful time,
Without a reason why—
A time when all is not sublime
Between my wife and I.

'Tis when my wife is moody mad,
Pettish, peevish, and cross;
When she no earthly cause has had,
Grows sad for want of cause.
Her temper then she cannot hide,
Her reason at a loss;
'Tis then she kinder likes to chide,
And kinder likes to cross.

I do not seem to heed her frown,
Pretend to read the while;
And soon sad tears of love roll down
Her cheeks because I smile.
"Forgive," is all I let her say,
But chide her affectionately;
To kiss the other words away
Is heaven and earth to me.

The moral here is very plain,
The sense is very common;
Remember thou art stronger, man,
And she is weaker, woman.
When she begins, then you be done,
And let the whole world see;
Though she be nought to any one,
She's all the world to thee.

THE BEST LITTLE WIFE IN THE WORLD.

FROM this world's busy scenes I've a dear little nest,
Where I haste when my day's work is o'er,
For it is there that I find sweet comfort and pride,
When I enter its low, humble door.
Now, of course, I delight in my home warm and bright,
And the room by the fire growth in pearls,
For it's there I'd not care, were I not welcome there,
By the best little wife in the world.

Ned Straight.

Such a dear little wife, she's the joy of my life,
And as life's busy cares o'er me whirl,
It is many a day that I lovingly say,
She's the best little wife in the world.

No king is more proud, as he sits on his throne,
Than I in my own cosy nest,
Where like music to me is my wife's merry tone,
As she gives me her loving caress.
She's gentle and kind, like an angel I find,
And as life's busy cares o'er me whirl,
She is winsome and neat, and so loving and sweet,
She's the best little wife in the world.

Such a dear, etc.

As I sit by my fire with her by my side,
Oh, I think of the many to-day
Who have no loving heart for their comfort and guide
As they journey o'er life's troubled way.
Take a lesson from me, you who single may be,
Let your bachelor's banner be furl'd,
Find a girl who will make, without any mistake,
You the best little wife in the world.

Such a dear, etc.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A WIFE?

WHAT is home without a wife?
'Tis her smile that makes home dear,
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear;
My early love is in the grave,
My home once bright is so no more;
Above her now the willows wave,
And naught can e'er my joy restore.

What is home without a wife?
'Tis her smile that made home dear,
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear.

She was like a sunny beam,
All the world she was to me,
Life it was a blissful dream,
'Tis now a weary, troubled sea;
I long to clasp her to my heart
In yonder radiant home above:
There every sorrow shall depart,
And be forgot in joy and love.

What is home without a wife?
'Tis her smile that made home dear,
All is lost when her sweet life
Departs, with many a bitter tear.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Burns.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife of mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never loved a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

The warl's wrack we share o't
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

MARY SMILED THE CLOUDS AWAY.

WHEN my heart was sad and lonely,
Like a dreary winter's day;
When I felt by all forsaken,
Mary smiled the clouds away.
Oh, that happy, happy sunshine,
How it warm'd and cheer'd me then
Yet I trembled lest the shadows
Would return to me again.

Though the storms of life may gather,
Oh, how sweet if all could say,
When misfortune frown'd the darkest,
Mary smiled the clouds away.

With a gentle hand she led me,
Till her voice was soft and low,
Found at last a chord of feeling
I had buried long ago.
How I hail'd the welcome sunshine
Of that ne'er forgotten day,
When, in simple, artless beauty,
Mary smiled the clouds away.

Though the storms, etc.

Years have pass'd, but true as ever,
Mary's heart responds to mine;
Still to each we cling as fondly
As the ivy or the vine.
When approaching storms of sorrow
Hide the sunshine's golden ray,
Then, her loving arms around me,
Mary smiles the clouds away.

Though the storms, etc.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

THOUGH fond of jollity sometimes,
I like a quiet life,
And love a cosy evening pass'd
At home with my dear wife;
She brought me neither house nor land,
Her wealth could soon be told,
But she's a fortune in herself,
And that's as good as gold.

Yes, she's as good as gold, she is,
She's just as good as gold,
And I can see she's fond of me,
For she's as good as gold.

She does not wear the finest robes,
Nor dress in silk attire,
But then, if she looks fair to me,
What more could I desire?
Our house is not the grandest, but
As it keeps out the cold,
It pleases me and pleases her,
And she's as good as gold.

Yes, she's as good as gold, she is,
She's just as good as gold,
And I can see she's fond of me,
For she's as good as gold.

When matters go a little wrong,
And Fortune seems to frown,
If one's a wife as good as gold,
One can't be long cast down;
For when I reach my home at night,
She does not fret or scold,
But always greets me with a smile,
And that's as good as gold.

Yes, she's as good as gold, she is,
She's just as good as gold,
And I can see she's fond of me,
For she's as good as gold.

Contented folks are happier
Than those who've greatest wealth,
For gold does not buy happiness,
Nor can it purchase health;
My wife and I will be content,
When we have both grown old,
To be as happy then as now,
And that's as good as gold.

Yes, she's as good as gold, she is,
She's just as good as gold,
And I can see she's fond of me,
For she's as good as gold.

Songs about Husband and Wife.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

DARLING, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be—will be
Always young and fair to me—
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Darling, I am growing old, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to day;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say—
“Oh, my darling, mine alone—alone,
You have never older grown—
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown!”

Darling, I am growing, etc.

Love can never more grow old;
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never, winter's frost and chill;
Summer's warmth is in them still.
Never, never, winter's frost and chill;
Summer's warmth is in them still.

Darling, I am growing, etc.

Love is always young and fair—
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kiss'd you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kiss'd you mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Darling, I am growing, etc.

JOHNNY SANDS.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

A MAN whose name was Johnny Sands
Had married Betty Hague,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life—
And she was tired of him.

Says he then, “I will drown myself,
The river runs below.”
Says she, “Pray do, you silly elf,
I wish'd it long ago.”
Says he, “Upon the brink I'll stand;
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might.”
Says she, “My love, I will.”

“For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back.”
“I will,” replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
“Now stand, my dear, upon the brink
And I'll prepare to run.”

All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepp'd aside,
And she fell in, of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
“Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!”
“I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.”

OH ! DINNA THINK.

Alex. M'Gilvray.

Oh ! dinna think, though we, guidwife,
May sometimes disagree ;
Though twice ten years we ha'e been wed,
Thou'r't not as dear to me ;
As dear to me as e'er thou wert
When, handsome, young, and gay,
Our hearts and hands we fondly join'd
Upon our bridal day.

What though the beauties of thy face
And form begin to fail ;
What tho' the bloom forsakes thy cheeks,
Thy rosy lips grow pale ?
And what although thy dark blue eyes
No more like diamonds shine,—
Thy once unrivall'd shape and air
Appear no more divine ?

The charms that first secured my heart
In thee remain the same ;
An' fan within my bosom still
A never-dying flame.
You still possess a pleasant look,
A calm unruffled mind,
A soothing voice, a faithful heart,—
Complaisant, warm, an' kind.

Thy constant care has ever been
To smooth life's rugged way ;
With happy smiles to lighten up
The darkest dreary day.
When care or sickness wrung my heart,
An' round me fortune lower'd,
Into my thrilling bosom still
The healing balm ye pour'd.

Round every tale to me you've told,
And every song you've sung,
And every spot where we have been,
A hallow'd charm is flung :
How dear to me the broomy knowes,
The greenwood's fragrant shade,
The flowery fields, the verdant banks,
And braes where we have stray'd !

Oh ! many a pleasant hour we've pass'd,
And happy day we've seen.
Could we but live to see our bairns
As blest as we have been,

Content we'll leave this earthly scene,
And bow to Heaven's decree,
In hopes we all shall meet again,
And blest for ever be.

I'M TURNING GREY, DEAR KATE.

Time's hand is even there, sweet Kate,
Yet let the sign remain ;
It gives me no regretful throb,
Nor should it yield thee pain.
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray :
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey ?

Your clusters, Kate, have ta'en their flight
Since thou and I first met,
And darken'd moons have sped since then,
And murky suns have set,
Yet light from that warm heart of thine
Hath been around my way,
And with so dear a guide and friend
I would again turn grey.

'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray :
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey ?

The wife may view with unconcern
Time's signet on the brow,
Who never gave the wearer's heart
A single throb of woe.
And if angelic worth, sweet Kate,
Might keep the churl at bay,
Time ne'er had placed in triumph here
His banneret of grey.

Then let the stranger live, sweet Kate,
Amid its neighbours dark,
Until they, too, in time shall pale
Beneath the spoiler's mark.
'Tis very white, I grant thee, Kate,
Yet pluck it not, I pray :
Why should thy loving heart regret
That I am turning grey ?

'Tis very white, etc.

["This is positively the finest love ballad of the kind in the Scottish or perhaps any other language."—BURNS.]

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news are true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Mak haste, set by yer wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Gi'e me my clock, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa.

O gie me down my bigonet,

My bishop satin gown,

For I maun tell the bailie's wife

That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,

My hose o' pearly blue :

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot ;

Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat ;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw :

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been long awa.

There are twa hens upon the bank,

They've fed this month and mair ;

Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare ;

And spread the table neat and clean,

Gar ilka thing look braw :

It's a' for love of my gudeman,

For he's been long awa.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,

His breath like caller air,

His very foot has music in't,

When he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,

In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,

That thirled through my heart,

They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,

Till death we'll never part ;

But what puts parting in my head ?

It may be far awa ;

The present moment is our ain,

The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,

I ha'e nae mair to crave ;

Could I but live to make him blest,

I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,

In troth, I'm like to greet.

THE SISTERS.

JANE was a woodman's daughter,

The fairest she of three ;

Love in his arms had caught her,

As fast as fast could be.

A sailor's son was Harry,

As brave as brave could be,

And he resolved to marry

The fairest of the three.

The fairest, etc.

Maria thought it wiser

A rich man's wife to be,

And so she took a miser,

As old as old could be.

Louisa felt love's passion,

But wish'd the world to see,

So chose a lad of fashion,

The dullest of the three.

The dullest, etc.

Louisa's spouse perplex'd her,

A widow soon was she ;

Maria's lived and vex'd her—

As well as well could be.

But Jane possess'd true pleasure

With one of low degree :

They were each other's treasure,

The happiest of the three.

The happiest, etc.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When first we were acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' anc anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

MAGGIE BY MY SIDE.

THE land of my home is flitting,
Flitting from my view;
A gale in the sail is sitting;
Toils the merry crew.
Here let my home be,
On the waters wide;
I roam with a proud heart,
Maggie's by my side;
Maggie, dear, my own love,
Sitting by my side.

The wind howling o'er the billow,
From the distant lea,
The storm ranging round my pillow,
Bring no care to me:
Roll on, ye dark waves,
O'er the troubled tide;
I heed not your anger,
Maggie's by my side;
Maggie, dear, my own love,
Sitting by my side.

Storms can appal me never
When her brow is clear;
Fair weather lingers ever
When her smiles appear.
When sorrow's breakers
Round my heart shall hide,
Still may I find her
Sitting by my side;
Maggie, dear, my own love,
Sitting by my side.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING FOR SOMEBODY.

Swain.

RAINY and rough is the day,
There's a heart beating for somebody,
I must be up and away,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.
Thrice has she been to the gate,
Thrice has she listen'd for somebody;
'Mid the night stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comfortable fire,
There will be slippers for somebody,
One in her neatest attire
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the star's fled from the west,
Still there's a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat in a chair,
There will be welcome for somebody,
There'll be a wife's tender care,
Love's fond endearments for somebody.
There'll be a little one's charms,
Soon 'twill be waiting for somebody,
When I have both in my arms,
Oh! but how blest will be somebody.

Songs about Mother.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

D. K. O'Donnel.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time ! in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night :
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Watch o'er thy child, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O Tide of Years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears ;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my slumbers, etc.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh ! mother, my heart calls for you ;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded, our faces between ;
Yet with strong yearning, and passionate pain,
Long I, to-night, for your presence again ;
Come from your silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my slumbers, etc.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since last I was hush'd by your lullaby song ;
Sing, then, again, to my soul it will seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream ;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my slumbers, etc.

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER.

Henry Miller.

WHILE plodding on our way, the toilsome road of life,
How few the friends that daily there we meet,
Not many will stand by, in trouble and in strife,
With counsel and affection ever sweet.
But there is one whose smile will ever on us beam,
Whose love is dearer far than any other,
And wherever we may turn, this lesson we will learn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Then cherish her with care, and smooth her silv'ry hair,
When gone you will never get another,
And wherever we may turn, this lesson we shall learn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Though all the world may frown, and every friend depart,
She never will forsake us in our need,
Our refuge evermore is still within her heart,
For us her loving sympathy will plead;
Her pure and gentle smile for ever cheers our way,
'Tis sweeter and 'tis purer than all other,
When she goes from earth away, we'll find out while we stray,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Then cherish her with care, etc.

Her fond and gentle face not long may greet us here,
Then cheer her with our kindness and our love,
Remember at her knee, in childhood bright and dear,
We heard her voice like angel's from above;
Though after years may bring their gladness or their woe,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And our longing heart will learn, wherever we may turn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Then cherish her with care, etc.

ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE.

ALWAYS take mother's advice,
She knows what is best for your good;
Let her kind words then suffice,
And never speak hasty or rude;
Remember that she is the nearest,
To you in this world she is dearest,
At your downfall her grief is severest,
So don't cause her sorrow or pain.

Always take mother's advice,
She knows what is best for your good;
Let her kind words then suffice,
And always take mother's advice.

Honour your mother so dear,
You'll ne'er know her worth till she's gone;
Respect her grey hair while she's here,
You'll be sad when she leaves you alone.
On earth you will ne'er have another,
In this weary world there's no other,
And God only gives you one mother!
So cherish and love her most dear.

Always take mother's advice,
She knows what is best for your good;
Let her kind words then suffice,
And always take mother's advice.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

YOU'LL MISS YOUR MOTHER WHEN SHE'S GONE.

THE smiles that made your life so bright
In childhood's fair and sunny day,
May lose their sweet and joyous light
Ere many years have flown away.
Her fond caress, her words so dear,
That greeted you each night and morn,
In vain you soon will seek them here,
You'll miss your mother when she's gone!

Oh! watch o'er her with tender care
With kindness all her days adorn;
No other love is half so dear,
You'll miss your mother when she's gone!

Oh! shield her with your kindest love,
And never slight her on life's way!
For, like an angel from above,
She shielded you in childhood's day!
Though other joys may claim you now,
Oh! let her not in sorrow mourn,
But smooth the wrinkles from her brow,
You'll miss your mother when she's gone!

Oh! watch o'er her, etc.

She watch'd above your cradle bed,
And taught you childhood's little prayer.
Oh! never from her side be led,
In age she needs your loving care!
But one sweet mother Heaven gives!
As soon from earth she may be borne!
Protect and love her while she lives,
You'll miss your mother when she's gone!

Oh! watch o'er her, etc.

MOTHER CALLS ME HOME AGAIN.

STILL I hear her voice of gladness!
Though 'tis years since we have met;
Dreams of her now cheer my sadness,
Lull to sleep each dark regret.
Far away from those who love me,
One sweet voice amid my pain
Whispers angel-sweet above me,
Mother calls me home again.

In my dreams of gladness,
In my hours of joy and pain,
Comes a voice to cheer my sadness—
Mother calls me home again.

Earth amid its many pleasures
Has no joys so fond and sweet;
There are dearer, fonder treasures
Than at home we daily meet.
Though the world with all its splendour
Lures us on, its glories wane!
Hark! a voice so true and tender—
Mother calls me home again.

In my dreams, etc.

Oh! the joy once more to meet her,
Loving words again to hear,
Fondly as in childhood greet her,
Share her kisses warm and dear!
O'er the years that we've been parted,
Years of weary toil and pain,
Still she calls so gentle-hearted—
Mother calls me home again!

In my dreams, etc.

THE DAY OUR MOTHER DIED.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
102, High Holborn.

THERE was silence in the homestead,
By the hearth, and in the hall;
And our sorrow, like a wintry cloud,
Hung darkly over all;
For the love that was to us far more
Than all the world beside,
Went down with mourning to the grave
The day our mother died.

We remember'd how she loved us,
We remember'd well the tears,
And the prayers that guarded all our way
Through many happy years.
But now her earnest love no more
Might seek our steps to guide;
And all our life seem'd dark to us,
The day our mother died.

We shall never, never meet her
By the hearth or in the hall;
We shall never see her face on earth,
Where'er our lot may fall.
But mem'ry brings each gentle grace,
As ever, to our side;
And hope and sorrow hallow still
The day our mother died.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

HER OWN BOY JACK.

THE foremost picture in my mind is one I'll ne'er forget,
Though years have dimm'd its brightness it is here before me yet:
The picture is a cottage with the ivy trailing o'er,
An aged woman and a boy are standing at the door.
That woman was my mother, I was going far away,
The sorrow in her eyes was more than any words could say,
Her only boy was leaving her, perhaps for many years,
And, trying to be brave, she spoke, in accents full of tears:

Be upright and honest, fearless and bold,
Remember that honour is purer than gold;
You may not be a hero, but still when you come back,
Your mother will be proud of you, her own boy Jack!

Our hearts were torn with sorrow, yet the parting had to come,
I tried to look so manly, but my boyish voice was dumb;
She sat the last few moments 'neath the branches of the vine,
And let her trembling hand within my curly locks entwine.
She said, where'er you Wander, Jack, on land or on the sea,
If ever you are tempted, let your thoughts come back to me;
Remember how your father lived, remember how he died,
Take my advice, you'll be like him, your mother's joy and pride.

Be upright and honest, etc.

And, after years of absence, to the homestead I return'd,
An honour'd name and fortune in the struggle I had earn'd,
The mother whom I loved was there to meet me at the door,
And then and there I vow'd that I would never leave her more.
I stay'd to close the dear old eyes, which once shone clear and bright,
I kiss'd the lips which ne'er again would greet me with delight,
And even now amid the friends who've lasted many a year,
I'd give the whole world's riches if that voice I could but hear.

Be upright and honest, etc.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Charles Jefferys.

FARE-THREE-WELL! what tho' I leave thee,
A mother's prayers will still be thine;
And to hear of *thy* heart's gladness
Will be balm and joy to mine:
Mem'ry in my brain is crowding
Many thoughts long pass'd away;
All, save love, shall be forgotten
In thy mother's parting lay.

Fare-three-well, love, tho' I leave thee,
All my prayers shall still be thine,
And to hear of thy heart's gladness
Will be balm and joy to mine,
Be balm and joy to mine.

As I watch'd thy infant slumbers,
My tears of joy I strove to hide,
While to think upon the future
Fill'd the mother's heart with pride:
'Tis the first time we have parted,
And a grief is on my heart,
Yet the hope within me whispers,
We shall meet no more to part.

Fare-three-well, love, tho' I leave thee,
All my prayers shall still be thine.
And to hear of thy heart's gladness
Will be balm and joy to mine,
Be balm and joy to mine.

COME HOME.

THERE'S a chair at the hearth that's been vacant for years
For the loved one to whom it belongs:
Unoccupied still, even when the old home
Is fill'd with our laughter and songs;
The chair is unsullied, it never is touch'd
Until mother falls down on her knees,
And kisses the place where her loved one has sat,
Her boy who is over the seas.

Oh, Jack! when will you come back?
Love is awaiting you here!
Love that is tender and true,
The love of a mother so dear!
The chair that was yours from boyhood,
Ere you cross'd the foam,
Is still in its place, we long for your face,
And your mother cries "Come home!"

'Twas in anger he left the dear home of his youth,
In sorrow we saw him away:
That night our poor mother did nothing but weep,
Next morning her tresses were grey.
And now when the lads of the village come in,
Attempting her sorrow to cheer,
She smiles in a way that is breaking our hearts,
And these are the words that we hear:

Oh, Jack! etc.

Though ten children surround her with comfort and love,
And strive every care to allay;
She speaks to us all with a far-away look,
Her heart is with him who's away.
Oh! may he come back ere it is too late
From his wandering over the main:
Her eyes would grow brighter, no more would she sing
That loving though sorrowful strain:

Oh, Jack! etc.

A MOTHER IS A MOTHER AFTER ALL.

A MOTHER'S heart is ever
Affectionate and true,
And naught but death can sever
The love she feels for you.
The world, though cold and dreary,
Breaks not that sacred tie;
Her voice is always cheery,
To save you she would die!

A mother is a mother,
She grieves at your downfall;
She loves as can no other,
She's a mother after all!

Though you may not be living
A life upright and pure,
Her sweet soul is forgiving,
And she will wrongs endure.
You'll never find another
So brave, so kind, so dear,
As she whom you call mother:
Then strive her life to cheer!

A mother is a mother,
She grieves at your downfall;
She loves as can no other,
She's a mother after all!

I LOVE MY DEAR MOTHER THE BEST.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter, 195, Oxford Street, London.

You ask me, dear mother, what is it I love ?
And so many things I could say :
There's the rainbow I see in the sky up above,
And the two little kittens at play,
And the beautiful trees, and the bright humming bees,
And the hedges in May-blossom dress'd ;
I love sister Nell and my father as well,
But I love my dear mother the best.

I love the bright sunshine, I love the green fields,
And the robin with pretty red breast,
All the flowers that grow, their names I don't know,
But I love my dear mother the best.

I love Uncle Ben, who brings me nice toys,
And gives me a bright shilling too,
And tells me that I am the best of good boys,
When I sing something pretty to you.
I love little baby and rock him to sleep,
As he lies in his little white nest,
And the old pussy cat fast asleep on the mat,
But I love my dear mother the best.

I love the bright sunshine, etc.

I love the clear brook where the water's so clear,
That in it my face I can see,
And the dear little bird that I often can hear,
Singing in the old sycamore tree ;
But I never forget as I lie in my bed,
And you leave me at night to my rest,
When you bid me good-bye and my prayers have been said,
That I love my dear mother the best.

I love the bright sunshine, etc.

MY MEMORY TURNS WITH FONDNESS BACK.

My mem'ry turns with fondness back
To scenes of childhood past,
And o'er the fading vision seems
A holy light to cast ;
And from its deathless music comes
One voice upon my ear,
That fills my heart—its tones are yours,
My mother, mother dear !
And from its deathless music comes
One voice upon my ear,

That fills my heart—its tones are yours,
My mother, mother dear !
The turf is green upon your grave,
And flowers are planted there,
Which, as I kneel upon the sod,
Perfume the earth and air ;
But, ah ! I cannot, cannot check
The mournful bitter tear,
Whene'er I think of childhood's scenes
And you, my mother dear !

But ah ! I cannot, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

MOTHER WOULD COMFORT ME.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

WOUNDED and sorrowful, far from my home,
Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown,
Even the birds that used sweetly to sing
Are silent, and swiftly have taken the wing.
No one but mother can cheer me to-day;
No one for me could so fervently pray;
None to console me, no kind friend is near—
Mother would comfort me, if she were here.
Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer:
Mother will comfort you, mother is here."

If she were with me, I soon would forget
My pain and my sorrow, no more would I fret,
One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye,
Would make me contented, and willing to die.
Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer;
Mother will comfort you, mother is here." Gently her hand, etc
Cheerfully, faithfully, mother would stay
Always beside me, by night and by day;
If I should murmur, or wish to complain,
Her gentle voice would soon calm me again.
Sweetly a mother's love shines, like a star,
Brightest in darkness, when daylight's afar;
In clouds or in sunshine, in pleasure or pain,
Mother's affection is ever the same. Gently her hand, etc.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF MOTHER. *Jas. A. Bland.*

TAKE good care of mother, for she's getting old and feeble,
And her hair that once was golden now is turning into grey;
And her face that was so beautiful is getting full of wrinkles:
Take good care of mother, for she soon may pass away.
Nurse her just as tender as you would a little flower,
Press her to your bosom as she did you when a babe,
Kiss her and caress her every day and every hour,
For you'll miss dear mother when she is lowly laid.
Take good care of mother, nurse her every hour,
Treat her just as tender as you would a little flower,
Kiss her and caress her every night and morn,
For you'll miss dear mother when she's gone.
Take good care of mother, for you'll miss her when she's sleeping
In the quiet little churchyard where the summer flowers bloom;
Where all through the livelong day the happy birds are sweetly singing,
And the lovely roses fill the air with sweet perfume.
Oh! how sad and lonely you will pass the weary hours,
When the angels take her from this world of sin and pain,
To the little churchyard there to rest among the flowers,
Never more to see her or speak with her again.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter, 195, Oxford Street, London.

How well I do remember, now many years ago,
I journey'd down to Portsmouth with my mother, you must know;
The ships were in the harbour, with flags and banners dress'd,
And weeping wives and mothers were waiting with the rest.
My father was a sailor on board a man-o'-war,
And once again was going to leave us by the shore;
He kiss'd our lips at parting, when standing on the quay,
And as he bade us both good-bye, these words he said to me

"Stick to your mother, Tom, when I am gone,
Don't let her worry, lad, don't let her mourn;
Remember that she nursed you when I was far away
Don't leave your mother when her hair turns grey."

The time roll'd slowly onward, many changes had occur'd,
But of the good ship *Victor* for months we had not heard.
My mother grew so anxious, her cheek was wan and pale,
And I was very fearful that she suddenly might fail.
At length there came a telegram to say the ship was lost,
She'd foundered many miles away when she'd been tempest-toss'd.
My mother fainted at the news, but when the swoon had fled,
I kiss'd her as I told her of the words my father said.

"Stick to your mother, Tom," etc.

She linger'd through the summer, until the frost and snow
And bitter winds of winter very quickly laid her low;
She died in my embraces, with a spirit calm and brave,
And now she's sleeping sweetly where the wild-flowers gently wave.
I often go to see her grave and keep the verdure green,
And plant some fragrant lilies there around the peaceful scene;
And I feel a satisfaction of knowing, now she's dead,
I tried to do my duty to the words my father said.

"Stick to your mother, Tom," etc.

NO LOVE IS LIKE A MOTHER'S.

Phil Rossiter.

A MOTHER'S love, how sweet the name!
A noble ever-burning flame;
In infancy our steps it trains,
And like a spirit o'er us reigns.
It watches o'er us every hour,
And soothes our ills with magic power;
From earth below to heaven above,
No love is like a mother's love.

Though other hearts may fondly bless,
And other loving arms caress;
From earth below to heaven above,
No love is like a mother's love.

A mother's love! with that fond word,
What memories in the heart are stirr'd—
The tender look, the gentle smile,
The hand that shielded us from guile,
The heart that shared each joy or woe,
With feeling mothers only know;
The soft sweet voice like cooing dove—
For no love's like a mother's love.

Though other hearts may fondly bless,
And other loving arms caress;
From earth below to heaven above,
No love is like a mother's love.

SAVE MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

I've been thinking of the day that has long since pass'd away
When my mother through sickness droop'd and died,
And the still and silent room when they laid her in the tomb,
I remember then how bitterly I cried :
I but a boy was then, my age was scarcely ten,
And with sorrow I had grown thin and pale ;
When the home had to be sold, I cried with grief untold,
Oh ! save my mother's picture from the sale.
My mother's face, that dear old face,
Her loss I ever shall bewail,
Don't break an orphan's heart, with that don't make me part,
Oh ! save my mother's picture from the sale.

The auction day came round, with mirth the room did sound,
The things I loved so well soon pass'd away,
The chair in which she sat and in which she liked to chat,
They all went into strangers' hands that day ;
The table where I play'd, the cot in which I laid,
All pass'd away like chaff before the gale,
But when the end came near I cried with piteous fear,
Oh ! save my mother's picture from the sale. My mother's face, etc
The picture round was pass'd and questions they were ask'd,
A price was bid for it just here and there,
The tears stream'd down my face, I could scarce keep in the place
When I saw the picture pass without a care ;
But an angel of a girl, with a mass of golden curls,
Who was struck to see my face so sad and pale,
Outbid them all you see and presented it to me,
And saved my mother's picture from the sale. My mother's face, etc.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

THE marriage rite is over ;
And though I turn'd aside,
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide,
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her mother.
She is a fair young creature,
With meek and gentle air ;
With blue eyes soft and loving,
With silken sunny hair.
I know my father gives her
The love he bore another ;
But if she were an angel
I could never call her mother.
To night I heard her singing
A song I used to love,
When its sweet notes were uttered
By her who sings above.

It pain'd my heart to hear it,
And my tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallow'd
By the dear voice of my mother.
My father, in the sunshine
Of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadow
That darken'd our old home.
His heart no more is lonely—
But myself and little brother
Must still be orphan children :
God can give us but one mother.
They've borne my mother's picture
From its accustom'd place,
And set beside my father's
A younger, fairer face.
They've made her dear old chamber
The boudoir of another ;
But I will not forget thee,
My own, my angel mother.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street, London.

I LOVE it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start!
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside the old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled!
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

Samuel Lover.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

THERE was a place in childhood
That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—
Upon my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!

When fairy tales were ended,
"Good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep
Within my tiny bed;

And holy words she taught me there—
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
Beside my mother's knee.
Oh, mother dear! oh, mother dear!
In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time,
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down,
Then, pleading, all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven
That bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!

I TRIED TO CALL HER MOTHER.

T. P. Ellone.

I HAVE tried to call her Mother,
Since the day when first we met,
But she is not like another,
Whom I never can forget ;
Who is 'neath the roses sleeping,
With the cold earth for her bed,
Where the dew-gemm'd ivy's creeping
Out amid the silent dead.

I have tried to call her Mother,
But I cannot, cannot yet ;
For she is not like another,
And my heart will ne'er forget.

I have tried to call her Mother,
Since she took that loved one's place :
She is kind to little brother,
And he loves her smiling face ;
But were she a loving angel,
With a soul too pure for earth,
She could not be like another,
Who has gain'd immortal birth.

I have tried to call her Mother,
But I cannot, cannot yet ;
For she is not like another,
And my heart will ne'er forget.

I have tried to call her Mother,
She is good and pure and true ;
But my heart yearns for another,
Who in blissful days I knew ;
Yet I feel a tender pity
For this friend whom God has given ;
But I cannot call her fondly,
I've a Mother, dear, in Heaven.

I have tried to call her Mother,
But I cannot, cannot yet ;
For she is not like another,
And my heart will ne'er forget.

I'M LONELY SINCE MY MOTHER DIED.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near ;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.
Of earthly friends she was the best
My erring, youthful steps to guide :
Oh ! do not smile because I weep,
I'm lonely since my mother died.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near ;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the heartfelt, silent tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong
To let those tears so often flow,
But those who've lost a mother's love
Can tell the pain of my sad woe.
Could I but call her back again,
And kneel once more down by her side,
I'd love her better than before—
I'm lonely since my mother died.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near ;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the heartfelt, silent tear.

Oh ! you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain,
But cherish, love her with your life,
You ne'er can have her like again.
Then when she's call'd from you away,
Across death's dark and troubled tide,
In pain with me you need not say,
I'm lonely since my mother died.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near ;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the heartfelt, silent tear.

DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

DEAR mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village bell,
My heart was full of joy and glee :
I did not dream that one short year
Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high:
Oh ! mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Call sister, brother, to my side,
And take your soldier's last goodbye :
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark ! mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with thee stay,
My country calls to arms, to arms !
The foes advance in fierce array.
The vision's past, I feel that now
For country I can only sigh :
Oh ! mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Call sister, brother, to my side,
And take your soldier's last goodbye:
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,
One parting kiss to all, good-bye ;
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die.
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where kindred fiercely did defy ;
I fought the right, God bless the flag !
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Call sister, brother, to my side,
And take your soldier's last goodbye:
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW ?

WHY am I so weak and weary ?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness,
Tell me, comrades, is this death ?
Ah ! how well I know your answer ;
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly
Who will care for mother now ?

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

Who will comfort her in sorrow ?
Who will dry the falling tear,
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead ?
Who will whisper words of cheer ?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling, praying, for me ; how
Can I leave her in anguish ?—
Who will care for mother now ?

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky ;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

William Bennet.

THERE'S music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's music in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying;
There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's fear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.
And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh! who shall half the fervour tell
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.
A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course has pass'd before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

WHAT is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet,
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh! how few are childhood's pleasures
When her gentle care is gone?

Things we prize are first to vanish,
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning grey:
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past,
And sometimes ere we learn to know her
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves the heart from day to day:
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And, oh, how dark is life around us!
What is home without her there?

WHEN MOTHER FELL ASLEEP.

*By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.*

ABOVE the quiet of the west
The sunset banners hung,
And backward from the mountain's crest
The golden gateway swung.
We saw the light of heavenly lands
O'er cloud and valley sweep,
And all the west was bright with gold,
When mother fell asleep.
Though many years have pass'd away,
We still in mem'ry keep
The happy smile that beam'd o'er all
When mother fell asleep.

We gather'd closely round her bed,
And watch'd her sainted face
Grow bright with heaven's auroral glow,
And full of angel grace.
And through the open western door,
We saw the sunbeams creep,
And gently kiss her furrow'd brow,
When mother fell asleep.
Though many years, etc.

She whisper'd faintly, as we bent
To kiss her brow again,
Before the angels bore her home,
And gave release from pain,
"I may not longer linger here,
But do not, do not weep,"
And then, as evening shadows came,
Our mother fell asleep.
Though many years, etc.

The sunset glories died away
Above the western bar,
And on the evening's bosom shone
The trembling vesper star.
The golden gateway open'd wide,
As through it angels swept,
To bear the sainted spirit home,
And darling mother slept.
Though many years, etc.

Songs about Father.

COME HOME, FATHER.

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam:
Oh! who could resist the most plaintive of prayers?
Please, father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn!
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
"Come quickly, or he will be gone!" Come home! etc.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said—
"I want to kiss father, good night." Come home! etc.

TELL ME, IS MY FATHER COMING?

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

TELL me, is my father coming home again to us to-day?
Oh! the days have been so cheerless since he went so far away.
I remember when he left us, when your regiment pass'd by;
And our tears were sadly falling, as he bade us all good-bye.

Tell me, is my father coming? I am sure he went with you:
And I see familiar faces of the comrades that he knew.
All along your ranks I'm looking, yet I cannot see his face:
It may be that he is wounded, that a stranger fills his place.

Oh! I cannot tell my mother fears that in my sad heart burn;
Do not say that he has fallen—that he never will return.
For I thought that he was coming when I heard the joyful drum;
Soldiers, do not turn your faces—tell me, has my father come?

THE OLD CHIMNEY CORNER WHERE GRANDFATHER SMILED.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

How warm was the glow, all the long winter night,
When fast fell the snow, or when stars twinkled bright:
We heap'd up the logs and they sparkled with glee,
And oh! what a fair, merry circle were we.
Then chiefly we gather'd round grandfather's chair,
Or climb'd on his knee, just to smooth his white hair;
It shines like a star o'er my pathway so wild,
The old chimney corner where grandfather smiled.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, sang the cricket with glee,
Tick, tick, tick, tick, spoke the clock merrily,
Sweet joys came to bless, though the storm gather'd wild,
The old chimney corner where grandfather smiled.

The fire on that hearth long since smoulder'd away,
Yet brightly it burns in my memory to-day;
And grandfather's chair is now empty and lone,
And mother and father to heaven have flown;
Yet oft in my dreams I am home once again,
While gone is my sorrow and world-weary pain;
For angels have blest, bending o'er it so mild,
The old chimney corner where grandfather smiled.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, etc.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

Edward Fitzball.

By kind permission of Hutchings & Romer,
39, Great Marlborough St., London.

THE nectar cup may yield delight,
The heart sweet music move,
But oh! no charm, however bright,
Is like paternal love;
Affection wears a silken chain,
O'er oceans though we rove,
It gently brings us back again—
Each link a father's love.

Yes, like the balm of opening flowers,
Across the ocean foam,
It floats with us to distant towers,
It pilots back our home.
Alas! how oft in later years,
Though changed the heart may prove,
Doth memory's dream recall—thro' tears—
A father's early love.

A LOVING DAUGHTER'S HEART.

MY father dear! though years whirl by
Like leaves upon the blast,
And hope's bare shatter'd stem alone
Remains to mark the Past,
There's still one spot whence life's young
spring
Will never more depart—
Where joy still lives, for ever green—
A loving daughter's heart!

Each smile of thine, each gentle word
Pronounced in happier times,
Has there struck root, and lived and grown
Like flowers in eastern climes.
Thus age itself need never fear
Bleak winter's icy dart:
'Twill always find eternal spring
Within a daughter's heart.

A FATHER'S LOVING SMILE.

How fondly I remember those happy days gone by,
In childhood's happy fairy dreams no thought of care had I ;
A father and a mother, on earth I loved the best,
But now I wander lonely, for those dear ones are at rest.

In dreams I see that dear old face, and kiss that furrow'd brow,
And whisper, as I loved him then, I love his mem'ry now.

How fondly I remember those happy days of yore,
In fancy I am standing by that dear old cottage door,
Watching for a loving father's coming home from toil,
And with a childish welcome kiss I win a loving smile.
In dreams, etc.

THE OLD WOODEN ROCKER.

Florence Harper.

THERE it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker, so stately and tall !
With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom,
For no one now uses that back parlour room.
Oh ! how well I remember in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I,
And we listen'd to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker we all loved so well.

As she sat by the fire she would rock, rock, rock,
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock ;
Eighty years had she sat in that chair grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh ! the tales it would tell,
How poor aged grandpa in fierce battle fell.
'Neath the dear, dear old flag he fought bravely and true,
He cherish'd his freedom, the red, white, and blue.
It could tell of bright days, and of dark ones besides,
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride ;
This is why we all love it, this old chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

As she sat by the fire, etc.

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done,
Her children have follow'd her, yes, one by one,
They have all gone to meet her "in the sweet by-and-bye,"
And all that is left is dear sister and I :
Never more will we hide her gold spec's or her cap ;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap ;
Never more will she slumber in that chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

As she sat by the fire, etc.

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

WHEN the sun is slowly setting,
And the blossoms sink to rest;
When the shades of night are falling,
And the bird flies to its nest:
Then the toiler trudges homeward,
Knowing, as his work is o'er,
That his little ones are waiting
For his footsteps at the door.

And they listen! listen! listen!
As they've often done before:
Anxious little ones are waiting
For his footsteps at the door.

T'wards his little cot he trudges,
For he knows he'll meet with there
Joyous welcome from his children,
And their happiness he'll share;
As the twilight darkens round him,
On he hastens o'er the moor,
Till the little ones with gladness
Hear his footsteps at the door.

And they listen! etc.

Happy welcome, joyous greeting,
Merry laughter loud and long:
Who's the happiest in the meeting
Of that gay and merry throng?
Ne'er shall I forget the picture,
Often have I thought it o'er,
How those little children listen'd
For his footsteps at the door.

And they listen! etc.

WATCHING FOR PA.

THREE little forms in the twilight grey,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Two pair of black eyes, and one of blue—
Brimful of love, and of mischief too.

Watching for Pa!
Watching for Pa!
Sitting by the window
Watching for Pa!

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
Beaming with kindness and love just now;
Willie, the youngest, so roguish and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May.

Watching for Pa! etc.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window pane,
Wishing the absent one home again.

Watching for Pa! etc.

Now there are shouts from the window seat,
There is a patter of childish feet;
Gaily they rush through the lighted hall—
"Coming at last" is the joyful call.

Welcoming Pa!
Welcoming Pa!
Standing on the doorstep
Welcoming Pa!

THE ORPHAN BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

Fanny B. Lacy.

OH, tell me! where is father gone?
And when will he come back?
Why have they writ his name on stone?
Why are we dress'd in black?
If he is gone to that fair land
Where India's treasures grow,
I'd rather hold my father's hand,
Than all they could bestow.

If he's gone to some pleasant place,
Like that we used to roam,
Indulgence smiling in his face,
Making each spot our home;
I'll not complain, my mother dear,
But pleased with you abide;
My pleasure still was incomplete
When absent from your side.

Perhaps he's gone, my mother dear,
A little while before;
And we shall find him, never fear,
When we shall grieve no more.
For ah! I think from all you've said,
In mild instructions given,
That my dear father is not dead,
But gone to live in heaven.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

G. L. Cailin.

WHAT! no, it can't be that they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old,
(O God! may their crime be forgiven,)
To perish out here in the cold.
O Heavens! I am sadden'd and weary,
See the tears how they course down my cheeks
Oh! this world it is lonely and dreary,
And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

For I'm old and I'm helpless and feeble,
The days of my youth have gone by;
Then over the hill to the poor-house,
I wander alone there to die.

Ah me! on that old doorstep yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee,
No father was happier or fonder
Than I of my little ones three:
The boys, both so rosy and chubby,
And Lily with prattle so sweet!
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.

For I'm old, etc.

It's years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful, affectionate wife;
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life.
The boys grew to manhood; I gave them
A deed for the farm! aye and more,
I gave them this house they were born in,
And now I'm turn'd out from its door.

For I'm old, etc.

Oh, children! loved children! yet hear me,
I have journey'd along on life's stage,
With the hope that you all would be near me,
To comfort and cheer my old age;
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To shield and protect you; but hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it's you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark.

For I'm old, etc.

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me;
Farewell, dear old home! ah, farewell!
Each pathway and tree here about me
Some memory precious can tell;
Well! the flowers will bloom bright as ever,
And the birds sing as sweet to the morn,
When over the hill from the poor-house,
Next Spring, the old man shall be borne.

For I'm old, etc.

Songs about Babies.

CRADLE SONG.

Flora Warner.

By kind permission of W. Whittingham, 13, Little Marlborough Street, London.

OH! sleep, little baby, the sun has gone down,
The flowers and the birds are at rest;
Oh! close those blue flowerets, thy beautiful eyes:
Lie still, pretty bird, in thy nest.
For now thou may'st slumber as sweetly as they,
No cares to disturb thee, no fears to dismay:
Ah! when once sorrow thy pillow hath found,
Darling, then sleepest thou never so sound.

Ah! when once sorrow thy pillow hath found,
Darling, then sleepest thou never so sound.

The Angels of Heaven, as lovely as thou,
To watch o'er thy slumbers will come,
They'll whisper thee tales of their beautiful land,
And bear thee in dreams to their home.
Then sleep, little baby, though darkness draw on
Thy mother is watching, thou art not alone;
For be it so early, or be it so late,
Love by thy cradle unwearied will wait.
Be it so early, or be it so late,
Love by thy cradle unwearied will wait.

ANGEL'S WHISPER.

Samuel Lover.

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
As she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."
Her beads while she number'd
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee:
"Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning;
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!
And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!"—
The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing, said,
"I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!"

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

BABY MINE.

Wm. H. Jennings.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

SLEEPING in your cradle nest,
Baby mine—baby mine!
Do you know who loves you best,
Baby mine, baby mine?

I am watching over thee,
And whate'er our lot may be,
You are all the world to me,
Baby mine, baby mine!

I am watching over thee,
And whate'er our lot may be,
You are all the world to me,
Baby mine!

You will have no father's care,
Baby mine, baby mine!
But that sorrow we must bear,
Baby mine, baby mine!
He who makes the flowers to grow
Shall protect you as you go,
In my heart I know it's so,
Baby mine, baby mine!

I am watching, etc.

In thy smile my love can trace,
Baby mine, baby mine!
Glimpses of thy father's face,
Baby mine, baby mine!
It was hard that he should die,
I cannot keep back a sigh,
But we'll meet him by-and-bye,
Baby mine, baby mine!

I am watching, etc.

SLEEP, MY LITTLE BLUE-EYED TREASURE.

SLEEP, my little blue-eyed treasure,
Till the rosy dawn of day
Brings the happy hours of pleasure,
Dream the starry night away.

May the angels, ever near thee,
Watch and ward above you keep,
Fairest visions come to cheer thee:
Sleep, my little treasure, sleep.

Sleep, my little blue-eyed treasure,
Dream the starry hours away,
Till you wake from dream of pleasure
To the golden light of day.

Sleep, my little blue-eyed treasure,
With your laughing eyes of blue,
And your sunny silken tresses,
With your heart so kind and true.
'Mid the visions sweet of slumber
Floating round you bright and free,
Let me be among your number,
Don't forget to dream of me.

Sleep, my little, etc.

Sleep, my little blue-eyed treasure,
Dream of happy days to be,
And the sunny hours of leisure
That will come to you and me.
For my heart is ever sighing,
With the thoughts of you I keep,
While the silent hours are flying:
Sleep, my little treasure, sleep.

Sleep, my little, etc.

THE NEW BABY.

I'SE a poor little sorrowful baby;
For Bidget is way downtairs,
The titten has statched my finder,
And dolly won't say her prayers.
Ain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long adoe,
And I ain't her tunningest baby
No longer, for Bidget says so.

My mamma's dot a new baby;
Dod dived it, He did, yesterday;
And it kies, and it kies, so defful,
I wish He would tate it away.
Don't want no sweet little sister;
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
And tall me her pessus Lulu.

Oh, here tums nurse wis the baby!
It sees me yite out of its eyes;
I dess we will keep it, and dive it
Some tandy whenever it kies;
I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wis most every day;
And I dess, I dess—say, Bidget,
Ask Dod not to take it away.

GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE DARLING.

Samuel N. Mitchell.

Go to sleep, my little darling,
Rest on mother's loving breast,
And the angels will protect you
When within your cradle nest.
Far above the starry heavens
They are looking down on you,
So repose, my precious darling,
Close your tiny eyes of blue.

Go to sleep, my little darling,
Rest your head on mother's breast,
And the angels will protect you
When within your cradle nest.

Far adown the dewy meadow,
All the daisies are asleep,
And the birdies in the branches
Also are in slumber deep.
But in Eden far above us
Angels eyes are open wide,
And you are as safe, my darling,
As if they were at your side.

Go to sleep, etc.

In the early morning, darling,
Little robin in the tree
Will awake you from your slumber
When he sings in merry glee.
Then I'll take you to my bosom,
Till the glimmer on the pane
Tells us that the sun is shining,
And the day has come again.

Go to sleep, etc.

THERE'S A CRADLE IN THE CORNER.

T. Pinder.

THERE'S a cradle in the corner
Where the shadows lie so deep,
And a loving mother watches
Whilst her darling rests asleep.
Not a sound disturbs the silence
Save a pend'ulum as it swings,
But when falls a dying ember,
Or when low the cricket sings.

There's a cradle in the corner
Where the shadows lie so deep,
And a loving mother watches
Whilst her darling rests asleep.

There's a cradle in the corner
Where the firelight does not stream,
For its glare would quickly banish
Far away the baby's dream.
But it matters not the darkness
Hides the little sleeper's face,
In her heart, as in a mirror,
That the mother still can trace.

There's a cradle, etc.

There's a cradle in the corner
Humble-looking, yes, and old;
Yet it holds a priceless treasure
King could never buy with gold.
If an angel from the skyland
Had become that mother's guest,
Well we know 'twould not be dearer
Than her babe is to her breast.

There's a cradle, etc.

A CRADLE SONG.

Lady Borton.

By kind permission of A: Hammond & Co.,
5, Vigo Street, London.

SLEEP now, my darling child,
Folded is each birdie's wing,
Bright be thy dreams and mild,
Mother's arms around thee cling.
Gently thine eyelids close,
Hush'd be now thy laughter gay;
Calm be thy soft repose,
Angels guard thee night and day.
Sweet one, fear no earthly ill,
Heavenly blessings, like the dew,
Shall with peace thy spirit fill,
Make thee holy, pure, and true.
Sleep on, and take thy rest,
Till the rosy morn shall break,
Then be thy waking blest,
Health and joy still with thee take.
Weep not, for I am here,
Dry thou each falling tear,
Banish all grief and fear,
Smile in thy sleep.
Now that the storm is high,
Pray thou for those who die,
Ask God to hear their cry
On the vast deep.
Angels surround thy bed,
May their presence give thee light,
Whilst it on thee they shed,
Pray for those at sea to-night.

KITTY, THE BABY, AND I.

WE dwell in a sweet little cottage alone,
Dear Kitty, the baby, and I,
Where clouds never gather to darken our lives,
The wealth of the world we defy.
An organ sets out in the parlour so neat,
Where all is so cosy to me;
At evening while Kitty she plays and she sings,
I dance little babe on my knee.
Kitty, the baby, and I, Kitty, the baby, and I,
We've friends by the score and a great many more,
Kitty, the baby, and I,
Kitty, the baby, and I, Kitty, the baby, and I,
Come over and see how contented are we,
Kitty, the baby, and I.

We have a piazza surrounded by greens,
Where baby takes lessons to walk,
And where oft I play little pig with his toes,
And laugh at his sweet childish talk.
The cottage is fill'd with the sweetest perfume
Of flowers so dear to the eye:
And down by the meadow at twilight we stroll,
Dear Kitty, the baby, and I.

Kitty, the baby, etc.

We've queer little chicks and a big woolly dog
That baby will scold loud and long;
The neighbours drop in with the brightest of smiles
To have a good laugh or a song.
The oddest of knick-knacks hang round on the wall,
But none bring a tear or a sigh;
The cottage, the organ, and all, they belong
To Kitty, the baby, and I.

Kitty, the baby, etc.

KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE DARLING.

Frank Depro,

Kiss me good night, little darling,
Climb upon mother's knee,
Twine your arms round my neck, love,
Say, "Mamma dear, I love thee";
Kiss me, little darling, kiss me,
Ere I lay you in your nest,
Angels will be ever with thee
While my treasure is at rest.

Kiss me good night, little darling,
Climb upon mamma's knee;
Twine your arms round my neck, love,
Say, "Mamma, I love thee."

Kiss me good night, little darling,
One sweet kiss for mamma, now
Sleep has come to little blue eyes,
Sleep is stamp'd on baby's brow.
Rest your head on mamma's bosom,
Let me clasp thy tiny hand,
Look on mamma's face and smile, love,
Smile baby's smile so grand.

Kiss me good night, little darling,
Climb upon mamma's knee;
Twine your arms round my neck, love,
Say, "Mamma, I love thee"

LITTLE MISCHIEF, YOU.

Oh ! how sweet to listen when the day is done
 To the little feet that run to meet you ;
 Pretty roguish dimples beaming o'er with fun
 Cheer the heart when baby comes to greet you.
 Then mother sings unto her pearl,
 For sunny eyes so sleepy grow,
 Or papa hugs his darling, loving little girl,
 And sings while stars of twilight glow.

Little mischief, you,
 Mamma's precious treasure,
 Little mischief, you,
 Papa's hope and pearl ;
 Little mischief, you,
 Filling life with pleasure,
 Mamma's and papa's baby girl.

When the birds are waking baby's laugh is heard,
 O'er the house her little feet they patter ;
 Then her mamma calling, sweeter than a bird
 All about the house you hear her chatter.
 But then to mamma soon she'll run,
 When tired at last with merry play,
 And cunning arms will clasp her in their roguish fun
 While mother's lips will fondly say :

Little mischief, you, etc.

Oh ! how dear to mother and to father, too,
 Is the darling that they treasure ;
 Ever sweet and happy, light as the morning dew.
 Filling all the house with mirth and pleasure.
 And when the twilight comes once more,
 And birds and flowers have gone to rest,
 What joy to sing your darling, all her playtime o'er,
 This merry song she loves the best :

Little mischief, you, etc.

MAMMA'S LULLABY.

Phil. Rossiter.

Go o sleep, my little darling,
 Close your weary eyes of blue ;
 While you're softly slumb'ring, baby,
 I am watching over you.
 When in dreamland you are whisp'ring,
 With the angels, think of me ;
 I am waiting till you waken—
 Your bright smiles again to see.

Rockaby, lullaby, mamma's own angel,
 Over your cradle my watch I will keep ;
 Rockaby, lullaby, papa's own treasure :
 Love, close your weary lids and go to sleep.

Wake from slumber, little darling,
 Come back from the land of bliss ;
 Let your arms again embrace me—
 Greet me with a loving kiss.
 Baby darling, I am joyful,
 When you're resting on my knee ;
 For you make this earth a heaven—
 What would home without you be ?

Rockaby, lullaby, mamma's own angel,
 Over your cradle my watch I will keep ;
 Rockaby, lullaby, papa's own treasure :
 Love, close your weary lids and go to sleep.

TINY HANDS.

T. B. Kelley.

COME, my bonnie baby girl,
And sit upon my knee;
Laugh and prattle all you please,
You fill my heart with glee.
Shake your pretty flaxen curls,
Whisper your sweet commands,
Twine around me lovingly
Those tiny, dimpled hands.

Tiny hands around me twining,
Little bright eyes fondly shining,
Oh! I love to take you on my knee,
And press those tiny hands.

Tell me of your childish play,
And sing your baby songs.
Did you ramble out to-day
Among the busy throngs?
I love to hear your gleeful voice,
To me it sounds divine;
Oh! kiss me, sweet, my little one,
And clasp your hands in mine.

Tiny hands, etc.

Love and happiness you bring
To cheer our pleasant home;
To my heart you'll ever cling,
No matter where I roam.
Sweet and charming baby girl,
Dearer than wealth or lands,
With joy and peace the hour is blest
When I press your tiny hands.

Tiny hands, etc.

THE PATTER OF DEAR LITTLE FEET.

H. Millard.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

UP with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Are ready to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With footsteps so lightsome and fleet,
Under the window I hear
The patter of little feet.

From a broad window my neighbour
Looks down on our simple cot,
And envies the poor man's blessings,
Though I do not envy his lot.
He has forests of blossoming roses,
And ships from beyond the broad deep;
His stately halls ne'er echo
The patter of tiny feet.

I ask to be directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
That I be accounted worthy
To walk in the sandals of light,
And hear, amid anthems of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
Upon the star-floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.

HUSH-A-BABY, HUSH-A- BYE.

I've a little blue-eyed darling,
My treasure and my joy,
With hair like golden sunshine,
And free from sin's alloy.
Oh! such a little torment,
So full of romp and play;
The roguish sprite climbs on my knee,
And listens while I say:
Hush-a-baby, hush-a-bye,
Go to sleep now, baby, bye;
Angels guard you, ever nigh,
Hush-a-baby, bye.

When days are dark and stormy,
And gloom is cast around
By overhanging shadows
Reflected on the ground,
Our home is bright and cheery,
And fill'd with light divine,
The baby elf's sunshine itself,
The little darling, mine.

Hush-a-baby, etc.

God bless our baby darlings,
Watch o'er them night and day,
They are most precious treasures
Thou'st sent to cheer life's way.
Fill each wee heart with gladness,
Impart Thy word of truth,
And guard their footsteps in the path
Through age as well as youth.

Hush-a-baby, etc.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

H. W. Longfellow.

SWEET babe! true portrait of the father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have press'd!
Sleep, little one: and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.
Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;—
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!
His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm:
Were not his cheek the ruddy apple's glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?
Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!
Sweet error!—he but slept,—I breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

PEEK-A-BOO.

W. J. Scanlan.

ON a cold winter's evening, when business is done,
And to your home you retire,
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing boy,
One whom you love to admire!
You hug him and kiss him, you press him to your heart;
What joy to your bosom 'twill bring!
Then you place him on the carpet, and you'll hide behind the chair,
And to please him you'll commence to sing:

Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
Come from behind the chair;
Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
I see you hiding there,
Oh! you rascal, there.

Oh! my heart's always light when at home with my wife;
There joy and peace ever reign:
With my boy on my knee I'm as happy as can be;
I never know care or pain:
He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind, and he is good,
And everything nice him I bring!
Oh! if he attempts to cry when I am standing by,
Just to please him I commence to sing:

Peek-a-boo! etc.

OUR DARLING.

BOUNDING like a football,
Kicking at the door;
Falling from the table top,
Sprawling on the floor;
Smashing cups and saucers,
Splitting dolly's head;
Putting little pussy-cat
Into baby's bed;
Building shops and houses,
Spoiling father's hat;
Hiding mother's precious keys
Underneath the mat.
Jumping on the fender,
Poking at the fire;
Dancing on his little legs,—
Legs that never tire;
Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day;
Aping every thing we do,
Every word we say;
Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will,
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still.
Present—bringing sunshine;
Absent—leaving night,—
That's our precious darling,
That's our heart's delight.

BERTIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Eva M. Jappan.

SMALL boy Bertie
Drumming on the pane,
Looking at the chickens,
Draggled with the rain.
Little philosopher
Wrinkles his brow,
Says, "I wonder—
I don't see how.
"Where do chickens come from?
Mamma, please to tell.
Yes, I know they come from eggs,
Know *that* very well.
"Course the old hen hatch'd 'em;
I know *that*; but then—
Won't you tell me truly,
Where'd they get the hen?
"S'pos'n you were my boy,
All the one I had,
And big folks wouldn't tell you things,
Shouldn't you feel bad?

"Every single thing you say
I knew years ago;
Where that first hen came from
Is what I want to know."

A HINT.

OUR Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kiss'd me again and again
On the forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I ask her the question so old
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried:
She lifted her golden-crown'd head;
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her grey eyes—
"Why that's why I kiss you!" she said.

THE LAST ARRIVAL.

M. M. Thompson.

THERE came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I look'd and look'd—and laugh'd.
It seem'd so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself within my room,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!
Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consign'd in hope and love
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's rather new for our marine—
My daughter! oh, my daughter!
Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!
Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen, and ink!
My daughter! oh, my daughter!

Songs about Children.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

G. W. Doane.

What is that, mother? The lark, my child !
The morn has but just look'd out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest ;
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praisie.

What is that, mother? The dove, my son !
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,—
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,—
For her absent dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother? The eagle, boy !
Proudly careering his course of joy ;
Firm on his own mountain-vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on !

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother? The swan, my love !
He is floating down from his native grove :
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,—
He is floating down, by himself, to die !
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home !

REMEMBER YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN.

James Campbell.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter, 195, Oxford Street, London.

In your path through life each day,
You will meet upon the way
Fellow-mortals upon whom this world doth frown,
Who, from poverty or crime,
Have fallen in their time,
Or by circumstances crush'd and stricken down :
Young men with blighted names,
Who once had noble aims ;
Young girls with shame and sorrow on their brow,
Whom a kindly word might save
From a dark dishonour'd grave,
While a cruel one would drive to madness now.
They were once to some one dear,
So don't pass them with a sneer,
But speak a kindly word in cheering tone ;
You know not what's in store
For the loved ones you adore—
Remember you have children of your own.

The poorest in the street
With as much respect should meet
As the millionaire who in his carriage rolls ;
And the honest lab'ring man,
With his strong and horny hand,
They too have hearts and feelings, yes, and souls ;
And the wretched drunkard too,
Who perhaps was once like you,
Respected and beloved by one and all,
Though no doubt from care and strife,
Or some sorrow of his life,
Has fallen, but not quite beyond recall.
And the weeping child forlorn,
Don't pass her by with scorn,
But speak unto her with a gentle tone ;
And a mite to one like this
You would surely never miss—
Remember you have children of your own.

Don't despise the wretched poor,
Who perhaps grim Want may lure
To steal the bread their darling children crave ;
Be not the one to blame,
You yourself would do the same,
With starvation at your door you'd dare the grave ;
Their family is as dear
To them as any here,
Though their clothes may be all ragged, torn, and old
Dejected and forlorn,
Yet still their hearts are warm,
Though they lack the rich man's cheerful home and gold.
They are all to some one dear,
So don't pass them with a sneer, etc.

THE CHILDREN'S MESSAGE.

Cotsford Dick.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll Street, London.

I SAT alone in the twilight hour
By the fitful embers' glow,
So weary of life's unfathom'd main,
Of its ceaseless ebb and flow;
My eyes were dim with a haze of tears,
My heart was heavy with pain:
"Ah me!" I cried, "is it all in vain?
May love shine ne'er again!"

Then I heard a murmur of voices sweet,
As of sounds that softly pray;
And lo! as I gazed through the shadowy air,
Stood an angel in the way;
Around him gather'd a little throng,
So dear in the days of yore;
And I knew that my darlings who faded away
Had come back to my heart once more.

They whisper'd low to my wistful ear
A promise of perfect peace,
They beckon'd me on to that happier land
Where the strife and storm shall cease.
"Fear not, fear not, fear not," they said,
"Life's lonely path; for love o'er all doth shine.
And the hands that part by the world's wide sea
Shall meet on a shore divine."

CHILDREN'S HAPPY VOICES.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter, 195, Oxford Street, London.

OH! how sweet are children's voices,
Full of innocence and truth;
Poor the heart that ne'er rejoices
O'er the happy days of youth;
There is music in the laughter
Of the children at their play,
That may cheer us long years after
They, perchance, have pass'd away.

Oh! how sweet are children's voices,
Full of innocence and truth;
Poor the heart that ne'er rejoices
O'er the happy days of youth.

When the twilight shades are stealing
O'er the hills so faint and dim,
Mingled with the vespers pealing,
Sweet the children's evening hymn;
Ah! their voices, clearly singing,
Weary hearts can soon restore,
For 'tis like the angels' singing
From the far-off golden shore.

Oh! how sweet are children's voices,
Full of innocence and truth;
Poor the heart that ne'er rejoices
O'er the happy days of youth.

DANCE ME, PAPA, ON YOUR KNEE.

WHAT is sweeter than the prattle
Of the little ones at home,
As they caper round about you,
Restless as the ocean's foam ?
One will steal a kiss from mamma,
And from pussy two or three,
But they all are sure to chatter,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.

There is nothing that is dearer
Than the little ones so free,
As they chatter all together,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.

What is sweeter than the voices
Of the children whom we love,
As they rally all together,
Cooing like the spotless dove ?
One will spy a little something
That the others do not see,
But they all seem to remember,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.
There is nothing, etc.

What is sweeter than the circle
Of our little boys and girls,
As they climb and clamour round us,
Tossing heads of golden curls ?
And at eve, ere sleep o'ercomes them,
Then we love their merry glee,
Though their tireless tongues are saying,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.
There is nothing, etc.

HAPPIER BY-AND-BYE.

Clifton Bingham.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll Street, London.

CHILDREN merry of heart were they,
Playing together, blithe and gay,
Laughing the careless hours along,
Filling the world with their happy song ;
But for them e'en life has alloy,
Not always laughter, not always joy,
" Ah, never mind ! " said they, with a sigh,
" We shall be happier by-and-bye."

Lovers dreaming their dream were they,
All the to-morrows one long to-day,
Looking at life with unseeing eyes,
Hearing their bride-bells answer their sighs ;
But for them e'en things would go wrong,
Rough the pathway, sad the song ;
" Ah, never mind ! " said they, with a sigh,
" We shall be happier by-and-bye."

Men and women to-day are they,
Brothers and sisters in life's wild fray,
Holding a hand to those who may fall,
Learning the truths that come to all ;
Still for them life is bitter and sweet,
Sometimes victory, often defeat,
Only they know how our dreams all die,
Heaven is this world's by-and-bye.

LULU IS OUR DARLING PRIDE.

LULU is our darling pride,
Lulu bright, Lulu gay,
Dancing lightly at our side
All the livelong day.
Not a bird that wings the air,
Soaring to the sun,
Freer is from every care
Than our darling one.
Oh ! Lulu is our darling pride,
Lulu bright, Lulu gay,
Dancing lightly at our side
All the livelong day.

As the flowers of early spring
Seem more gay, seem more bright,
As their perfume first they fling,
Fragrant at our feet ;
So, though others loved there be,
Blooming in our bower,
Lulu wins our hearts, for she
Is our loveliest flower.
Oh ! Lulu, etc.

When the clouds of trouble come,
Lulu soothes all our care ;
Ah ! how dark would be our home,
Were not Lulu there !
Lulu, with her sunny smiles,
Cheering every heart,
Till each trouble she beguiles,
And the clouds depart.
Oh ! Lulu, etc.

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP.

W. M. Hutchison.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

ERE the night has ended day,
When the toys are all away,
Mem'ry's sceptre holds its sway,
When the children are asleep:—
While the little ones are dreaming,
Life comes back in fairest seeming;
Friends, who long have left their maying,
Children once again are playing;—Ah!

Fairy castles are built in vain,
Days come back when we know no pain,
Loving voices are heard again,
When the children are asleep!

As the shadows come and go,
As the night-winds whisper low,
Loving forms pass to and fro,
When the children are asleep:—
Oh! to grasp those mem'ries olden,
Oh! to live the long past golden,
When love-chains, so strong yet slender,
Bound to us true hearts and tender:—Ah!

Fairy castles, etc.

Sad heart, sad heart, oh! take thy rest,
The Heavenly Father knoweth best,
For He shall soothe thy every fear,
And wipe away each earthly tear:—
Until at length He brings thee home,
Where neither death nor pain can come;
Until at length He brings thee home,
Where neither death nor pain can come:—

Fairy castles, etc.

THE DARLINGS OF OUR HOME.

George Cooper.

WE hear their voices gaily ring
In sweet and pure delight,
Their snowy arms around us cling,
Their hopes are warm and bright;
Our hearts are longing to caress them,
While far away we sadly roam;
We fondly pray that Heaven will bless them,
The darlings of our home!

The waving wheat in morning's breeze
Is sweet unto the ear;
But there are sweeter tones than these
In childhood's laugh so dear!
Fair lilies, blooming on life's river!
No weary shadows round them come:
May love and sunlight bless for ever
The darlings of our home!

This earth would be a dreary place,
If we should see no more
Each loving, kind, and little face
That greets us at the door!
Oh! best and brightest of life's pleasures
That wait us 'neath yon starry dome,
Our rosy, fond, and dimpled treasures,
The darlings of our home.

LITTLE VOICES SWEETLY CALLING.

Samuel N. Mitchell.

LITTLE voices sweetly calling,
Calling Mamma all the day,
Oh! it's sweet to hear the darlings—
Hear the cunning words they say;
There is music in their prattle,
Comfort in their happy glee,
And it is a joy to kiss them,
Or to hold them on our knee.

Little voices sweetly calling,
Calling Mamma all the day,
Oh! 'tis sweet to hear the darlings—
Hear the cunning words they say.

Pretty faces ever smiling,
Smiling sweetly all the day,
Oh, it is so nice to watch them—
Watch our angel doves at play;
From the early morn 'till twilight,
Cheerful as the merry birds,
They are calling one another
In the sweetest kind of words.

Little voices, etc.

Tiny feet that never weary
Going up and down the stairs,
Little minds that are not troubled
With a score of worldly cares;
Home without them would be dreary,
Minutes lengthen into hours,
If the garden of our household
Had not these delightful flowers.

Little voices, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

CHILDREN'S DREAMS.

Clifton Bingham.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

WHEN the dusk steals o'er the city,
And the children fall asleep;
When the mothers watch in silence,
And guard o'er their slumber keep:
There is One who knows of their vigil,
Who hears as their prayers ascend,
And the tender smiles of the children
Are the dreams that the angels send.

The morning breaks o'er the city,
And the little children wake;
When hush'd is their joyous laughter
As their lisping plea they make:
There is One who heeds them and listens,
To whom every word is dear,
For the faltering prayers of the children
Are the first that the angels hear.

When the heart with its grief is heavy,
And the eyes can no longer weep;
When we walk with footsteps weary,
Where the shadows gather deep:
There is One who sees all our sorrow,
Who teaches our heart to pray,
That the simple faith of the children
May be ours on our lifelong way.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

Gus. Williams.

WHAT pleasure to me evening brings,
When toil and worry's o'er,
To see the young ones run about,
And play upon the floor;
'Tis then that little Harry,
With Nellie, Kate, and May,
With merry shout will romp about
In happy childish play.

Puss in the corner, puss in the corner,
That's what the little ones shout;
Puss in the corner, puss in the corner,
Laughing and romping about;
Puss in the corner, puss in the corner,
Swiftly the hours take wing,
Sweet voices ringing, joy to me bringing,
The song that my little ones sing.

What care I though the winds without
May down the chimney blow,
The fire it burns more brightly then,
As if it seems to know,
That with my merry children
I'm as happy as a king,
As loud they shout and romp about,
While all the time they sing:

Puss in the corner, etc.

MY BAIRNIES.

Augusta Hancock.

By kind permission of Marshall's, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

THE children are playing at sundown,
Under the crimson west,
And they laugh, in the peaceful twilight,
With never a thought of rest;
But soon cometh night, my bairnies,
And soon ye must fall asleep,
The little hearts all untroubled,
And wrapp'd in their dreamings deep.
Then, bairnies, my bonnie bairnies,
Play on in the sundown sweet;
For night brings peace, my darlings,
And rest for the weary feet!

The children are singing at sundown
A strain from the long ago,
That floats o'er the peaceful meadow,
Where sweet winds gently blow:
Sing on, 'tis the even song, dears,
And even must come for all,
When starlight gleams above us,
And deep'n'g shadows fall.
Then, bairnies, my bonnie bairnies,
Sing on in the sundown sweet;
For night brings peace, my darlings,
And rest for the weary feet!

God keep you, my bonnie bairnies,
Alike through night and day;
God grant you His tender angels
To watch o'er your life's rough way;
To lead you at last, my bairnies,
When the dreary toil is o'er,
Where the tired little feet find resting,
And the children weep no more.

Then, bairnies, my bonnie bairnies,
Sleep on, 'neath the golden west;
For peace comes down at nightfall,
And God will give us rest,
And God will give us rest.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

BAIRNS.

Mary Mark-Lemon.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll Street, London.

THERE are hours so bright and golden,
That haunt the bygone years,
When the children were but children,
With their many smiles and tears.
They have faded with the roses,
The bairns are bairns no more,
But the music of their laughter
Ever floats across life's shore.

There are places in the meadows,
Where the children used to play,
Happy-hearted as the sunshine
That softly fell across the way.
There are places in the grass-land,
Where the children are at rest,
When the bairns are bairns for ever,
Dreaming dreams so calm and blest !

There are places in each heart, dear,
Where some golden head has lain,
And the glad remembrance softens
Every sorrow, every pain.
And it may be when we enter
The golden gate on high,
We shall wake as little children
From the world's long lullabye.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

F. E. Weatherly.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

THE cloudless noontide's golden rays
Shine gladly o'er the holy Child,
Among the flowers He darts and plays,
Before His Virgin mother mild ;
When lo ! against the garden walls,
And o'er the open sunlit room,
Where'er He plays a shadow falls,
The shadow of His Cross of doom.
Hear us, O Lord !
Help us to be
Childlike, contented,
And more and more like Thee.
Hear us, O Lord !
Help us to see
No love, no hope of joy,
Apart, apart from Thee.

And still He plays in pure sweet glee,
And still her eyes with tears are dim ;
He knows not that she weeps to see
The shadow looming over Him.
And so, in glad and gloomy hours,
Across our life's wide garden fair,
Where'er we go a shadow lowers,
The shadow of the Cross we bear.
Hear us, O Lord !
Help us to see
Life's shadows changing.
To perfect light in Thee.
Hear us, O Lord !
Grant us to see
Heaven's glory round us,
And to dwell, to dwell with Thee.

THE ROAD TO PARADISE.

E. Williams.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, London.

WHERE busy people throng the street,
And tall, dark houses rise,
A little nameless child goes forth
To seek for Paradise ;
Her mother and the baby boy
Are there, the neighbours say :
How pleased they'll be, can she but find
To Paradise the way !

Her little feet press quickly on,
Each unknown path she tries,
And then in gentle voice she asks
The way to Paradise.
Some pass her by with laugh and stare,
One pityingly replies ;
Some kindly speak, but none can tell
The way to Paradise.

Through all the busy heedless town,
Beside the restless sea,
By fields where happier children play,
She wanders wearily.
Her step is growing feeble now,
And dim the sweet dark eyes,
Yet onward still she bravely goes,
" 'Tis far to Paradise."
The fleecy snowflakes kiss her brow
Upon the lone, wild moor ;
They wrap her in a pure white shroud,
Her wanderings are o'er :
The storm goes down, the clear starsshine,
The night wind-round her sighs,
God's angels now have shown the road
That leads to Paradise.

Songs about Boys.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

J. E. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll
Street, London.

AND have you seen my little boy ?
Oh, sailor, tell me true !
The neighbours say his ship's come home,
He sail'd along with you.
It's two long years, it may be more,
They've twenty seem'd to me
Since he went from his mother dear,
To sail upon the sea.
You'll know him by his golden locks,
And by his eyes so blue :
Then have you seen my little boy ?
Oh, sailor, tell me true !

I do not know your little boy,
So, mother, ask no more :
All home-sick lads—sure he was one—
Should stay upon the shore ;
For golden hair and soft blue eyes
We sailors little care ;
The bold and brave, 'tis they alone,
Their messmates' friendship share.
There is a sunburnt brawny lad,
A strong rough mate like me,
He was the only boy I know
That went with us to sea.

With that he doff'd his tarry hat
And flung it in the air ;
Above the sunburnt cheek she saw
The brow, the golden hair.
And then a look of sunshine flash'd
From out his eyes of blue,
He needed not to speak again,
Her boy the mother knew.
And here, he said, are guineas bright,
And hard 'twill go with me,
Dear mother, if you e'er repent
Your Robin went to sea,

MY LADDIE FAR AWAY.

Miss Saxby.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

YE'LL know him by his golden hair,
And by his voice so gay ;
Ye'll know him by his face so fair,
My laddie far away !
Ye'll know him, for there's none so bright,
There's none so gay as he ;
I know not one that may compare,
My bonnie lad, with thee.

Ye'll find him where the brave men stand,
On the dreadful battle day ;
Ye'll raise for him your strong, true hand—
My laddie far away.
Ye'll find him there, for none so brave,
There's none so bold as he ;
I know that in the foremost fight
My bonnie lad will be.

Ye'll tell him that his mother's prayer ;
Is his by night and day ;
Ye'll tell him that he's still her care,
My laddie far away !
Ye'll tell him, for there's none so light,
So light of heart as he,
I would that in his lightsome hours
My lad might think of me.

Ye'll bring him home when battle's past,
So please kind Heaven, ye may ;
Ye'll bring him safely home at last,
My laddie far away.
Ye'll bring him, for I've none so dear,
I've none so dear as he,
And till that day, I wait, I pray,
My bonnie lad to see.

LOVELY BOY, THOU SHALT NOT GO.

PLEAD no more, I must refuse thee !
Lovely boy, thou shalt not go ;
Grief would kill me, should I lose thee !
Wouldst thou grieve me ?
Couldst thou leave me ?
Lovely boy, no ! surely, no !

Still resist me ! See before thee
Her who loves thee, bending low !
Hear a mother's prayer implore thee
Canst thou grieve her ?
Wilt thou leave her ?
Lovely boy, no ! surely, no !

DONT BE ANGRY, MOTHER.

DON'T be angry, mother, mother ;
Let thy smiles be smiles of joy ;
Don't be angry, mother, mother,
Don't be angry with thy boy.
Years have flown since we have traversed
The dark and stormy sea ;
Whilst thy boy, quite broken-hearted,
Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.

Don't be angry, mother, mother,
Let the world say what it will ;
Though I don't deserve thy favour,
Yet I fondly love thee still.
We have lived and loved together,—
Then our hearts ne'er knew a pain ;
But forgive me, mother, mother ;
Oh, forgive thy boy again !

Pray remember, mother, mother,
I've been kneeling at thy feet ;
And I'm dreaming of thee nightly,
While reclining in my sleep.
But forgive me, mother, mother ;
It will ease thy breast of pain ;
But forgive me, mother, mother,
Oh, forgive thy boy again !

MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

My mother lay upon her bed,
And weeping friends stood by,
The colour from her cheeks had fled,
The end was drawing nigh.
She clasp'd me fondly to her breast,
And said, " My darling son,
Hear now your mother's last request,
Ere her life's sands have run.

" Be always manly, brave, and kind ;
And when I'm laid at rest,
Remember, Tom, to keep in mind
Your mother's last request.

" The day your father sail'd, 'twas then
These words you heard him say,
' My boy, don't leave your mother when
Her hair is turning grey.'
Since then you've been my pride and joy,
So manly, brave, and true ;
Then don't forget, my darling boy,
The words I speak to you.

" Be always manly, brave, and kind ;
And when I'm laid at rest,
Remember, Tom, to keep in mind
Your mother's last request.

" My journey here is almost done,
Life's troubles nearly o'er,
I'll meet your father soon, my son,
To part from him no more.
To feel death's dew upon my brow,
Farewell, my boy so true,
Receive your mother's blessing now,
And keep my words in view.

" Be always manly, brave, and kind ;
And when I'm laid at rest,
Remember, Tom, to keep in mind
Your mother's last request."

A BOY'S SONG.

James Hogg.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away,
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"MY BOYHOOD'S LOVE."

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

My heart has to the old days flown,
They come in visions bright,
And every joy my youth has known
Is mine again to-night:
Once more beneath the woodland's shade
With happy heart I rove,
And by my side the brown-eyed maid,
My own, my boyhood's love.

She was, I fear, a sad coquette—
She'd love me in the morn,
And by the eve her vow forget,
And turn from me in scorn:
I'd gently woo her back again,
But false again to prove;
She nearly broke my heart in twain,
My own, my boyhood's love.

Long years have pass'd, beyond my ken
Has gone my little maid;
But in my heart she dwells, as when
We lad and lassie play'd:
And now when day is dying fast,
I dream of heaven above,
I see once more, as in the past,
My own, my boyhood's love.

THE FAIRY BOY.

Samuel Lover.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:
"Why with spells, my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,—
Why destroy a mother's blessing?
Wherefore steal my baby boy?"

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day.
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train.
Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy;
But in the next we ne'er shall sever—
There I'll find my angel boy!"

Songs about Girls.

THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

OH ! father's gone to market town,
He was up before the day ;
And Jamie's after robins' nests,
And the man is making hay ;
And whistling down the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door
Is calling with a will,
Polly ! Polly ! the cows are in the corn.

From all the misty morning air
There comes a summer sound,
A murmur, as of waters, comes
From ships, and trees, and ground ;
The birds they sing upon the wing,
The pigeons bill and coo,
And over hills and hollow rings
Again the loud halloo !
Polly ! Polly ! the cows are in the corn.

How strange at such a time of day
The mill should stop its clatter,
A farmer's wife is list'ning now,
And wonders what's the matter !
Oh ! wild the birds are singing in
The woodland on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill.
Polly ! Polly ! the cows are in the corn.

LITTLE ELLA.

LITTLE Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine,
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of forms divine !
Her brief absence frets and pains me,
Her bright presence solace brings,
Her spontaneous love restrains me
From a thousand selfish things.
Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine,
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of forms divine !

Little Ella moveth lightly,
Like a graceful fawn at play—
Like a brooklet, running brightly,
In the genial month of May ;
Like a breeze upon the meadows,
All besprent with early flowers ;
Like a bird, 'mid sylvan shadows,
In the golden summer hours.
Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine,
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of forms divine !

Little Ella brings a blessing
With her bright and winning smile—
With her frank and fond caressing,
And her prattle free from guile ;
When I hear her footsteps bounding
In the hall or through the grove,
And her voice with joy resounding,
'Tis the music that I love.
Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine,
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of forms divine !

I'M QUITE MY MOTHER'S PET.

COME, tell me, have you ever seen
A fairer maid than I?
A lighter step, a merrier smile,
Or half so bright an eye?
I saw that you admired me
The moment that we met;
Excuse me if I speak too plain,
I'm quite my mother's pet.

Oh, dearly do I love to tease
My pensive, sighing swain;
He leaves "for ever" once a week,
But always comes again.
I flirt with every nice young man—
My heart is not to let;
But that's of little consequence—
I'm quite my mother's pet.

Papa has friends to dine with him,
Such nice old gentlemen:
I pin their 'kerchiefs to their coats,
And laugh when they complain;
I slyly turn their "heads of hair,"
Of richest, blackest jet,
And show the silvery locks beneath—
I'm quite my mother's pet.

I pluck the gard'ner's fairest rose,
I steal his much-prized grapes;
And smile upon the dear old man,
While he recounts my scrapes.
Papa in vain will talk to me,
I kiss, and he'll forget;
For I may do just what I like—
I'm quite my mother's pet.

DARLING LITTLE GERTIE.

DARLING little Gertie,
Winsome, bright, and fair.
Sweeter than the blossoms
In the sunny air;
Music of the brooklet,
Melody of birds,
Live within her laughter,
And her loving words.

Ah! darling little Gertie,
Fairy of our home,
Joy and sunlight follow
Where thy steps may roam,
Where thy steps may roam,
Fairy of our home;
Joy and sunlight follow, darling,
Fairy of our home.

Darling little Gertie,
Sunshine of our days,
How we love to cherish
All her loving ways.
Dearer than the dew-drops
To the fading flower
Is our little rosebud,
Blooming in our bower.

Ah! darling little Gertie, etc.

Darling little Gertie,
Ever fair and bright!
Sunny be thy pathway,
Idol of delight!
May the kindly angels
Guide thy little feet,
When life's storms of sorrow
Round thee sadly beat!

Ah! darling little Gertie, etc.

LITTLE GOLDEN HEAD.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,—
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake,"—
Tiny fingers clasp'd so saintly,—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh! the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven record it there.

Songs about Sister.

SPEAK TO ME, SISTER DEAR.

SPEAK to me, sister dear,
Words of affection render,
Whisper in my ear;
Thy love so fond and tender.
The little birdies gaily sing
Upon the hawthorn tree, love,
But dearer far to me
Is one fond word from thee, love.

Speak to me, sister, and say you love me;
I treasure a word in remembrance of thee;
Ere you depart for those realms up above,
Only whisper a word of love.

Speak to me, sister dear,
While I expectant linger;
To my list'ning ear,
Like notes of angel singer,
Are scatter'd sentences you breathe,
While rests your hand in mine, love;
Oh that the King of death
Should hush a voice like thine, love!

Speak to me, sister, etc.

SISTER, I HAVE LOVED THEE WELL.

SISTER, I have loved thee well,
More than poet's verse can tell,
When it sings with golden tongue
And the harp with gold is strung.
Yet, though dear to me as sight,
Though I prize thee as the light,—
Check me not, or find too late
Warmest love can keenest hate.

Beauty's eye is ne'er so bright
As when mildness lends it light;
Beauty's voice is ne'er so sweet
As when love and duty meet.
Sister, though I have loved thee well,
More than poet's verse can tell,
Check me not, or find too late
Warmest love can keenest hate.

A SISTER'S LULLABY.

Julius P. Witmark.

SLEEP, little darling, sister is near,
She will watch o'er thee, so hush every fear ;
Home to the angels mother has flown ;
Sister and brother, we're left all alone.

Sleep, little darling, no care shall annoy,
Angels will watch o'er the motherless boy ;
Yes, angels will watch o'er the motherless boy.

Rest, little brother, sweet be thy dream,
Stars o'er thy pillow will lovingly beam ;
Mother's fond kisses now will be thine ;
Round thee in visions her arms will entwine.

Sleep, little darling, etc.

Sleep, little darling, close now thine eyes,
Mother is watching from yonder fair skies.
Wake with the roses, brother so dear ;
Wake with the birdies, I still shall be near.

Sleep, little darling, etc.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

J. F. Mitchell.

THE heart longs for love as the flower for the dew,
For affection that will not betray,
In which we can trust in our moments of grief,
When defeated in life's bitter fray.
Ah ! who has not felt the most exquisite charm
Of a sister's affection and truth,
Which blooms ever green through the winter of years
With the glory and freshness of youth.

When we miss the mother's face, gone for evermore,
Who can fill the vacant place with affection's store ?
What can compensate us for the loss of one above ?
Nothing but the magic of a faithful sister's love.

Our sorrows and tears and our smiles she will share,
And be proud of our smallest success ;
How rich is the man in the wealth of the heart
Whom the love of a sister can bless !
While I have much riches a miser I'll be,
Not a smile from the lips will I give ;
All other affections may wither and die,
But the love of a sister will live.

Songs about Brother.

BROTHER'S FAINTING AT THE DOOR. WRITE A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

YONDER comes a weary soldier,
With falt'ring steps across the moor,
Mem'ries of the past steal o'er me,
He totters to the cottage door.
Look, my heart cannot deceive me,
'Tis one we deem'd on earth no more.
Call mother, haste, do not tarry,
For brother's fainting at the door.

Kindly greet the weary soldier,
Words of comfort may restore.
You may have an absent brother
Fainting at a stranger's door.

"Tell us, brother, of the battle,
Why you were number'd with the slain?
We, who thought you lost for ever,
Now clasp you to our arms again.
Oh! may others share the blessing
Which Heaven kindly keeps in store;
May they meet their absent loved ones—
Ay, e'en though fainting at the door."

Kindly greet the weary, etc.

"I was wounded, and a pris'ner;
Our ranks were broken, forced to fly;
Thrown within a gloomy dungeon,
Away from friends, alone to die.
Still the hope was strong within me—
A cherish'd hope that would restore—
I have lived, by Heaven's blessing,
To meet my loved ones at the door!"

Kindly greet the weary, etc.

RAISE me in your arms, my brother,
Let me see the glorious sun;
I am weary, faint, and dying—
How is the battle, lost or won?
I remember you, my brother,
Sent to me that fatal dart:
Brother fighting against brother—
'Tis well, 'tis well that thus we part;
Brother fighting against brother—
'Tis well, 'tis well that thus we part.

Write a letter to my mother,
Send it when her boy is dead;
That he perish'd by his brother—
Not a word of that be said.

Father's fighting for the Union,
And you may meet him on the field;
Could you raise your arm to smite him?
Oh! could you bid that father yield?
He who loved us in our childhood,
Taught the infant prayers we said?
Brother take from me a warning,
I'll soon be number'd with the dead;
Brother, take from me a warning,
I'll soon be number'd with the dead.

Write a letter, etc.

Do you ever think of mother,
In your home within the glen,
Watching, praying for her children?
Oh! would you see that home again?
Brother, I am surely dying—
Keep the secret, for 'tis one
That would kill our aged mother,
If she but knew what you have done.
Brother, take from me a warning,
I'll soon be number'd with the dead.

Write a letter, etc.

OH! CALL MY BROTHER BACK TO ME.

Mrs. Hemans.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee
Where is my brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,
Oh! call my brother back!

Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee:
Where is my brother gone?

He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like springtime smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.
A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.

He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like springtime smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wand'rings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me play'd
Would I had loved him more!

And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

Songs about Orphans.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

William Thom

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or freeky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn ?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair !
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn !
The sister who sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed
Now rests in the mools whare their mammie is laid
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !
Oh ! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :—
In the dark hours o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

HOMELESS IN THE STREETS TO ROVE.

THERE'S a boy without a mother,
Homeless in the streets to rove,
Ne'er a father, sister, brother,
To surround his path with love.
Speak a kind word to the orphan,
Take him gently by the hand
Tell him of the paths supernal,
Leading to the golden land.
Save the boy ! save the boy !
Hear the mother's cry so sweet,
Save the boy, the precious boy,
Wandering in the city street !

'Tis long since he felt the pressure
Of a mother's loving kiss,
When she left a world of sorrow,
Changing earth—life such as this—
For a land of bliss immortal,
For a sweet home full of joy,
Leaving to the care of strangers
Her beloved darling boy.
Save the boy ! save the boy !
Hear the mother's cry so sweet,
Save the boy, the precious boy,
Wandering in the city street !

Songs about Welcome.

I'VE ALWAYS A WELCOME FOR THEE.

Langton Williams.

Published in the Keys of A, C, and G.

COME in the springtime, come in the summer,
Come when the autumn makes leafless each tree,
Or when the chill winds of winter are blowing,
Come when you will, you are welcome to me,
Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,
Or first sight of land to the roamer by sea :
Thou bring'st to my mind all my happiest hours,
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee.

When thou art with me bright visions come stealing,
And sweet recollection of days that are o'er,
I listen again to voices of loved ones,
And see the dear home in the valley once more.
There thou wert near me in joy or in sadness,
I had ever one who was constant in thee :
Then come when you will, and with true heartfelt gladness,
Dearest of friends, you'll be welcome to me.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley, 3, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

TO THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

G. Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

To the land of my birth, to my childhood's fair home,
Unknown and unwelcomed, a stranger I come ;
No glad voice greets mine ear, no loved form I behold,
All the dear ties of kindred are severed, are cold ;
In thy heart, too, that once beat responsive to mine,
No glimpse of the past, not one ray now may shine :
Oh ! long years may have chill'd what was then fair to see,
And thy breast own no more a remembrance of me !

In the flower-scented vale, in the soft breathing wind,
In the stream gently flowing, a welcome I find ;
They whisper me kindly like spirits long blest,
" Oh, why wilt thou wander ? come hither and rest ! "
Would thy voice far more rich, than the springtime more sweet,
A welcome bestow, mine ear fondly greet ?
If thou still wilt prove all I prize upon earth,
I return with delight to the land of my birth !

A JOYOUS WELCOME HOME.

W. S. Passmore.

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co.,
18, Little Marlborough Street, London.

JUST as the swallow welcomes spring,
That yields him sunny rays,
So hails my heart thy smiles, that bring
A gleam of brighter days.
They've chased away the clouds again,
And bursting from their gloom,
My soul doth bid thee, Marion,
A joyous welcome home.

Oh! never look'd the rose so vain,
This lily half so fair—
They smile to think they bloom again
To grace thy hazel hair;
And hark! thy petted bird begins,
From yonder prison'd dome,
To warble forth, dear Marion,
Its grateful welcome home.

Lo! care and gloom have fled before
The truthful and the good,
For gladness round me shines once more,
Where late but sorrow stood;
For I've no joy since joy began
To cheer this chequer'd doom
So bright as when, sweet Marion,
I bid thee welcome home.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WELCOME on shore again,
Robin Adair!

Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!

I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair!

Still I pray'd for thee, love,
Robin Adair!

When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair!
Never to part again,
Robin Adair!
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

THE VICTOR'S RETURN.

Thomas Ward.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

ACROSS the land, across the foam,
The clarion joy-bells ring his name;
They ring the victor safely home,
And tell the story of his fame.
For friends of old now grasp his hand,
And hear him tell of vict'ry won;
There's not a heart in all the land
But echoes to the words "Well done!"
On, Stanley, on! were the words of yore;
On, Stanley, on! let them ring once more:
Till her glory fade, and her fame depart,
Shall his name be written on old England's
heart!

England takes from his brave hands,
That dared the Desert dark afar,
A world of new-discover'd lands,
Whereon shali shine her glory's star.
What shall we give him for his meed?
No title could that brave name grace;
But it shall find henceforth, indeed,
In every English heart a place.

On, Stanley, on! were the words of yore;
On, Stanley, on! let them ring once more:
Till her glory fade, and her fame depart,
Shall his name be written on old England's
heart!

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISS'D YOU.

OH! Willie, is it you, dear,
Safe, safe at home?
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come.
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep,
And that dear familiar voice,
Making music on my ear,
In the lonely midnight gloom:
Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you,
Welcome! welcome home!

We've long'd to see you nightly,
But this night of all;
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall.
The little ones were up
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle,
And they've gone to sleep at last;
But they listen'd for your voice
Till they thought you'd never come:
Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you,
Welcome! welcome home!

The days were sad without you,
The nights were long and drear;
My dreams have been about you,
Oh! welcome, Willie dear!
Last night I wept and watch'd
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep,
Then I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again,
When I found you had not come:
Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you,
Welcome! welcome home!

WELCOME HOME.

WELCOME home! thou long-lost rover,
Welcome, welcome, welcome home!
All our doubts and fears are over,
Dearest one, at last thou'rt come;
Oh! how we have yearn'd to greet thee,
Many a long and weary day,
And our hearts went forth to meet thee,
When thou still wert far away.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home!

Welcome home, welcome home,
Thou long, long-lost rover,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home

Many years have glided o'er thee,
Since thou bad'st thy long adieu,
And the gallant ship that bore thee
Faded in th' horizon blue:
Oft we've thought on that sad parting,
Seal'd by many a fervent prayer;
Oft, too, felt the tear-drop starting
When we view'd thy vacant chair.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home!

Welcome home, etc.

Welcome home! thou long-lost rover,
Welcome, welcome, welcome home!
All our anxious fears are over,
And thou ne'er again shalt roam:
Now away with thoughts of sadness,
Let them slumber in the past;
For our hearts are fill'd with gladness,
Dearest one, thou'rt come at last.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home!

Welcome home, etc.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here, the more I'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever ! "

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you choose them,
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom ;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you,
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-ve'd farmer
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour !
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh ! she'll whisper you, " Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here, the more I'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever ! "

PACK CLOUDS AWAY, AND WELCOME DAY.

Heywood.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day !
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love Good morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark, I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing ; nightingale, sing,
To give my love Good morrow !

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast ;
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love Good morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and pert sparrow :
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love Good morrow !

Songs about Good Night.

AN EVENING SONG.

Mrs. F. A. Butler.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

GOOD night, love ! Good night, love !
May Heaven's brightest stars watch over thee !
Good angels spread their wings, and cover thee !
And through the night, so dark and still,
Spirits of light charm thee from ill !
My heart is hov'ring round thy dwelling-place.
Good night, dear love ! good night, dear love !
God bless thee with His grace !
Good night, dear love ! good night, dear love !
God bless thee with His grace !
Good night, dear love ! good night, dear love !
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee,
And on his wings sweet odours bring to thee !
And in thy dreaming may all things dear,
With gentle seeming, come smiling near ;
My knees are bow'd, my hands are clasp'd in prayer.
Good night, dear love ! good night, dear love !
God keep thee in His care !
Good night, dear love ! good night, dear love !
God keep thee in His care !

GUDE NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart.

GUDE night, and joy be wi' you a' ;
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw ;
In sorrow may you never part !
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain fires now blaze in vain ;
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again.
When on yon muir a gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore ?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.
The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;
Be cantie, but be guid and leal ;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Another's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see your triumph ere I fa' ;
My parting breath shall boast you mine ;—
Gude night, and joy be wi' you a' !

SWEET, GOOD NIGHT.

H. W. A. Beale.

SWEET, good night, I now must leave thee,
Yet I know not how to part,
Every tender thought, believe me,
Is thine own, and all my heart.
May thy slumbers be refreshing,
May thy dreams afford delight:
Hence, and with thee take my blessing,
This fond kiss, and then good night.
Yet, oh yet, a moment linger,
I had something more to say,
Love than memory seems the stronger,
Else I would not bid thee stay.
For I know not why I press thee
Longer with me to remain,
Unless it be once more to bless thee,
And to say good-night again.

MY NATIVE SHORE, ADIEU!

Byron.

ADIEU! adieu!—my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue,
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land, good night!
With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to—
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
And, when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves:
My native land, good night.

GOOD NIGHT, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE.

BREATHE not the word that calls a sigh
From out the cavern of the heart,
But sweetly say when thus we part,
Good night, but not good-bye.
Thine eyes have not the bitter rain,
My heart sinks not beneath the grief
Which death alone could give relief
Were we to never meet.
Good night, good night, but not good-bye,
Ah, little heart, why do you sigh?
When morning dawns I shall be nigh,
Good night, but not good-bye.

The flowerets closing in the dell
To see the sun once more have faith;
Not one amid the myriads saith
Unto her lord, farewell.
The lark that falleth from the sky
Sings not a sonnet of adieu,
But echoes my sweet words to you,
Good night, but not good-bye.
Good night, etc.

CLOSE THINE EYES AND SLEEP SECURE.

Attributed to King Charles I.

CLOSE thine eyes and sleep secure,
Thy soul is safe—thy body sure;
He that guards thee,—He that keeps,
Never slumbers—never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace—has only rest.
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune, unless she sings.
Then close thine eyes in peace and sleep
secure;
Nosleep so sweet as thine—no rest so sure.

THE WATCHMAN.

Thomas Moore.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

GOOD night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part thou hearest,
That hateful watchman's cry,
Good night,
Good night.

Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go!
Good night,
Good night.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're pass'd without thee,
They're, oh! ten times as long.
Good night,
Good night.

Again that dreadful warning
Had ever Time such flight?
And see the sky—'tis morning—
So now, indeed, Good night,
Good night,
Good night.

Songs about Good-bye.

GOOD-BYE.

I CAN bid you good morning, good day, or good night,
At expense of, perhaps, one faint sigh;
Since I know a few hours will renew my delight,
But, oh! when I bid you good-bye!

My tongue becomes dull, and my heart becomes chill,
And warm tears shut out light from each eye;
My soul feels forebodings of deadliest ill,
When I try, love, to bid you good-bye!

Then send me not from you, love, do let me stay,
For I can't speak the word if I try;
Morn and eve I wish you good night and good day,
But I can't, nor I won't say—good-bye!

BIRD OF THE GREENWOOD.

Mrs. Hemans.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

BIRD of the greenwood, oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee, flowers bloom not near;
All the sweet waters far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood, away, away!

Or art thou seeking some brighter land,
Where by the south wind vine leaves are fann'd?
Midst the wild billows, oh! why thus delay?
Bird of the greenwood, away, away!

Chide not my lingering where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me is in the bark,
A heart that hath cherish'd through winter's long, long day,
So I turn from the greenwood, away, away!

GOOD-BYE.

FAREWELL, farewell, is often heard
 From the lips of those who part ;
 'Tis a whisper'd tone, a gentle word,
 But it comes not from the heart.
 It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
 To be sung 'neath a summer sky,
 But give to me the lips that say
 The honest words, " Good-bye."
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !
 The mother sending forth her child,
 To meet with cares and strife,
 Breathes through her tears, her doubts,
 her fears
 For the loved one's future life,
 No cold " adieu " ; no " farewell " lives
 Within her choking sigh,
 But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
 " God bless thee, boy, good-bye ! "
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !
 Go, watch the pale and dying one
 When the glance has lost its beam,
 When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
 And the world is a passing dream :
 And the latest pressure of the hand,
 The look of the closing eye,
 Yield what the heart must understand,
 A long, a last " Good-bye."
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !

GOOD-BYE.

Harry Adams.

THE twilight shadows softly fell
 Upon my love and I,
 As standing in the flowery dell
 I bade my love good-bye.
 Her hands were firmly clasp'd in mine,
 Her tears fell fast and free,
 As I said, I'd be true to her
 And she'd be true to me.
 Good-bye, good-bye,
 I bade my love good-bye,
 Good-bye, good-bye,
 My fondest love, good-bye!
 Good-bye, good-bye,
 I bade my love good-bye,
 Good-bye, good-bye,
 My heart's delight, good-bye !

She thought of danger o'er the deep,
 Yet scarcely dared to tell
 The thoughts that made her softly weep
 That evening in the dell.
 The moon burst forth its silvery rays,
 And lighted sea and sky :
 " Oh, happy omen ! 'tis," I cried,
 " One kiss, my love, good-bye ! "
 Good-bye, etc.

Two years have pass'd, and I return
 From o'er the bounding wave
 To find my love, for whom I yearn,
 Lies silent in the grave ;
 Oh ! little did we dream that night
 She in the cold would lie—
 That I should never see her more,
 Oh, 'twas our last good-bye !
 Good-bye, etc.

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE !

George Weatherly.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co.,
 5, Vigo Street, London.

I CANNOT show thee all my heart,
 For time flies fast away,
 And since we two perforce must part
 I find no words to say !
 I cannot show thee all my heart,
 Yet as twin tendrils twine
 With strength beyond the reach of art
 So clings my heart to thine !
 Good-bye, my love, good-bye !
 My every thought is thine !

I cannot tell thee all I would,
 My tongue has lost its power,
 And gone is all the hardihood
 Of many a brighter hour !
 Yet oh ! if there should come one day
 A truer love than mine,
 My heart would break, but I would say,
 " May happiness be thine ! "
 Good-bye, etc.

The sun goes down in golden night,
 And we indeed must part ;
 But oh ! there comes a ray of light
 To cheer my aching heart !
 My own dear love, the truth I see
 In those clear eyes of thine :
 I know that thou wilt wait for me,
 I know that thou art mine
 Good-bye, my love, good-bye !
 I know that thou art mine.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

TEDDY O'NEALE.

Maria Ximena Hayes.

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co., 13, Little Marlborough Street, London.

OCH ! fine was the cabin he danced his wild jigs in,
As nate a mud cabin as iver was seen,
Consid'ring he kept all his poultry and pigs in,
'Twas just like a palace so ilegant clean.
But now all around seems dismal and dreary,
No pigs to be lively, no piper, no reel,
The rays of the sunlight no longer seem cheery,
Since I lost that darlint boy, Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt last night, och ! bad luck to such dreaming !
I'd die if I thought it would e'er come to pass !
I dreamt as the tears down my pale cheeks were streaming,
That Teddy was courting some other young lass ;
Oh ! did not I wake with the weeping and wailing,
The thought of my dhrame was too sad to conceal,
And my mother cries, "Norah child, what is't you're ailing ?"
When all I could answer was, "Teddy O'Neale."

I ne'er shall forget when the big ship was ready,
The time it had come for my love to depart,
I cried like a baby, and said, "Good-bye, Teddy,"
With a tear in my eye and a stone at my heart ;
He said, 'twas to better his purse he went roving,
But what is the gould to the pleasure I'd feel,
If he'd only come back to me faithful and loving ?
Rich or poor I'd still love my own Teddy O'Neale.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

E. J. Arnold.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore ;
My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away ?
My heart will break ; a little moment stay ;
Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee.

"The anchor's weigh'd, the anchor's weigh'd,
Farewell ! farewell ! remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine ;
I ne'er can meet another maid

Whose charms can fix that heart like thine !"
"Go, then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."

"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be !

"The anchor's weigh'd," etc.

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THE LAST MILESTONE.

H. L. D'Arcy Jazone.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited, 70, Berners Street, London.

OPEN the sacred book, lassie,
And read in the fading light ;
Lend me your eyes to look, lassie,
On the land where they know no night.
Threescore and ten are the milestones we pass'd,
My dear old sweetheart and I ;
It seem'd so strange to be parted at last,
So hard to say "good-bye."

Not good-bye, not good-bye,
Oh not good-bye, but good night :
We all shall meet in the morning light.

One last milestone to reach, lassie ;
A cross by a daisy crown :
The crown will be then my own, lassie,
The cross I shall there lay down.
How silent and strange this weary life seems,
But the gates are left ajar :
And a song comes stealing across my dreams,
That they sing in the home afar !

Not good-bye, etc.

I know that I shall know, some day,
When those who wait shall win,
For One has gone to light my way
Whose hand will let me in.
And when I come to the gates, lassie,
And faith shall be lost in sight,
Good morning to one who waits, lassie,
To you, love, the last good night !

Not good-bye, etc.

YOU'LL SOON FORGET KATHLEEN.

Langton William.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

OH ! leave not your Kathleen, there's no one to cheer her,
Alone in the wide world unpitied she'll sigh,
And scenes that were loveliest when thou wert but near her
Recall the sad vision of days long gone by.

'Tis vain that you tell me you'll never forget me,
To the land of the Shamrock you'll ne'er return more ;
Far away from your sight, you will cease to regret me,
You'll soon forget Kathleen, and Erin-go-Bragh.

Oh ! leave not the land, the sweet land of your childhood,
Where joyously pass'd the first days of our youth,
Where gaily we wander'd 'mid valley and wildwood :
Oh ! those were the bright days of innocent truth.

'Tis vain that you tell me, etc.

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SO, FARE THEE WELL.

B. C. Stephenson.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, London.

I've sought the brake and bracken through and through,
The thorny thicket and the meadow too,
But nowhere could I find a trace of you,
Of course, for you had something else to do;
To feed your fancy in some pastures new—
Oh! maiden, faithless, fickle, and untrue.

I set such store on thee,
Thought myself sure of thee,
I'll have no more of thee!
So, fare thee well!

For those who into Cupid's quiver dip
From sport to earnest naturally slip,
Grow weary soon of nothing but a sip,
And after something more substantial trip;
They may begin upon a finger tip,
But they are sure to end upon a lip.

I set such store on thee, etc.

I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW, ANNIE.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears;
It may be for a long time, Annie—
Perhaps for many years.
It is more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once were brightest
But ne'er may come again.

I'm leaving thee, etc.

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie,
Our hearts seem growing cold.
It was not time that stole the blossoms
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter came too soon upon them,
And chill'd the floweret there.

I'm leaving thee, etc.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

Folkestone Williams.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond
Street, London.

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking
With bliss too brief.
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The tear is hiding in mine eye;
For time doth thrust me from thine arms;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chanticleer;
The leveret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here,
For since night's gems from heav'n did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I said,
"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

Songs about Farewell.

LOVING SMILE OF SISTER KIND.

H. E. Chorley.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

EVEN bravest heart may swell
In the moment of farewell ;
Loving smile of sister kind,
Quiet home I leave behind,
Oft shall I think of you
Whene'er the wine cup passes round ;
When alone my watch I keep,
And my comrades lie asleep
Among their arms upon the tented battle ground.
But when danger to glory shall call me,
I still will be first, will be first in the fray,
As blithe as a knight in his bridal array,
Careless what fate may befall me,
When glory shall call me.

Yet the bravest heart may swell
In the moment of farewell ;
Loving smile of sister kind,
Quiet home I leave behind,
Oft shall I sadly think of you when far away, far away.

NEAREST AND DEAREST.

H. B. Farnie.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

NEAREST and dearest, from ye I sever,
But time nor ocean can divide ;
If fate shall will I come back never,
Still mem'ry keeps those I love by my side !
By other shores now must I roam,
Farewell, a long farewell, my childhood's home,
My happy childhood's home.

White-breasted shore, where oft-times delaying
Fondly I've dream'd my love's young dream,
No more by thee shall I be straying,
No more for me shall thy summer wave gleam.

By other shores, etc.

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ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE
THEE WELL.

Thomas H. Bayly.

SHADES of evening ! close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile !
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant Isle.
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;—
Darker shadows round us hover—
" Isle of beauty ! fare thee well ! "

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light ;—
Who will fill our vacant places ?
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, " Fare thee well ! "

When the waves are round me breaking
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon,
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell ?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
" Isle of beauty ! fare thee well ! "

HOW SAD IT IS TO SAY
FAREWELL !

S. Fearon.

FONDEST, dearest, fare thee well !
The heart feels more than tongue may tell ;
The glist'ning tear-drop in the eye
Must say what trembling lips deny.
Affection fond, and love most true,
Will hallow this our last adieu :
Oh, none but those who love can tell
How sad it is to say farewell !

Fondest, dearest, fare thee well !
Sweet vows of truth again we'll tell.
This mournful parting can but prove
How fondly two young hearts may love.
On rapid wing the moments fly—
One last embrace, and then good-bye :
Oh, none but those who love can tell
How sad it is to say farewell !

FAREWELL, IF EVER FOND-
EST PRAYER.

Byron.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky !
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh,—
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell ! farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again !
My soul nor deigns, nor dare complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel,
I only know we love in vain,—
I only feel—Farewell ! farewell !

GO, FORGET ME !

Charles Wolf.

Go, forget me ! Why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling ?
Go, forget me ! and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee ;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee :
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine !

Like the sun, thy presence glowing
Clothes the meanest things in light ;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee ;
By that pure and lucid mind,
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell ;
Go !—for me no longer beaming ;—
Hope and beauty ! fare ye well !
Go ! and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me, all benighted—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Mrs. Crawford.

KATHLEEN Mavourneen ! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.
Kathleen Mavourneen, what ! slumb'ring still ?
Oh ! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
Oh ! hast thou forgotten how soon we must part ?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen ?

Kathleen Mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light ;
Ah ! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part :
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen ?

MY OWN COLLEEN.

THE ship lies out beyond the bar,
We're standing on the quay ;
Nay, do not turn your head aside
That tears I may not see :
My colleen, darling, do not cry,
Keep still thy throbbing heart,
Though miles of sea between us roll
In love we shall not part !

Then farewell, rarest, sweetest, dearest,
Farewell, my own, my own colleen ;
I'll ne'er forget our dear old Ireland,
And the Shamrock growing green !

When I return to you, colleen,
We shall not be as now,
The gold that I shall treasure up
Will be earnt by sweat of brow.
Now do cheer up, my colleen dear ;
This pledge shall be for life,
When next these lips shall greet thee,
'Twill be to call thee wife !

Then farewell, etc.

FAREWELL, MOTHER, I MUST GO.

MOTHER, give to me thy blessing,
Kindly give me counsel now,
Sorrows may my pathways darken,
Sadness may o'ershade my brow ;
For I've learn'd to love another,
I am his through every woe,
Fondly press me to thy bosom,
Farewell, Mother, I must go.

It may break my heart to leave thee,
While thy tears of sadness flow,
But I've learn'd to love another,
Farewell, Mother, I must go.

Mother, I shall ever love thee,
Thou hast been so kind and true,
Though he fondly may caress me,
None can be more dear than you.
Though it breaks my heart to leave thee,
Though the tears of sadness flow,
We shall meet again in heaven,
Farewell, Mother, I must go.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

FAREWELL FOR EVER.

G. Thompson.

AND must I, Ellen, say adieu,
And bid thy face farewell for ever?
No longer turn my eyes on you,
On thee, my love?—Oh, never, never!
The sun must first forbear to shine,
Rocks sink to dust and mountains sever,
Ere I can leave such charms as thine,
Or say farewell—farewell for ever!

And must I hear thy voice no more?
Thy smiles be lost to me for ever?
Resign each grace unseen before?
Oh no, my love! Oh, never, never!
The wings of Time must cease to fly,
The tide to flow, and worlds dissever,
Ere I can breathe the parting sigh,
Or say farewell—farewell for ever!

WHY MUST WE SAY "GOOD-BYE"?

Henry J. Treadwell.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer
& Co., Regent Street, London.

I ENTER'D the ancient minster
On a summer's evening bright,
And the setting sun through the windows
Shed a flood of golden light.
I was weary and worn with toiling,
With the burden and heat of day,
So I sat in the gathering twilight,
And dreamt I was far away.

We wander'd once more through the
woodlands,
We sat 'neath the same old tree,
We whisper'd the old, old story
Of a love that was sweet to me:
Oh, love, thou art mine for ever,
Oh, love, I am thine for aye,
Why should we ever part, dear?
Why must we say "good-bye"?

But we said farewell for ever,
And parted with many a sigh;
Our hearts were sad and broken,
But our love will never die.

So I dream that once more I wander
Through the forest land so fair,
And the voice of my sweet lost darling
With music fills the air.

Ah! 'twas only the organ pealing
A low soft evening hymn,
The sun had set and the twilight
Was shrouding the arches dim.
So I rose with a holy feeling
And smiled as I look'd above,
For I know we shall meet in heaven,
In the land of Eternal Love.

SONG TO MARY.

Charles Wolfe.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there, I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As Fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

THOUGH DARK FATE.

Callanan.

THOUGH dark fate hath 'reft me of all that was sweet,
And widely we sever, too widely to meet,
Oh ! yet, while one life-pulse remains in this heart,
'Twill remember thee, Mary, wherever thou art.

How sad were the glances at parting we threw ;
No word was there spoke, but the stifled adieu ;
My lips o'er thy cold cheek all raptureless pass'd ;
'Twas the first time I press'd it—it must be the last !

But why should I dwell thus on scenes that but pain ?
Or think on thee, Mary, when thinking is vain ?
Thy name to this bosom now sounds like a knell ;
My fond one, my dear one, for ever—farewell !

THE LAST LINKS ARE BROKEN.

F. Steers.

THE last links are broken
That bound me to thee !
The words thou hast spoken
Have render'd me free.

Thy sweet glance misleading
On others may shine—
Those eyes beam'd unheeding
When tears burst from mine

The chain that enthrall'd me
In sadness was worn ;
The coldness that gall'd me
In silence was borne.

Though sorrow subdued me,
It did not appear ;
Though thy scorn hath pursued me,
Long, long wert thou dear.

If my love was deem'd boldness,
That error is o'er ;
I have witness'd thy coldness—
I love thee no more !

I have not loved lightly ;
I'll think of thee yet—
I will pray for thee nightly,
Till life's sun has set !

And the form my heart cherish'
Still in it shall dwell !
But affection hath perish'd,—
And, love—fare thee well.

THE PARTING.

William Motherwell.

OH ! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell ?
And is it thus we sunder,
Without a sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear ?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow !
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallow'd shade,
That vow we now surrender ;
Heart-bankrupts both are made.

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye ;
Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh !
Well, well ! adieu's soon spoken,
'Tis but a parting phrase,
Yet said, I fear heart-broken
We'll live our after days !

Thine eye no tear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry,
But many an aching head
Is ours, before we die !
From pride we both can borrow,
To part, we both may dare,
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear !

FARE THEE WELL.

Byron.

FARE thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so soft had lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought might show,
Then thou wouldst at length discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words for me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will.

Fare thee well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this,—I scarce can die.

LET ME KISS YOUR TEARS AWAY.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

DARLING, be not broken-hearted,
Though I leave my native shore;
Those whom cruel fate hath parted
Still may hope to meet once more.
Take this farewell kiss as token
Of my love while far I stray;
Love's true links are never broken:
Let me kiss your tears away!

Take this farewell kiss as token
Of my love while far I stray;
Love's true links are never broken:
Let me kiss your tears away!

Do not dim those eyes with sorrow;
Why thus pale your cheeks with tears?
There will come a fair to-morrow
That will banish all your fears.
Dark may seem our life's December,
Time will bring to us the May;
Love will guide me back, remember:
Let me kiss your tears away!

Take this farewell, etc.

Take this jewell'd ring, and wear, love,
Till no more I roam the wave;
Near my heart you know I'll bear, love,
That one tress of hair you gave.
Bravely try to bear the burden
That has come to you to-day;
Sweet indeed shall be your guerdon—
Let me kiss your tears away!

Take this farewell, etc.

Now our parting hour is nigh, love,
Ere I leave this cherish'd spot,
Clasping hands we'll say good-bye, love:
Wind and wave will linger not.
Kiss me once before we sever,
For my safety, say you'll pray;
You will be my dearest ever:
Let me kiss your tears away!

Take this farewell, etc.

TAKE BACK THE GEMS.

G. Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn.

TAKE back the gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee;
Thou'rt changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.
Alas! they but remind me
Of bright hopes pass'd away:
Ah, would that I could banish
That dream of yesterday!
Thou canst not call me faithless,
For never word of mine
Was lightly breathed, or broken;
Say, was it so with thine?

Take back the gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee;
Thou'rt changed, and they no longer
Possess one charm for me.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee;
My presence shall not throw
One cloud upon thy pathway,
One shadow on thy brow.
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay,
Leave me, ah, sad remembrance!
That dream of yesterday!
My last farewell is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet,
And though my hope may falter
My heart would say forget.

Take back the gems, etc.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

Alaric A. Watts.

FARE thee well ! 'tis meet we part,
Since other ties and hopes are thine ;
Pride, that can nerve the lowest heart,
Will surely strengthen mine.
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
Repress each struggling sigh ;
Call back the thoughts thou led'st astray,
Then lay me down and die !

Fare thee well !—I'll not upbraid
Thy fickleness or falsehood now ;
Can the wild taunts of love betray'd
Repair one broken vow ?
But if reproach may wake regret
In one so false or weak,
Think what I was, when first we met,
And read it on my cheek.

Fare thee well !—on yonder tree
One leaf is fluttering in the blast,
Wither'd and sere,—a type of me,—
For I shall fade as fast !
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou,
Thy wandering heart to save
From the keen pangs that wrong mine now,
I have but one—the grave.

OH ! FARE THEE WELL, MINE OWN LOVE.

OH ! fare thee well, mine own love,
I'm going far from thee ;
Oh ! think of me, mine own love,
When I am on the sea.
It grieves my heart to leave thee,
Aye, more than tongue can tell ;
Oh ! fare thee well, mine own love,
A thousand times farewell !

Fear not, I'll ne'er forget thee,
Too dear art thou to me :
And wheresoe'er I roam, love,
My heart is still with thee.

Thy heart is beating fast, love,
Thy lips refuse to speak,
I feel the tear-drop stealing
Adown thy lovely cheek.
Farewell, this constant heart, love,
Shall faithful still remain,
Till happier hours restore thee
To these fond arms again.

Fear not, etc.

FROM THEE, ELIZA.

Burns.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel Fates between us throb
A boundless ocean's roar :

But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee !

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !

The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

THE FAREWELL.

T. Jones.

FAREWELL, my love, one soft embrace,
Ere yet, sweet maid, we part ;
'Tis that alone can seal our bliss,
And ease this aching heart.
Then let me but those pleasures sip,
Dearest maiden, ere I go,
And taste those sweets from off thy lips,
From whence my pleasures flow.

Stay, stay, those tears that dim thine eyes,
Thine eyes of lovely blue,
And on thy cheeks again the rose
Shall spread its crimson hue.
The smile upon thy ruby lips,
The bright glance of thine eyes,
Alone can ease this bursting heart,
That now in anguish dies.

Yet though I leave thee, lovely maid,
And tear me from thy breast,
This heart must still thy captive be :
May Heaven guard thy rest.
Then, love, adieu, that kiss of thine
Untainted shall remain
Upon my lips, until thine own
Recall it back again.

Songs about Remembrance.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Moore.
THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet !
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green ;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts—like thy waters—be mingled in peace !

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET me not—forget me not,
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot
Who loved thee in life's purest hours :
When hearts and hopes were hallow'd things,
Ere Gladness broke the lyre she brought ;
Then, oh ! when shiver'd all its strings,
Forget me not—forget me not !

We met, ere yet the words had come
To wither up the springs of youth ;
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth :
We parted, as they never part,
Whose tears are doom'd to be forgot !
Oh ! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not—forget me not !

Thine eye must watch these flowerets fade,
Thy soul its idols melt away ;
But oh ! when flowers and friends lie dead,
Love can embalm them in decay ;
And when thy spirit sighs along
The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,
Oh ! listen to its pleading song—
Forget me not—forget me not !

WHEN OTHER LIPS.

Alfred Bunn.

WHEN other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Moore.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be:
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee;
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me;
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee:
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me.

LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
102, High Holborn.

LET my name be kindly spoken
When I'm far away from thee,
And, although my heart is broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.
All the scenes of days departed
I'll endeavour to forget,
And if you are broken-hearted
Think not of the days we met.

Let my name be kindly spoken
When I'm far away from thee,
And, although the vows are broken,
I will fondly speak of thee.

In the past we loved each other—
Loved each other fond and true,
And I'll never find another
That can take the place of you.
Though I wander on for ever
Seeking lands beyond the sea,
Well I know that I can never—
Never find the like of thee.

Let my name, etc.

If the fate should bid me meet you,
At some far-off distant day,
I would fondly kiss and greet you
In the old familiar way.
Though the binding link is broken,
It is sweet to part as friends,
And the farewell word that's spoken
To the heart a sweetness lends

Let my name, etc.

WHAT USED TO BE.

Two children sat on a mossy bank,
By the side of a rippling stream;
The boy was gallant, and true, and brave,
And the girl was as fair as a dream.
They pluck'd forget-me-nots pale and blue,
They laugh'd aloud in their glee,
They dream'd of the days that were to come,
And spoke of what used to be,
Their books and toys and babyish joys,
And all that used to be.

Two lovers walk'd by that rippling stream,
When the summer's days were long,
And the maiden was gentle and gay and fair,
And the youth was brave and strong.
She blush'd as he kiss'd her tenderly,
His own little love was she;
And they dream'd of the days that were to come,
And the days that used to be;
And they dream'd of the days that were to come,
And the days that used to be.

Husband and wife by their fireside sit,
And talk of the bygone hours,
The mossy bank, and the rippling stream,
And the lovely wayside flowers.
Their love was as great, their hearts as fond,
Through every adversity;
And they smiled alike on the days to come,
And the days that used to be,
And they smiled alike on the days to come;
And the days that used to be.

WHAT! BLAME THEE, LOVE!

H. C. H. Justins.

WHAT! blame thee, love! because a frown
Once linger'd on thy brow?
How could I tell, but for that frown,
How much thou lov'st me now!
What! blame thee, love! because a tear
Once trembled in thine eye?
How could I tell, but for that tear,
To thee how dear am I.

No, I'll not blame—but ever prize
Remembrance of the hour,
When I first felt thy tearful eyes
Had soul-subduing power;
And through the lapse of growing years
Thy frown shall linger on,
While memory tells its waken'd fears
In blissful moments gone.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

ONE summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wander'd by the sea-beat shore,
Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
I gather'd shells in days before.
The splashing waves like music fell,
Responsive to my fancy wild;
A dream came o'er me like a spell,
I thought I was again a child.

I stopp'd upon a pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay;
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
Oh! thus I said, in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguiled;
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child.

THE OLD KITCHEN DOOR.

YES, it swingeth on its hinges as it did in the days of yore,
And the very same old creaking you will hear,
And the rattle of the latch, as it drops upon the catch,
Yet it is sweetest music to my longing ear.
The dear ones that have gone o'er its threshold thin and worn
Have pass'd for ever one by one away;
And the children that once play'd "hide-and-seek" within its shade
Now are old and wrinkled, weary, worn, and grey.

But the click of the latch, as it falls upon the catch,
Sounds the same year after year;
And the rattle and the squeak is the same week after week
Of that old kitchen door so dear.

TRUTH IN ABSENCE.

Henry Brandreth.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

I THINK of thee at morn, my love,
When first I wake from sleep,
And when beneath the thorn, my love,
I sit at eve, and weep;
Or on the hill, or where the rill
Meanders through the lea,
Where'er 'tis mine to stray, my love,
I think, I think of thee!

I think of thee at morn, my love,
When first I wake from sleep,
And when beneath the thorn, my love,
I sit at eve, and weep,
I think of thee! I think of thee!

They tell me thou art gay, my love,
Yet why should I repine?
I care not what they say, my love,
I know thy heart is mine.
And on the hill, or by the rill,
Or through the flowery lea,
Where'er 'tis mine to stray, my love,
I think, I think of thee!

They tell me thou art gay, my love,
Yet why should I repine?
I care not what they say, my love,
I know thy heart is mine.
I think of thee! I think of thee!

THINK OF ME, WILLIE.

YOU'VE vow'd your truth to me, Willie,
And many a promise made,
While sitting by the cottage door,
Beneath the hawthorn shade.
But now you're going away, Willie,
Far o'er the raging sea,
And much I fear in other scenes
You'll never think of me.

The linnet sings at early morn,
The lark soars in the air,
The roses bloom in beauty round,
And everything looks fair;
The woodbine and the jessamine
Climb round the cottage door,
But what will they avail to me,
Should you return no more?

Oh! sad will be my heart, Willie,
When you have gone away,
To sit in silent solitude
From passing day to day.
To think of happy moments fled,
When you were by my side,
Beneath the green and shady boughs,
At happy eventide.

You say you'll soon return, Willie,
Unto your native shore,
When I shall be your happy bride,
And we shall part no more;
But should you never come, Willie,
Back o'er the raging sea,
Oh! think of it before you go,—
What will become of me?

GO, MEMORY, GO!

Alfred Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

Go, Memory, go!
Seek out life's early springs,
Which glided on, and then
Were wont to ebb again,
Though now they swiftly flow
As if their waves had wings.
Thoughts pure and calm are there,
Hearts which have known no care,
That love, but cannot tell how well,
That love, but cannot tell how well.

Come, Memory, come!
Bring with thee back those days,
As bright as when their bloom
Our childhood did perfume,
More happy far for some
Than all life's future ways:
As we can never meet
Hopes in the world so sweet,
With treasures deem'd thus dear,
Come here;
With treasures deem'd thus dear,
Come here.

'TWAS LIKE A SPIRIT'S SIGH.

I WANDER'D forth one summer eve,
My thoughts with gloom o'ercast,
I sat me down beneath the trees,
And thought of days long past;
When suddenly a gentle sound
Seem'd floating in the leaves,
So soft—'twas like a spirit's sigh
Borne on the evening breeze.

So soft, so low
It came among the leaves,
'Twas like a spirit's sigh
Borne on the evening breeze.

And ever on my memory
Doth dwell that gentle sound,
It cheers me to my onward task
When all is dark around;
For oh! that sweet Æolian sound,
That seem'd among the leaves,
Was like the voice of her that's gone,
Borne on the evening breeze.

So soft, etc.

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

Ransford.

In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were dress'd from top to toe.
We danced and sang the jocund song
Upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around us could be seen;
And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying, etc.

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,
While nature's face was gay;
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfume fill'd the May.
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note
Steal softly through the air;
While every scene around us look'd
Most beautiful and fair;
And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying, etc.

We fill'd a glass to every lass,
And all our friends most dear,
And wish'd them many happy days
And many a happy year.
We gave "The Queen" with all our heart,
And may her subjects be
Our nation's pride, all lands beside,
And glory of the sea;
And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying, etc.

And should we ever pay again
A visit to the scene,
We'll sing with all our heart and voice,
God bless our gracious Queen.
May she live long o'er us to reign,
And by her actions prove
That she has gain'd her utmost wish—
A people's lasting love;
And thus we'll pass the pleasant time,
Nor think of care or woe,
As we did when we went gipsying,
A long time ago, etc.

WHERE ARE MY SCHOOLMATES GONE ?

Oh ! where are my schoolmates gone,
The shy, the dull, and the gay ?
They have left me all heart-sick and lone,
To drag out life's short'ning day.
The school yet remains where it stood,
When its moss-cover'd roof I first saw,
The play-ground—my eyes 'gin to flood,
When I think of the play-ground of yore.
The spire, too, that pointed to truth,
The fall in its bubbling rage,
So vast in the days of my youth,
So small in the night of my age.
Where are my schoolmates gone,
The shy, the dull, and the gay ?
They have left me all heart-sick and lone,
To drag out life's short'ning day.

Oh ! where are my schoolmates gone ?
Do they yet toss on life's stormy waves,
Or sleep a sleep peaceful and lone,
'Neath the flowers that bloom o'er their graves ?
What day-dreams are mine to enjoy,
As I sit and gaze into the past,
Till again I am changed to a boy,
And,—ah me ! dreams too airy to last.
I think of thee, friends of my youth,
'Tis memory dims these old eyes,
May your thoughts, like yon spire, point to truth,
And we'll talk over the past in the skies.
Where are my schoolmates gone, etc.

BELLE MAHONE.

Soon beyond the harbour-bar shall my bark be sailing far,
O'er the world I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone !
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye ; hear, oh hear my lonely cry :
Oh ! without thee what am I, sweet Belle Mahone ?
Sweet Belle Mahone ! sweet Belle Mahone !
Wait for me at heaven's gate, sweet Belle Mahone !

Lonely like a wither'd tree, what is all the world to me ?
Life and light were all in thee, sweet Belle Mahone !
Daisies pale are growing o'er all my heart can e'er adore,
Shall I never meet thee more, sweet Belle Mahone ?

Sweet Belle Mahone ! etc.

Calmly, sweetly slumber on, only one I call my own
Whilst in tears I wander lone, sweet Belle Mahone !
Faded now seems everything, but when comes eternal spring
With thee I'll be wandering, sweet Belle Mahone !

Sweet Belle Mahone ! etc.

BELLE MAHONE'S REPLY.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

IN the watches of the night, oft to bless my aching sight,
Comes an angel robed in white, answering to my cry ;
Kind bright eyes with tender beams, and the world less vivid seems
Than the music of my dreams : Belle Mahone's reply.

Love, the time seems long whilst you stand alone,
But in heaven once more you'll meet soon with Belle Mahone

When the angels in their flight came to call me home that night,
And I saw your cheek turn white, as you stood alone,
Well I knew you loved me so, that you fear'd to let me go,
Through the wintry wind and snow, to a world unknown.

Love, the time seems long, etc.

Love, there was no need for fear, earth has nights both dark and drear,
But the skies for ever here, clear and bright will be.
Grieve not that my work is done, but be sure that ever one,
In the world beyond the sun, waits to welcome thee.

Love, the time seems long, etc

IN SEVILLE'S GROVES.

R. S. Hichens.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

OH, nightingale ! the night is still,
The shadows darken round,
The moon is shining o'er Seville,
And hush'd is every sound.
Then sing to me as once you sang,
In days of long ago,
When love, like joybells, softly rang
In hearts it gladden'd so !
Sing on, sweet nightingale, sing on !
Of happy moments past and gone,
Sing on, oh, nightingale ! sing on !
Of happy moments past and gone.

Hark ! hark ! along the distant glen
The music steals afar,
Beyond the weary ways of men,
To yonder evening star !
Beyond the hopes, the toils and fears,
That bind us here below,
It soars on high, above the years,
Where fain am I to go.

Ah ! Ah ! Oh, nightingale ! sing on !
Of happy moments past and gone,
Sing on ! oh, nightingale ! sing on !
Of happy moments past and gone.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Moore.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years ;
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,—
Now dimm'd and gone ;
The cheerful hearts,—now broken ! . . .
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,—
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed ! . . .
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me

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WHEN ALL WAS YOUNG.

H. F. Chorley.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

WHEN all was young and pleasant May was blooming,
I, thy poor friend, took part with thee in play;
Now that the cloud of autumn dark is glooming,
Now is for me too mournful the day!
Hope and delight have pass'd from life away!

We were not born with true love to trifle,
Nor born to part because the wind blows cold;
What though the storm the summer garden rife,
O Margarita! O Margarita!
Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold.

DAYS GONE BY.

Aytoun.

IN the silence of my chamber,
When the night is still and deep,
And the drowsy heave of ocean
Mutters in its charmed sleep,
Oft I hear the angel-voices
That have thrill'd me long ago—
Voices of my lost companions,
Lying deep beneath the snow.

Oh, the garden I remember,
In the gay and sunny Spring,
When our laughter made the thickets
And the arching alleys ring!
Oh, the merry burst of gladness!
Oh, the soft and tender tone!
Oh, the whisper, never utter'd
Save to one fond ear alone!

Oh, the light of life that sparkled
In those bright and beauteous eyes!
Oh, the blush of happy beauty—
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise!
Oh, the radiant light that girdled
Field and forest, land and sea,
When we all were young together,
And the earth was new to me!

Where are now the flowers we tended?—
Wither'd, broken, branch and stem.
Where are now the hopes we cherish'd?—
Scatter'd to the winds with them.
For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones!
Nursed in hope and rear'd in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Hood.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirits flew in feathers then
That are so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE BRIDGE. *Longfellow.*

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower,
And, like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That fill'd mine eyes with tears.
How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh, how often,
I had wish'd that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burthen laid upon me
Seem'd greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.
Yet whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years;
And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As a symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE VETERAN.

T. H. Bayly.

By kind permission of Hart & Co., 22, Paternoster
Row, London.

It was a sabbath morn,
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch;
There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And gazing round the group he cried,
"Do none remember me?"

The veteran forgot

His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known;
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and, smiling said,
"You now remember me?"

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone,
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown;
And then the old man wept,
"I'm friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me."

ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

ONLY a face at the window,
Only a face, nothing more;
Yet the look in those eyes as they met mine
Still comes to me o'er and o'er.
Only a face at the window, etc.

Only a word of greeting,
Only a word, that was all;
Yet all day in my heart it echoed
Like the sound of an angel call.
Only a face at the window, etc.

Only a smile of welcome,
Only a smile as I pass'd,
But that smile will still be remember'd
As long as my life shall last.
Only a face at the window, etc.

Only a woman, you tell me,
Only a woman to thee,
But there's nought that this mere earth
containeth
Half so dear as that woman to me.
Only a face at the window, etc.

Only her love I ask for,
Only her love, and yet
The sweet boon I cannot e'er hope for,
And so I would fain forget.
Only a face at the window, etc.

Only a word lowly spoken,
Only a "Yes" would she say,
It would give the sweet face at the window
To be mine for ever and aye.
Only a face at the window, etc.

THE DEAR HOME-LAND.

Clifton Bingham.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

THE land was sweet with sunshine after April rain;
There were blossoms in the woodside, sang the birds again;
But my heart cried out in longing, all was sad to me,
And I wonder'd if 'twas springtime far across the sea!
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
I wonder'd was it springtime where I loved to be;
Did the sunlight shine on the old sweet strand?
Were the birds of April singing in the dear home-land?

I could not find the blossoms that at home all grew,
And I miss'd the happy dear ones that of old I knew;
There were kindly faces round me, but they knew not me,
And I wonder'd if they miss'd me far across the sea.
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
Did they wonder was I happy, did they dream of me?
Did they sometimes long just to clasp my hand?
Or perchance, was I forgotten in the dear home-land?

I dreamt I cross'd the waters, for my heart cried "go";
It was springtime, and the dear ones they had miss'd me so,
They came with smiles to greet me, and to me it seem'd
My heart with joy was breaking in the dream I dream'd.
I awoke once more—on my way I went,
And my soul is overflowing with a deep content;
In the dear home-land, far across the sea,
They remember me, they miss me, and they pray for me!

YESTERDAY.

M. A. Browne.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

AND thou I loved art gone
Far o'er the dark blue sea;
This heart is left alone,
That only throbb'd for thee;—
The morning sun is bright,
The flowers around are gay;
But where is the soft light
Thou shed'st on yesterday?

We stood amid these bowers,
When last I wept adieu,
Surrounded by fair flowers
Of many a brilliant hue;—
I saw the glittering tear
That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray:
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday.

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBER'D.

Thornton.

'Tis sweet to be remember'd,
As through this world we stray;
To know we have one kindred soul
To cheer us on our way—
Say there are happier hours in store,
And bid us yield to grief no more.

'Tis sweet to be remember'd,
When from that friend we part;
Then stronger did we feel the tie
Which binds us heart to heart—
How cling we to the hand we take!
How cordial is the parting shake!

'Tis sweet to be remember'd,
Sweet to remember, too;
While to the mind's eye is reveal'd
What once appear'd to view—
Till Time, perchance, again restore,
And part us from that friend no more.

LONG, LONG AGO!

T. H. Bayly.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

TELL me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago:
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes! you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferr'd,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT.

SWEETHEART, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the favouring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O cruel fate, true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell for ever!
And still shall recollection trace,
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

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BEN BOLT.

Thomas Dunn English.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt ?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listen'd to Appleton's mill :
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has follow'd the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood ?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain ;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim ?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new ;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.

Twelve-months twenty have pass'd, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Songs about Sorrowful Remembrance.

KATY DARLING.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

OH, they tell me thou art dead, Katy darling,
That thy smile I may never more behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy darling,
Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold?
Oh! they knew not the loving
Of the hearts of Erin's sons,
When a love like to thine, Katy darling,
Is the goal to the race that he runs.
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy!
For the wild flowers greet me, Katy darling,
And the love-birds are singing in each tree:
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy darling?
Behold, love, I'm waiting for thee!

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy darling!
This world is all a bleak world to me;
Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy darling!
Or think, love, I am sighing for thee.
Oh! methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And thy heart would be melting, Katy darling,
Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
Oh, listen, sweet Katy!
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy darling,
And the love-birds are nestling in each tree:
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy darling,
Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee?

HIGHLAND MARY.

Burns.

YE banks and braes, and streams around The castle o' Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, Your waters never drumlie! There simmer first unfaulds her robes, And there the langest tarry! For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary.	Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace, Our parting was fu' tender; And pledging aft to meet again, We tore ourselves asunder. But, oh! fell death's untimely frost, That nipt my flower so early! Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary!
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the hawthorn's blossom, As underneath their fragrant shade I clasp'd her to my bosom! The golden hours, on angel wings, Flew o'er me and my dearie; For dear to me as light—as life— Was my sweet Highland Mary.	Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips, I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! And closed for aye the sparkling glance That dwelt on me sae kindly! And mouldering now in silent dust That heart that lo'ed me dearly! But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

E. A. Poe.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain, and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last !
Ah, starry hope that did'st arise
But to be overcast !
A voice from out the future cries,
" On ! on ! "—but o'er the past
(Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast !

For, alas ! alas ! with me
The light of life is o'er !
No more—no more—no more
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar !

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams !

PIERROT.

F. E. Weatherly.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

"PIERROT Pierrot !"
Babette is calling sweet and low,
"Pierrot ! Pierrot !"
He rows across, he takes her hand,
And then they float away,
Beside the silent meadow land,
Into the dying day :
And on and on ! the boat drifts on ;
To-morrow night he will be gone ;
"Babette, the world is cold and wide !"
She only nestles to his side,
"O love, I care not what it be,
If only I can be with thee !"
The poplars sigh, the moon is low,
The waters echo as they flow,
"Good-bye, Babette ! " "Good-bye, Pierrot !
Good-bye, good-bye, Pierrot ! "

"Babette ! " "Pierrot ! "
The birds are calling sweet and low,
"Babette ! " "Pierrot ! "
"Babette," he heard them as he pass'd,
"Babette" his heart replied.
The war is over now, at last
He comes to find his bride ;
He sees the bed of marigold,
The wicket open as of old ;
"Babette ! " he cries, but where is she ?
"Babette ! "—he listens tremblingly ;
"Babette, Babette ! "—his eyes grow dim ;
She never more will come to him.
And what is left of long ago ?
A little cross where lilies blow ;
Alas, Babette ! Alas, Pierrot !

AN OLD LOVE DREAM.

G. A. Binnie.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

I LINGER near an old homestead,
And dream o'er days that long have fled,
And memory brings a sweet young face
That roams with me from place to place,
And blends once more with the lark above
The golden notes of a new-born love.
But the voice is hush'd, and what might
have been
Is only a shadow in love's old scene.
Ah ! who can forget what might have been,
As memory floats in a happy dream ?

A laugh, a song, a tear, a sigh,
A trembling voice as it said good-bye,
Come back to the heart in a golden stream,
And live again in an old love dream.

'Twas there we sat 'neath the old oak tree,
Hearts full of love's own melody ;
Castles were built, built in the air—
We knew not sorrow or despair ;
There by the cliff where the sea-birds nest,
Our fancy flew to the golden west.
But the eyes are closed, and what might
have been
Is only a shadow in love's old scene.
Ah ! who can forget what might have been
Where memory floats in a happy dream
A laugh, a song, etc.

THE OLD FOLKS ARE GONE.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

FAR, far in many lands I've wander'd,
Sadly and lone;
My heart was ever turning southward,
To all the dear ones at home.
Here, after all my weary roaming,
At early dawn,
I've come, and find the cot still standing,
But, oh, the old folks are gone.

Here I wander sad and lonely
In the dear old home,
Those that I loved so well and fondly,
All, all the old folks are gone.

Here's where I frolick'd with my brother
Under the tree;
Here's where I knelt beside my mother
From care and sorrow free.
Still sing the little birds as sweetly,
At night and morn;
Still runs the little brook as fleetly,
But, oh! the old folks are gone.

Here I wander, etc.

Down where the old banana's waving,
They're laid to rest,
Where Swane's peaceful water's laving
The green turf o'er their breast;
But there's a home I know, where parting
Never can come;
Oh! for that home I must be starting,
There's where the old folks are gone.

Here I wander, etc.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

Alfred Bunn.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

THE heart bow'd down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse, while they flow,
That can no comfort bring:
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past;
On moments of delight, that were
Too beautiful to last:
To long-departed years extend
Its visions with them flown,
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISH'D HAND.

H. L. D'Arcy Jaxons.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer
& Co., Regent Street, London

WHEN the bells that call'd my love to rest
Were ringing the vesper chime,
I wish'd their music could bear my soul
Away from the things of time;
And my spirit was heavy-laden
As I breathed an old, old prayer,
For the cross of care that I carried
Was greater than I could bear.
As I wept alone in my sorrow,
The gleam of the dying day
Through the open lattice softly kiss'd
The harp that she used to play.
And sweet as an echo from heaven,
I heard its music once more,
And the burden of life was uplifted,
And the pain of parting was o'er.

Was it the breath of an angel's wing
That pass'd o'er the golden wires?
Was it the sound of a long-lost voice
That fell from the angel choirs?
Was it the touch of a spirit hand
That swept o'er each silent string,
And hush'd the sorrows of earth to rest
With words that the angels sing?
I heard the sound of an old, old song
Once more in the mystic strain,
A song we sang in the bygone years,
And shall some day sing again;
For it told me I should meet my love
At the portals of the skies,
To sing once more, as we used to sing,
In the land of Paradise.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

Published by Sheard & Co., 102, High Holborn, London.

THERE'S a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, etc.

One night I went to see her, but "She's gone," the neighbours say,
The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, etc.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, etc.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

IN THE GLOAMING.

By kind permission of Whittingham & McDowell, 13, Little Marlborough Street, London.

IN the gloaming, oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling, softly come and softly go,
When the winds are sobbing faintly with a gentle unknown woe—
Will you think of me and love me, as you did once long ago?

In the gloaming, oh, my darling! think not bitterly of me,
Though I pass'd away in silence, left you lonely, set you free,
For my heart was crush'd with longing, what had been could never be:
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for me,
It was best to leave you thus—best for you and best for me.

AMBER TRESSES TIED IN BLUE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

FAR away in sunny meadows,
Where the merry sunbeams play'd,
Oft I linger'd 'mid the clover,
Singing to a village maid;
She was fairer than the fairest,
Ever faithful, fond, and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet
Amber tresses tied in blue.

She was fairer than the fairest,
Ever faithful, fond, and true,
And she wore beneath a bonnet
Amber tresses tied in blue.

Ere the summer days departed,
We had made a solemn vow,
And I never, never wearied
Kissing her sweet cheek and brow;
She was dearer than the dearest,
Pure as drops of morning dew,
And a-down her neck were hanging
Amber tresses tied in blue.

She was fairer, etc.

'Twas decreed that fate should part us,
Ere the leaves of autumn fell,
And two loving hearts were sever'd
That had loved each other well;
She was all I had to cherish,
She has bid a last adieu,
And I see in every vision,
Amber tresses tied in blue.

She was fairer, etc.

THE TIE IS BROKEN, MY IRISH GIRL.

THE tie is broken, my Irish girl,
That bound thee here to me;
My heart has lost its single pearl,
And thine at last is free—
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
Dead as the stone above thee—
Cold as this heart that breaks to say
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—
No blush comes o'er thy brow—
Those gentle arms that once caress'd
Fall round me deadly now—
The smiles of love no longer part
Those dead blue lips of thine—
I lay my hand upon thy heart;
'Tis cold at last to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven,
Within our native land,
A fairer grave to thee were given
Than this wild bed of sand—
But thou wert single in thy faith
And single in thy worth,
And thou should'st die a lonely death,
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
My last, last look is given—
The earth is smooth above thy breast,
And mine is yet unripen!
No mass, no parting rosary,
My perish'd love can have—
But her husband's sighs embalm her corse,
A husband's tears her grave.

ONLY TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN.

James E. Stewart.

ONLY to see her face again,
Only to hear her speak,
Only to see her smile once more,
Only to kiss her cheek.
She was fair as any flower,
Full of beauty and of grace;
One little wish is all I ask,
Only to see her face.

Only to see her face again,
Full of beauty and of grace;
One little wish is all I ask,
Only to see her face.

Only to see her face again,
Fair as the stars above,
Only to hear one little word,
Only one word of love.
Sad was the night when we parted,
Down by the old trysting-place,
Where last we kiss'd our sad farewell,
Only to see her face.

Only to see her face, etc.

I MISS THEE, MY DARLING.

THOU art gone, and bereft me of all I hold dear,
And peace from my bosom for ever has fled,
There's no one in future to comfort or cheer me,
Joys that were boundless now faded and dead.

Life has no charm, for I miss thee for ever;
How dark is my future, my idol has flown!
Oh! sad is my poor heart, a stranger to pleasure;
I miss thee, my darling, lost star of my home.

I sigh for the days when, forgetting the morrow,
We wander'd at night as our love-star would rise,
When doubts fled away, and I thought not of sorrow,
But drank in the light of thy beautiful eyes.

Life has no charm, etc.

Lost star of home, wilt thou roam o'er the billow,
To dwell among strangers unloved and unknown?
Why leave me in sorrow to grieve 'neath the willow,
And sadly remember the days that are gone?

Life has no charm, etc.

WE READ AND SANG TOGETHER.

We read and sang together,
In the quiet even time,
When the young and gay were gone to sport,
In youth and beauty's prime;
When the joyous and the glad were off,
With spirits light as air,
To trifle summer time away,
And laugh at solemn care.

We read, and every page was fill'd
With love's enchanting lore;
We sang, and each succeeding strain
Was happier than before;
The tones of a soft lute mingled then
With the songs we used to sing,
And gentle sounds came sweetly forth,
And fled on the zephyr's wing.

But the love-fraught book is sadly closed,
And the love-tuned song is o'er,
And the low soft tones of the gilded lute
Break forth on the breeze no more;
My brightest hopes are broken now,
For affection's chain is riven,
And the pure sweet spirit I loved on earth
Is fled to its home in heaven.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.

Thomas Moore.

Published by Sheard & Co., 102, High
Holborn London.

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng,
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas, alas! how different flows
With thee and me the time away!
Not that I wish thee sad, Heaven knows;
Still, if thou canst be light and gay,
I only know that without thee,
The sun himself is dark for me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower
Among the proud and gay to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower
To flatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no! with me love's smiles are past,
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Burns.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,—
Thy image at our last embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening
green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured
scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

THE TWO HEARTS.

*Translated from the German by
Maria Ximena Hayes.*

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co.,
13, Little Marlborough Street, London.

WHEN two fond hearts are parted,
Life knows no greater pain:
It leaves us broken-hearted
To feel we ne'er shall meet again!
What grief is in those words when we adore,
Farewell! farewell! farewell for ever-
more!

When first I saw my love was changing,
My day was turn'd to night;
For me the sun had set in darkness
That once had shone so bright:
Still ring those tones which I shall hear
no more,
Farewell! farewell! farewell for ever-
more!

My spring hath turn'd to winter,
For love hath fled away:
The lip that once press'd mine so fondly
Is cold and still for aye!
What grief to hear those words when we
adore,
Farewell! farewell! farewell for ever-
more!

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Alfred Bunn.

THE light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past;
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last.

The world, with morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays;
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither,
To welcome back the spring.

The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom, full life displays;
But the heart alone sees no renewing
The light of other days.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

H. Fitzball.

Published by Chappell & Co., 50, New
Bond Street, London.

IN this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child.

I feel the kiss of their fond love,
Oh, joy! oh, joy! too bright to last!
Ah! why will cruel time remove
Or mem'ry paint the past?

And here, alas! when they were gone,
In beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away.

But oh! it was delusive love,
Alas! too sweet, too pure to last,
And if such dream time must remove,
Why, mem'ry, paint the past?

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Lady Dufferin.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near;
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step would break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better far
The few our Father sends;

And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride:
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to!

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

Songs about Loving Remembrance.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

O MEMORIES of green and pleasant places,
Where happy birds their woodnotes twitter'd low !
O love that lit the dear familiar faces
We buried long ago !

From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
And backward gaze with wistful, yearning eyes,
As hearts regret, 'mid snow-drifts of December,
The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seem'd their rainbow tints to borrow
From some illumined page of fairy lore ;
Bright days that never lack'd a bright to-morrow,
Days that return no more.

Fair gardens, with their many blossom'd alleys,
And red, ripe roses breathing out perfume ;
Deep violet nooks in green, sequester'd valleys,
Empurpled o'er with bloom.

Sunset that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches,
Turning their dusky glooms to glittering gold ;
Moonlight that on the river's fern-fringed beaches
Stream'd white-ray'd, silvery cold.

O'er moorlands bleak we wander weary-hearted,
Through many a tangled, wild, and thorny maze,
Remembering, as in dreams, the days departed,
The bygone, happy days.

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Moore.

OH ! breathe not his name ; let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

CHILDHOOD's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago ;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening glow—
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
When my young heart, pure and free,
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow
In the cottage by the sea.
Joyful hail'd, etc.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining
Round the old and rustic door ;
And, below, the white beach shining,
Where I gather'd shells of yore ;
Hears my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee ;
And I feel again life's morning
In the cottage by the sea.
And I feel, etc.

What though years have roll'd above me,
Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home !
And when life's long day is closing,
Oh ! how pleasant would it be,
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage by the sea.
On some, etc.

SWEETHEART.

Claxson Bellamy.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

I STAND beneath the trysting tree
Where we so often met,
The distant years come back to me,
Awhile they linger yet.
The moon is shining from above
Her radiance far and near,
Once more I whisper of my love,
Once more you blushing hear.
Oh ! Love, do you recall them,
The days of long ago,
When, ling'ring in the twilight,
We whisper'd soft and low ?
Oh ! Love, do you recall them,
Those dear old times of yore,
The vows we fondly plighted
Of love for evermore ?

The bells ring out upon the hill,
The moonbeams brighter grow,
The birds' sweet notes the woodlands fill,
As hand in hand we go.
The heart that once I gave to thee
Is thine, sweetheart, to-day ;
And mem'ries sweetly linger,
They can never fade away.
Oh ! Love, do you recall them,
The days of long ago,
When, ling'ring in the twilight,
We whisper'd soft and low ?
Oh ! Love, do you recall them,
Those dear old times of yore,
The vows we fondly plighted
Of love for evermore ?

A HEART OF GOLD.

Clifton Bingham.

By kind permission of W. Whittingham, 13, Little Marlborough Street, London.

ONLY a token old
Giv'n to me long ago,
Fashion'd in antique gold,
Shape of a heart, you know !
Mine, with its mem'ries dear,
Mine, it is still to-day,
Ever a voice anear,
Speaking of years away !
Only a token old
Giv'n to me long ago,
Fashion'd in antique gold,
Shape of a heart, you know !

Where is the hand that gave ?
Where are the eyes that shone,
Tender and bright and brave,
Back in the days ago ?
Ah ! they are shining still,
Mine yet that hand to hold,
Loyal through good or ill,
Now, as then, true as gold !

Only a token, etc.

Only a heart of gold
Beating with love divine ;
Made, by that gift of old,
Once and for ever mine :
Mine, as the years depart,
Mine, till the tale is told,
Dear though the golden heart,
Dearest that heart of gold !

Only a token, etc.

NORA O'NEAL.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

Oh ! I am lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye ;
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

Oh ! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
My love I will never conceal ;
Oh ! I am lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.

Oh ! the nightingale sings in the wild wood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learn'd from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.

Oh ! don't think, etc.

Oh ! why should I weep tears of sorrow ?
Or why let my hope lose its place ?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face ?
Will you meet me ? Oh ! say, will you meet me
With a kiss, at the foot of the lane ?
And I'll promise, whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.

Oh ! don't think, etc.

I'VE JOURNEY'D OVER MANY LANDS.

E. Fitball.

I've journey'd over many lands,
I've sail'd on every sea—
Vast Egypt's parch'd and burning sands
No strangers are to me :
But 'neath the Indian cot,
And the wide Atlantic sky,
Dear maid, thou'lt never be forgot,
Nor the fire of thy bright eye.

My home has been the mountain steep,
The desert cave my bed,
When the winds have wafted me to sleep,
And cool'd my aching head :
But yet the iron grasp of care
Hath never dared to press,
The sunshine of thy smile was there,
In memory to bless.

DON'T FORGET ME, DARLING.

T. P. Westerndorf.

DON'T forget me, little darling,
Though we may be far apart :
May I hope that in the future
I can claim your loving heart ?

Oft at night I dream about you,
Brightest visions come and go ;
Yes, I sometimes dream you love me,
Tell me, darling, is it so ?

Don't forget me, little darling,
Though we may be far apart :
May I hope that in the future
I may claim your loving heart ?

Years ago, my little darling,
When we were but girl and boy,
This sweet dream of love came o'er me,
Filling all my life with joy.

And since then I've long'd to tell you,
How I've loved you every day,
How each happy smile you gave me
Drove my sorrows all away.

When the stars are shining, darling,
And I'm far away from thee,
Then I wonder if you're thinking
Of the hours you've pass'd with me.

I am here beside you waiting,
Look up, darling, ere we part,
Don't forget me, little darling :
May I claim your loving heart ?

FORGET HIM !

B. Farmer.

FORGET him ! oh, how little they
Who counsel thus can know the feeling
Which grav'd his image on this heart,
And through its inmost core is stealing.

Forget him ! they have never felt
The wild and throbbing pulse which tells
Where love hath o'erturn'd reason's throne,
And monarch of the bosom dwells.

Forget him ! yes, should madness pluck
Fond memory from this tortured brain,
Perchance, in mental darkness lost,
The vision ne'er may come again.

But while, as now, each varied sense,
True to its idol, worships on,
This faithful heart shall be its shrine,
When every other feeling's gone !

FORGET NOT YOUR KATHLEEN.

S. W. New.

FORGET not your Kathleen
When on the wide sea ;
Remember, dear Dennis,
She lives but for thee.
I know that 'tis duty
Alone bids you go,
And leave me behind ye
In sorrow and woe.

Though far you may wander
From home and from me,
My blessings and prayers
Shall be ever with thee.
In good or in evil,
In each changing scene,
Remember me, dearest,
Forget not Kathleen.

Forget not your Kathleen
Where'er you may roam,
Nor kind hearts that love ye—
The old friends at home.
Remember, dear love,
In the hour of distress,
When dangers surround thee,
Or sorrows oppress,

Though fortune frown on thee,
Your Kathleen will smile,
And a home you will find
In your own native isle.
In storm or in sunshine,
In each changeable scene,
Remember me, Dennis—
Forget not Kathleen.

OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE TIME?

Oh! don't you remember the time
When you gather'd the cowslips for me,
And I trembled to see you up climb
To the nest in the old apple tree?
Oh! don't you remember the time
When we had a great festival day,
And you taught me your earliest rhyme,
And crown'd me the Queen of the May?
Yes, I feel that you cannot forget,
From your lips I need ask no reply;
For the light of old happiness yet
Beams out like a star from your eye.

Oh! don't you remember the time
When, after an absence of years,
We met 'neath the shade of the lime,
And you whisper'd your hopes and your fears?
And don't you remember the time
When we sat by the river alone,
And we heard the bells distantly chime,
And you said—but that time is all gone.
And I see that you do not forget,
From your lips I need ask no reply;
For the light of old happiness yet
Shines out through the tear in your eye.

THE DEAR ONES OVER THE SEA.

STILL in my heart sweet memories,
Dreams of loved ones far away,
Each thought like a bird still flies o'er the deep,
Fondly in visions we meet to-day.
Oh, do they miss me now in your home?
There I am longing once more to be;
Take me again, I sigh while I roam,
Back to the dear ones over the sea.

Back to the dear ones over the sea,
Bright are the smiles that are waiting for me;
One fair beaming star guides me from afar
Back to the dear ones beyond the sea.

Where is there love so constant and true?
Where is the gladness that met me there?
The skies of my home were sunny and blue,
Beaming above me so sweet and fair.
Still they are calling, sighing in vain,
Fond is the message they sent to me.
Winds of the deep, oh! waft me again
Back to the dear ones over the sea.

Back to the dear ones etc.

THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME.

You need not check the thoughts that rise with darkness wrapt about them,
For gazing in your earnest eyes, my heart can almost doubt them ;
Yet hush my whispers when you may, such chidings do not fret me :
Ah ! no, I only fear the day, the day when you'll forget me.

You call me sweet and tender names, and softly smooth my tresses,
And all the while my happy heart beats time to your caresses :
You love me in your tender way, I answer as you let me ;
But ah ! there comes another day, the day when you'll forget me.

I know that every fleeting hour is mark'd by thoughts I bring you,
I know there dwells a subtle power in the sweet songs I sing you,
I do not fear the darkest way, with those dear arms about me :
Ah ! no, I only dread the day when you can live without me.

And still you call me tender names, and softly smooth my tresses ;
And still my happy answering heart beats time to your caresses.
Hush ! let me put that touch away, and clasp your hands above me ;
So while I ask to die that day, the day you do not love me.

FORGET THEE ?

Rev. John Moultrie.

"FORGET thee ?"—If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day ;
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot.

"Forget thee ?"—Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune ;
"Forget thee ?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew ;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land" and its "mountains wild and blue" ;
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remember'd spot :
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot !

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace still calm and fancy free ;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me ;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh ! bid not mine to rove,
But let it muse in humble faith and uncomplaining love ;
If these preserved for patient years at last avail me not,
Forget me then :—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot !

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE ?

W. Collins.

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest ?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod !

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes—a pilgrim grey—
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell—a weeping hermit—there !

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

LOVE'S SUMMER-TIME.

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

THE rippling river murmur'ing flow'd along,
The air was laden with the breath of flowers,
High over head the lark in heavenly song
Pour'd forth his heart in praise of golden hours.
We heard the sound of distant bells achime,
Across the meadow floating soft and low,
Ah me! dear heart, it was love's summer-time,
The day our vows were made so long ago.

Dear heart, it was love's summer-time,
Till parting brought its bitter pain,
But we shall meet in a fairer clime,
And know the love of old again.

The summer pass'd, the skies were cold and drear,
And like a flower that bends before the blast,
I saw you fade, dear heart, you could not stay,
Our dream of love was all too bright to last.
But far across the fields of light thou'lt wait
Until my lonely pilgrimage is o'er,
And we shall meet beside the golden gate,
Love's perfect summer ours for evermore.

Dear heart, etc.

REMEMBER'D OR FORGOTTEN?

William Pritchard.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

I FEEL my heart with hope and gladness beating,
And all my soul is fill'd with joy divine,
As once again I hear thy voice in greeting,
And see thine eyes gaze as of old in mine.
My love for thee has lasted unabating
Through all life's changes, whether good or ill;
Then, tell me, was it vain, this weary waiting?
Am I forgotten or remember'd still?

Oh, say not time has caused thy love to falter
And take back all it gave long years ago,
Or at the fairer shrine of some new altar
A sweeter bliss thou hast been taught to know.
My heart is faint and sighs with anxious yearning
For but one word all fears and doubts to kill;
Then tell me I, who plead with passion burning,
Am not forgotten, but remember'd still.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Pread.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
How my childhood fled by—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care ;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.

I remember, etc.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radiant flowers
Were coronals for me.
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair ;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.

I remember, etc.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came
With a lily or a cherry,
Or a new invented game ;
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there ;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.

I remember, etc.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

J. B. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

'Tis years since last we met,
And we may not meet again ;
I have struggled to forget,
But the struggle was in vain :
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will ;
In the midnight, on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep :
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill ;
And when I from sleep arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath :
Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill ;
Yet her presence is not flown,—
Her bright smile haunts me still.

FOND MEMORIES OF HOME.

FOND memories we cherish still,
Within our bosoms' store,
That softly come and go at will,
Like wavelets on the shore :
They bring perhaps no castle wall,
With turrets high, and dome ;
But just a lowly cot is all
In memories of home.

Fond memories of home,
Dear memories of home ;
They linger near to bless and cheer,
Fond memories of home.

They bring to us the rosy hours,
And scenes of long ago,
When happy through the paths of flowers
We wander to and fro.
We hear each loving voice once more,
While far from home we roam,
As sweet as in the days of yore,
With memories of home.

Fond memories, etc.

They bring a mother's loving face,
From out the faded past,
That nothing ever can efface,
While memory shall last.
They hold us in their mystic spell,
On land or on the foam ;
For dearer than our life can tell
Are memories of home.

Fond memories, etc.

EILY MAVOURNEEN.

From "The Lily of Killarney."

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

EILY Mavourneen, I see thee before me,
Fairer than ever with Death's pallid hue;
Mortal thou art not, I humbly adore thee,
Yea, with a love which thou knowest is true.
Look'st thou in anger? Ah! no such a feeling
E'er in thy too gentle heart had a place;
Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,
Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.

Once would my heart, with the wildest emotion,
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou
Now I regard thee with deep calm devotion,
Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.
Though in this world were so cruelly blighted
All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,
Soon in a holier region united,
Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part.

GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

Thomas Ward.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

I REMEMBER where, when starry light
Shone with soften'd glow,
Side by side we stray'd one summer night,
Years and years ago;
The night-flowers shed a fragrance sweet,
I clasp'd in mine your hand;
Ah! come to-night, that we may meet
Again in Eden-land:
'Twas our Eden-land, that starry light,
Love! I loved you so!
Though we met to part that summer night,
Golden years ago.

Now the starry light has pass'd and died,
All the flowers are gone,
But my spirit wanders by your side,
While the years roll on;
I long to hear your whisper sweet,
To clasp again your hand;
Ah, love, I wait until we meet
In heaven's fair Eden-land:
'Twas our Eden-land, etc.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

John Legge.

Published in the Keys of B Flat, C, D, and E Flat.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung!
We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we were boys together.

There's gladness in remembrance, John,
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some loved ones one by one,
And turn'd our wreaths of heather
In fancy as we've deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.

Since we were, etc.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley,
8, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

You are going far away—far away from poor Jeannette !
There's no one left to love me now, and you too may forget !
But my heart will still be with you, wherever you may go :
Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot ?
When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cockade,
I fear that you'll soon forget all the promises you've made ;
With your gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady and be making her your bride !

When glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you my happiness is gone ;
Should you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be—
Though I am proud to think of that, what will become of me ?
Oh ! were I Queen of France, or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home ;
All the world should be at peace, or should kings assert the right,
I'd have those that made the quarrels be the only men to fight.

JEANNOT AND JEANNETTE.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

CHEER up, cheer up, my own Jeannette, though far away I go,
In all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jeannot ;
And if I win both fame and gold, ah ! be not so unkind
As think I could forget you in the home I leave behind.
There's not a lady in the land, even though she were a queen,
Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, so true as you have been ;
There must be gallant warriors, chance hath cast the lot on me,
But mind you this, the soldier, love, shall no deserter be

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame
Has been the battle-field, where men might win themselves a name ;
And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brightest shone,
When looking on some warrior bold return'd from battle won !
And would you put an end to deeds which ladies love so well,
And have no tales of valour left for history to tell ?
The soldier's is a noble trade ! Jeannette, then rail no more,
Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd be an end of war.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

T. Haynes Bayly.

You do not now remember
This ribbon, once so gay ;
And yet it was your own gift
Upon our wedding-day.
You had no gems to offer,
I never sigh'd for them ;
I prized this little love-knot
Beyond the brightest gem.

I thought you would not know it,
Alas ! 'tis faded now !
No longer fit to flutter
Upon a bridal brow :
Yet once a year I'll wear it,
If triflers scorn its hue ;
I'll tell them I'm as happy
As when this knot was new.

I'VE TRIED NOT TO LOVE THEE.

I'VE tried not to love thee—
To drive from my heart
Each sweet recollection
With which I should part:
The one gleam of sunshine
My life has e'er known,
Thy smile, and the music
Thy voice made alone.

I've tried not, etc.

I may never more see thee,
And hope may depart;
But why should I banish
Thy love from my heart?
'Tis all that you've left me,—
The one golden beam
Of light, to illumine
Life's future dark stream.

I've tried not, etc.

DISTANCE PARTS NOT LOVING SOULS.

Edgar Trew.

MAGGIE dear, you'll not forget me,
When I'm roaming far away?
Say you'll not forget your laddie,
Cheer me on this parting day.
Maggie, all my heart is with thee,
Though a world between us rolls;
Maggie, say you'll not forget me,
Distance parts not loving souls.

Maggie, all my heart is with thee,
Though a world between us rolls;
Maggie, say you'll not forget me,
Distance parts not loving souls.

Remember, Maggie, how I loved you,
Since we were but girl and boy;
How we bound our hearts together,
Playing with our childish toys;
How you promised then to be my
Loving little wife some day;
Maggie darling, don't forget this,
When I'm roaming far away.

Maggie, all my heart, etc.

Maggie, I shall soon return, love,
Then to claim your hand and heart;
And to live together, darling,
Until death us two shall part.
Though the days may seem as years, love,
And the world is hard and cold;
Maggie, say you'll not forget, dear,
Distance parts not loving souls.

Maggie, all my heart, etc.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys,
67, Berners Street, London.

WE have lived and loved together
Through many changing years—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsoothed by thee,—
For thy smile can make a summer
Where darkness else would be.

For thy smile, etc.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers.
And though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range,
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We both can speak, etc.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years—
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future
As the past hath been shall be:
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

I will share, etc.

I THINK OF THEE—I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me ;
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
And all around is desolate,
I pour on life's tempestuous sea
The oil of peace, with thoughts of thee.

When fortune frowns, and hope deceives
me,
And summer friendship veers and leaves
me
A Timon—from the world I flee,
My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of
thee.

Or if I join the careless crowd,
Where Laughter peals, and Mirth grows
loud,
Even in my hours of revelry,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee—I think and sigh
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by !
And mourn the stern, severe decree
That hath but left me thoughts of thee.

In youth's gay hours, 'mid pleasure's
bowers,
When all was sunshine, mirth, and flowers,
We met—I bent th' adoring knee,
And told a tender tale to thee.

'Twas summer's eve : the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air, were full of love ;
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breathed that tale to thee.

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye !
The stirring shore, and sleeping sea,
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee.

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear,—
Thy answer was a blush and tear ;
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee.

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifed sigh ;
I clasp'd thy hand, and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee.

The scene and hour are past ; yet still
Remains a deep, impassion'd thrill ;
A sunset glow on memory,
Which kindles at a thought of thee.

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell !
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee.

Though years, long years, have darkly sped
Since thou wert number'd with the dead,
In fancy oft thy form I see,
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee.

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth,
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth :
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet, but mournful thoughts of thee.

The bitter frown of friends estranged ;
The chilling straits of fortune changed :
All this, and more, thou'st borne for me,
Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will—I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory ;
In weal or woe, in gloom or glee,
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.

WE WERE BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.

We were boys and girls together,
In that happy, happy time,
When the spirit's light shone brightest,
And the heart was in its prime ;
Ere the morning light was clouded
That beam'd upon our youth,
And the chill of worldly knowledge
Had blighted childhood's truth.

We were boys and girls together,
In that happy, happy time,
When the spirit's light shone brightest,
And the heart was in its prime.

We were boys and girls together,
When the step was firm and light,
When the voice was clear and ringing,
And the laughing eyes were bright ;
Then our love sought no concealment,
And our bosoms knew no art,
And the sunshine of our childhood
Cast no shadow on the heart.

We were boys, etc.

EILEEN ALLANAH.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll Street, London.

EILEEN Allanah, Eileen Asthore,
Light of my soul and its queen evermore,
It seems years have linger'd since last we did part,
Eileen Allanah, the pride of my heart.
Oh ! darling, loved one, your dear smile I miss ;
My lips seem to cling to that sweet parting kiss.
Mavourneen, thy dear face I see at the door,
Eileen Allanah ! Eileen Asthore !
Eileen Allanah ! Eileen Asthore !

The ocean's blue waters wash'd by the shore
Of that dear land of Shamrock, where thou dost abide,
Waiting the day when I'll call you my bride.
God bless you, darling, I know you are true,
True to the boy who would die now for you.

My heart is bleeding to its innermost core !
Eileen Allanah ! Eileen Asthore !
Faithful I'll be to thee, Colleen I adore,
Eileen Allanah ! Eileen Asthore !

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME? THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys,
67, Berners Street, London.

Do you ever think of me, love,
Do you ever think of me,
When I am far away from thee, love,
With my bark upon the sea ?

My thoughts are ever turning
To thee, where'er I roam ;
And my heart is ever yearning
For the quiet scenes of home.

Then tell me, do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to him who never
Can cease to think of thee ?

When sailing o'er the billows
Do you think I once forget
The streamlet and the willows
Beneath whose shade we met ?

No ! I fancy thou art near me,
And I often breathe a sigh,
When the waves alone can hear me,
And the winds alone reply.

Then tell me, do you ever,
When my bark is on the sea,
Give a thought to him who never
Can cease to think of thee ?

How sweet to call to mind again
The joys of former years,
Ere yet a sigh could tell of pain,
Or dim the eyes with tears ;
When love and friendship, hand in hand,
Upon our pathway smiled,
And pleasure with her fairy wand
Each passing care beguiled.

Sweet dream of youth, dear to my heart,
Linger around me, never depart.

How sweet to think of early friends,
The gentle and the true ;
Though changes often sadly came,
Their hearts no changes knew ;
Their kindly voice would charm away
The clouds by sorrow driven,
And gently o'er the darkest day
Throw sunny hues of heaven.
Sweet dream of youth, etc.

How sweet to think of friends who sleep
Within their narrow home ;
How sweet the tears that mem'ry weeps
When thoughtful and alone—
But sweeter far the hope that points
With radiance to "on high" ;
Love, born on earth, shall never change,
But live beyond the sky.

Sweet dream of youth, etc.

THE LANE THAT LED TO SCHOOL.

S. N. Mitchell.

My thoughts are wandering back to-day
On joyous scenes of yore,
The merry boys and girls at play
Around the cottage door.
I see the mossy, winding wall,
The meadow, brook, and pool;
But sweetest vision of them all,
The lane that led to school.

I see again the winding wall,
The meadow, brook, and pool;
But sweetest vision of them all,
The lane that led to school.

The birds are singing just as sweet
Upon the chestnut boughs,
The youthful lovers as they meet
Exchange the olden vows;
I see the fields in verdant gown,
And feel the breezes cool
That used to blow so gently down
The lane that led to school.

I see again, etc.

The woods are ringing far and near
With shouts of boyish glee;
The girlish voices that I hear
Renew sweet youth in me;
I hear the old familiar song,
And see the crippled stool,
While in my dreams I walk along
The lane that led to school.

I see again, etc.

OH! WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!

Mark-Lemon.

Oh! would I were a boy again!
When life seem'd form'd of sunny hours,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient showers;
When every tale hope whisper'd then
My fancy deem'd was only truth—
Oh, would that I could know again
The happy visions of my youth!

Oh, would I were, etc.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown
How false these fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known
The burden of a fleeting tear.
But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer prized as truth,
And memory still delights to bring
The happy visions of my youth!

Oh, would I were, etc.

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

WE'RE growing old together, love,
There's silver in your hair;
We've tasted joy and happiness,
And life has had its care;
But still I look into your eyes,
And still see there, I know,
The love light I saw beaming there
Some thirty years ago.

Our spring and summer days are past,
The autumn leaves are here;
We're growing old together, love,
And winter snow is near.

We're growing old together, dear,
But love is just as green
As when I was but twenty-three
And you were seventeen.
Our little ones have left our home,
But it was ever so;
They're telling now the tales we told
Some thirty years ago.

Our spring, etc.

We're growing old together, dear,
And there will come a day,
When one will be left here to mourn
And one be call'd away:
But we shall meet again, my dear,
Though we part here below,
As surely as at first we met
Some thirty years ago.

Our spring, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME.

In the sky the bright stars glitter'd,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hush'd the sound of daylight's bustle,
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernel;
All along the moss-grown woodpatch,
Where the cattle love to roam,
From Aunt Patty's quibbling party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly flutter'd
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And her cheek—the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow;
'Mid her parted lips vermilion,
White teeth flash'd like ocean foam:
All I marked, with pulses throbbing,
While I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
Turning all its leaves to gold,
On the lawn by alders shaded,
I my love to Nelly told.
As we stood together gazing
On the stars' bespangled dome,
How I bless'd the August evening
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hair mingles with my tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow,
But my love's smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now.
Matron, in the snowy kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come,
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

MY BOYHOOD'S DREAM.

Dr. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

SHE was my boyhood's dream, and yet
Not then her worth I knew;
'Twas but as playmates first we met,
Yet she was kind and true;
I loved to see her waving curls,
Her bright eyes' sunny beam:
Oh, happy days! when boys and girls
Of merry meetings dream.

We parted without a thought
We e'er should meet again;
But time roll'd on, and then I sought
Once more my native glen;
And though for years we had not met,
The same bright sunny beam
That sparkled through each lash of jet
Recall'd my boyhood's dream.

It may be that our youthful days
To her were memories dear,
I'or when I turn'd on her my gaze,
She scarce could hide a tear;
I whisper'd fondly, trusting still,
Ah! need I name the theme?
The sweetest thought my mind can fill
Is still my boyhood's dream.

SHADOWS OF THE LONG AGO.

S. N. Mitchell.

FACES that I used to cherish
Long have faded from my sight;
And I miss the pretty glances,
Miss the eyes that were so bright:
Oh, how fondly I remember
One who said she loved me so,
While the flitting visions bring me
Shadows of the long ago.

Faces that I used to cherish,
Lips that whisper'd soft and low,
Come in flitting visions to me,
Shadows of the long ago.

Voices that so fondly mingled
Now are silent as the tomb;
And I miss the merry maidens—
Miss their cheeks of rosy bloom:
Now and then a something tells me
Of a heart that had its woe:
And the flitting visions bring me
Shadows of the long ago.

Faces that, etc.

Ringlets that were bright as sunshine
Float no longer on the breeze;
And I miss the loving kisses—
Miss my darling 'neath the trees.
Oft I think I hear her calling,
Where the brooklets gently flow;
And the flitting visions bring me
Shadows of the long ago.

Faces that, etc.

Songs about Hearts.

THE CAPTIVE GREEK GIRL.

Miss Purdoe.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co. 192 High Holborn, London.

OH, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing !
A riderless steed o'er the desert plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding :
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world, and its proud ones, and dares to be free !

Oh ! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the eye or the lip of a beautiful one,
But the frown and the force, with its impulse contending,
Ever find it, as adamant, cold and unbending :
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruin, it dares to be free !

STOP THIEF !

STOP thief ! my heart has gone astray,
And I think I descry,
In yon fair lady's eye,
The delinquent who stole it away.
When it left its own breast
It was clad in a vest
Of true love, unsullied and bright,
And nought from its home
Could induce it to roam,
But the lustre of loveliest light.
Stop thief, etc.

Stop thief ! return my heart, I pray :
I would willingly give,
But pray, how can I live
If my heart be thus stolen away ?
Do but think of my love,
And the loss it would prove—
Then restore it—and yet 'twere in vain,
For it is my belief
That each eye holds a thief
That would steal it again and again.
Stop thief, etc.

POOR HEART, BE STILL !

Mrs. Hervey.

BE still, be still, poor human heart,
What fitful fever shakes thee now ?
The earth's most lovely things depart—
And what art thou ?
Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,
Thy blossoms first with poison fill ;
To sorrow born, for suffering made,
Poor heart ! be still.
Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet ;
Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter ;
The flower that decks the shrine, though
sweet,
Dies on its altar :
And thou, more changeful than the cloud,
More restless than the wandering rill,
Like that lone flower in silence bow'd,
Poor heart ! be still.

BELIEVE MY SIGHS.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe my heart you've won !
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone !
You say I'm fickle, apt to change
At every face that's new ;
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er loved one like you !
My heart was once a flake of ice,
Till thaw'd by your bright eyes !
Then warm'd and kindled in a trice,
A flame that never dies !
Then take and try me, and you'll find
A heart that's kind and true !
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er loved one like you

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SIDE BY SIDE TO THE BETTER LAND.

H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

SIDE by side in the far away,
Happy children we used to play;
Sorrow had never hush'd our song,
For our life was young;
Hand in hand we at morning stray'd,
Side by side in the twilight pray'd,
Weaving fetters 'twixt heart and heart
That earth or heaven may never part!
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
Side by side to the better land.

Side by side where the shadows flit,
Hand in hand we together sit,—
Watching the light fade out from the west
As we pass to rest.

Side by side through the vale of night,
Love shall make it a path of light;
Side by side till the day shall break,
And angel voices shall bid us awake!
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
Side by side in the better land.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

J. E. Carpenter.

MY lady boasts her diamonds
To deck her raven hair;
My humble village beauty
No costly gems can wear;
Yet both are bright and Queen-like,
And well they play their parts,
But one's the Queen of Diamonds,
And one the Queen of Hearts.

MY lady has her carriage
In which abroad she rides,
But you shall see my dear one
As through the dance she glides;
No ray of dazzling brightness
Her sunny brow imparts,
But her eyes are more than diamonds,
And she's the Queen of Hearts.

I would not have my lady
To share her glittering throne,
I would not boast a jewel
I could not call my own;
Though she a lord could make me,
Give all that wealth imparts,
I'd yield the Queen of Diamonds
To take my Queen of Hearts.

KATHLEEN, THE PULSE OF MY HEART.

WHEN first, my sweet Kathleen, I met thee,
In the sunny May morn of my youth,
And vow'd I would never forget thee,
That promise was sacred as truth.
Years roll'd and their memories faded,
And friends from old feelings depart—
No tear hath thy young eyelids shaded,
Sweet Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

Though fortune hath sometimes been cruel
And tempted our griefs to repine—
Yet still we had comforts, my jewel,
Whilst love on our sorrows did shine.
The tempest that rages without us
No fears to our joys can impart—
While hope and bright looks beam about us,
Dear Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

Oh! were I of thrones the possessor,
My soft dove, I'd make her my queen;
All nations for goodness should bless her,
And worship her beauty when seen.
Thou'rt now but my innocent daisy,
A flower without culture or art,
With naught but these fond lips to praise
thee,
Dear Kathleen, the pulse of my heart.

PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

Sir John Suckling.

I PRITHEE, send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?
Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?
But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
Then I am most in doubt.
Then farewell care and farewell woe;
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Songs about Broken Hearts.

THE FIRE KING.

M. Foreman.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London

THE Fire King rose with a mighty voice,
And summon'd his slaves around;
They crept to his feet from their smould'ring caves,
And crouch'd on the burning ground—Ho! Ho!
He bade them go to the east and west,
To the limits of earth and sea,
To blight the lives which the earth loves best,
And to scatter misery—Ho! Ho!
Raging and roaring they go—
Demons of pain in the Fire King's train—Ho! Ho!
Leaping and curling like snakes they speed,
Darting and flying like captives freed:
Hearts must be broken and hearts will bleed.

Away, away, where the weary slept,
And the dreams of night were sweet,
The smoke crept on with its stealthy step,
And on crept the burning heat—Ho! Ho!
No prayer, no tear their rage could quell,
Higher, still bounding higher,
Till the street was fill'd with the blinding cloud,
And the awful cry of "Fire"—Ho! Ho!
Raging and roaring they go—
Demons of pain in the Fire King's train—Ho! Ho!
Leaping and curling like snakes they speed,
Darting and flying like captives freed:
Hearts must be broken and hearts will bleed.

Away, away, on the rolling main,
Where a fair ship sights the land,
The Fire King travell'd, and in his train
Rode death and his mighty band—Ho! Ho!
They lit up the woe on the dying face
That would smile on the land no more.
Demons of pain in the Fire King's train,
Their midnight task is o'er—Ho! Ho!
Then back to their smould'ring caves they speed,
The Fire King laughs at the wanton deed:
Hearts must be broken, and hearts will bleed.

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Alice Gray.

Mrs. P. Millard.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn, London.

SHE'S all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely ! she's divine !
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine :
Yet loved I as man never loved,
A love without decay ;—
Oh ! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark-brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white ;
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight :
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turn'd away :—
Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side,
For her I'd stem the flood—
For her I'd dare the battle strife,
Though I seal'd it with my blood.
By night I'd watch her slumbers,
And tend her steps by day ;
But scorn'd is the heart that beats
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast ;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past ;
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
" Oh ! his heart—his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray."

**HER CHEEK WAS OF THE
ROSE'S DYE.**

HER cheek was of the rose's dye,
Her lip the ruby's hue,
And once her soft, celestial eye
Beam'd heaven's own brilliant blue.
Her raven tresses floated o'er
A brow of stainless snow ;
Her smile of sweet enchantment wore
Joy's captivating glow.

But now, alas ! the rose is fled—
The lily triumphs there,
And lingers o'er that beauteous head
The withering blight of care.
A shade upon that brow is seen,
A sadness in that eye,—
That 'trancing smile, that joyous mien,
Have flown for ever by.

'Tis pain to read in every trace
The omens of decay ;
'Tis grief to mark each youthful grace
Thus early flee away.
But vain ! oh, vain ! is human art
To lighten her despair ;
Deep in her chill'd and broken heart,
Love's monument is there.

**I'LL NOT BEGUILÉ THEE
FROM THY HOME.**

Charles Selby.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

BREAK ! break, my heart ! I'll ne'er behold
thee more
For ever we must part—the magic spell
is o'er.

I'll not beguile thee from thy home ;
For me thou shalt not friends resign,
Or exiled from thy kindred roam,
In other climes to grieve and pine.
No, no, no, no ;
Too dearly do I love thee !

I'll not beguile thee from thy home ;
No, no, no.

Though losing thee I bid farewell
To every hope and every joy !
Think not I wish thee here to dwell
If 'twould thy happiness destroy.
No, no, no, no ;
Too dearly do I love thee !

I would not wish thee here to dwell ;
No, no, no.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Moore.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his Love—for his Country he died !
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his Country be dried,
Nor long will his Love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West—
From her own lovèd Island of Sorrow !

FISHERMAN, ANSWER ME !

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

" FISHERMAN, answer me, why so lonely
Sailing away when the boats come home ? "
" I have a little one, I must find him,
Out where the sunset kindles the foam.
Dying, he talk'd to the wild, green water,
Out of his window he saw the green spray :
How should the daisies have power to hold him ?
Somewhere the seagulls watch him at play."

" Fisherman, answer me, why so lonely
Sailing away when the boats come home ? "
" I have a little one, I must find him,
Out where the sunset kindles the foam."

" Empty and cold is the land without him,
Empty and dry must it ever be ;
Let me alone, for the sea consoles me—
Soft is the foam where he waits for me.
Empty and cold is the house without him,
Empty and dark through the open door—
Will he not laugh when he hears me coming,
Coming to carry him home once more ? "

Bars of wet sunshine the boat dash'd over,
Shaking her sails into sheets of gold—
Home through the moonlight she darkly drifted,
Rocking at random, empty and cold.

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GONE IS THE CALMNESS.

Alfred Bunn.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

GONE is the calmness,
Far from my heart,
Which could such feelings
Of joy impart.
Not all the splendour
Rank can attain
Ever can render
Its peace again.

Gone is the calmness,
Far from my heart,
Which could such feelings
Of joy impart.

Hope may, with plumage
Bright on its wing,
Flutter a moment,
Uncertain thing!
Painting a prospect
Never to be;
Showing a future
We ne'er can see!

Gone is, etc.

THE DISTANT SHORE.

W. S. Gilbert.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

A MAIDEN sat at her door,
And sigh'd as she look'd at the sea—
"I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore
A-dying for news of me."
And the Wind was a-listening near,
And saw that the maid was fair,
So the kind Wind whisper'd a hope in
her ear,
As he play'd with her bright brown hair.

"Be of good cheer, sweet heart,
I fly to that distant shore:
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,
Ever and evermore."

The maiden dried her eyes,
And a smile shone over her face,
For she saw bright hope in the changing
skies

As the Wind flew off apace.
And she bade the kind Wind good speed;
"Hurry, oh Wind!" said she,
"Oh, say that I love him indeed and indeed,"
And the Wind cried over the sea:—

"Be of good cheer, dear heart,
I fly to that distant shore:
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well,
Ever and evermore."

The Wind tore over the wave,
Scattering ocean spray,
But alack! the lover he flew to save
He met on his homeward way.
And his good ship sank in the gale,
And every soul beside,
And the Wind came sobbing to tell the tale,
And the maiden droop'd and died.

"Be of good cheer, poor heart,
At rest on a distant shore
Where thou and thy love walk hand
in hand
Ever and evermore."

OH, CAST THAT SHADOW FROM THY BROW.

Letitia E. Landon.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn, London.

OH, cast that shadow from thy brow!
My dark-eyed love, be glad awhile;
Has Leila's song no music now?
Is there no spell in Leila's smile?
There are wild roses in my hair,
And spring and morn are in their
bloom,
But you have breathed their fragrant air,
As some cold vapour from the tomb.

I took my lute for one sad song,
I sang it though my heart was wrung;
The wild sad notes we've loved so long,
You never smiled though Leila sung!
Nay speak not now, it mocks my heart:
How can hope live when love is o'er?
I only know that we must part,
I only feel we meet no more!

Songs about Tears.

LET YOUR TEARS KISS THE FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE.

John T. Rutledge.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

LET your tears kiss the flowers on my grave
When you pass where they've laid me to rest;
It is all that I wish, that I crave,
For I know that you love me the best.
Breathe a sigh from the depth of your heart,
For the one that has loved you so well;
Let the tears come that unbidden start,
When you kneel by my grave in the dell.

Let your tears kiss the flowers on my grave
When you pass where they've laid me to rest;
It is all that I wish, that I crave,
For I know that you love me the best.

Let your tears kiss the flowers on my grave,
Keep them blooming in mem'ry of me,
Only think of the love that I gave
When I was so happy with thee.
Other faces may grow dear to you,
Ere one short year has pass'd on its way,
But you will not forget one so true:
Will my form in your mem'ry decay?
Let your tears, etc.

Let your tears kiss the flowers on my grave
When you kneel at my lone grave above;
Linger there with a sigh, this I crave
From the heart of the one that I love.
I will soon be forgotten, when dead,
By the many that once were so dear,
But above my lone grave will you tread,
And give to my mem'ry a tear.
Let your tears, etc.

SWEET WOMAN'S PITTING TEAR.

J. W. Lake.

WHATE'ER our lot in life may prove,
Let fortune smile or frown,
Oh! ne'er forget that woman's love
Is honour, wealth, renown!

When hopes like fading leaves depart,
She shines an angel fair,
For every pang that rends the heart
Sweet woman has a tear.

The world it is a bitter one,
And govern'd still by gold;
But love in woman's breast begun,
Clings like the ivy's fold.

Her heart is pity's pure domain,
Her home an Eden fair;
For every human grief and pain
Sweet woman has a tear.

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OH! WHY SHOULD THE GIRL OF MY SOUL BE IN TEARS?

Thomas Moore.

OH! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past, and the sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?
Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?
Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

TEARS.

John Sherer.

TEARS, what are they? falling blessings,
Easing hearts though dimming eyes;
Offspring oft of our transgressings
Of the law that beautifies.

Let them fall, then, in our sorrow,
Let them wash the bonnie cheek:
Where the wounded heart may borrow
Comfort; let it, for 'tis weak.

He that sheds them may be old,
She that sheds them may be young,
But the heart is never cold
Whence they have in silence sprung.

It may be grief, may be gladness,
That in age they emblemise;
But in youth 'tis ever sadness
That doth fill with them our eyes.

Let them fall, then, in our sorrow,
Let them wash the bonnie cheek:
Where the wounded heart may borrow
Comfort; let it, for 'tis weak.

DRIED BE THAT TEAR.

R. B. Sheridan.

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove
More fix'd, more true, than I.
Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Cease hoding doubt, cease anxious fear—
Dried be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long, ah! Delia, can I say
How long my life shall last?
Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least, I'll love thee till I die—
Hush'd be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathed for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here—
Dried be that tear.

YE CUPIDS, DROOP EACH LITTLE HEAD.

Translated by Lord Byron.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.
He was so gentle and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved.

And softly flutt'ring here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrup'd oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

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I WHISPER'D HER A LAST ADIEU.

I WHISPER'D her a last adieu,

I gave a mournful kiss,
Cold showers of sorrow bathed her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
Yet, strange to tell, 'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this;
I saw him, weeping, in her eyes,
I heard him breathe among her sighs;
And every sob which shook her breast
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me it pictured hope, and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,—
That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss.

THE TEAR.

Rogers.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure,
Long should it glitter near the heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye,
Then trembling left its coral cell,
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of virtue shine,
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

Byron.

I SAW thee weep; the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.
I saw thee smile; the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine:
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.
As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky—
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart,
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid, it was her Lindor's tomb.
A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay a dewdrop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.
An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright and frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

WERT THOU LIKE ME.

Sir Walter Scott.

Published by Sheard & Co., 192, High
Holborn, London.

WERT thou like me in life's low vale,
With thee how blest, that lot I'd share,
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
But parted, by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove:
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love!
The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmur ever own.
Nor will I through life's weary years
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love!

Songs about the Departed.

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

LAY the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day!

Voice, whose prattling infant lore
Was the music of our way,
Now is hush'd for evermore—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day!

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!

Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a brighter world than this
Baby lives to-day!

MAMMA, WHERE HAS BABY GONE?

DEAR mamma, where has baby gone,
My little sister dear?
She was our darling little one,
I wish that she was here.
Oh! mamma, do not look so sad,
But give your darling one sweet kiss,
And wipe away those falling tears—
Your happy smiles I do so miss.

Where is my sister? tell me now,
Oh, where is our darling one?
I want to kiss her little face,
So, mamma, where has baby gone?

Dear mamma, is my sister dead?

Why don't you tell me so?
She was so sick, I heard it said:
Oh! when did sister go?
Last night I saw you put away
So tenderly her little toys,
And kiss them o'er and o'er again;
And weep as if you had no joys.

Where is my sister? etc.

Dear child, your little sister's dead,
In death she now does sleep;
Last night to heaven she was led,
'Twas that which made me weep.
Her little cradle over there,
I'll keep it only for her sake;
Indeed this grief I cannot bear,
I feel as if my heart would break.

Where is my sister? etc.

ANNIE MAY.

GONE from the hearts that love her,
Gone from her home away;
Gone in her childish beauty,
Little Annie May.
Gone like the moonlight's glimmer
From off the rippling stream;
Gone like the joyous pictures
Of childhood's glowing dream.

Gone from the hearts that love her,
Gone from her home away;
Gone in her childish beauty,
Little Annie May.

But in a land of beauty,
Of never-fading flowers,
Where care and sorrow come not
(A holier clime than ours),
She dwelleth now, and kneeleth
Beside the throne of God,
In praise to Him that raiseth
The spirit from the sod.

Gone from the hearts, etc.

CRADLE'S EMPTY, BABY'S GONE.

Harry Kennedy.

LITTLE empty cradle, treasured now with care,
Though thy precious burden it has fled;
How we miss the locks of curly golden hair
Peeping from thy tiny snow-white bed.
When the dimpled cheeks and pretty laughing eyes
From the rumpled pillow shone,
Then I gazed with gladness, now I look and sigh,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Baby left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown,
Come to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Near a shady valley stands a grassy mound,
Underneath my little darling sleeps:
Blossoms sweet and roses cluster all around,
Overhead the willow silent weeps.
There I laid my loved one in the long ago,
And my heart doth still sadly moan;
Though she's with the angels, still I fain would weep,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Baby left her cradle, etc.

THE LAST LITTLE WORD THAT BABY SAID.

T. E. Pinder.

KNOW you the depth of a mother's devotion,
Guarding the innocent life of her child?
Ever with fondness she watches each motion,
Joyous the most when her darling has smiled.
Cares may be great, but her path never darkens,
Love is the beacon by which she is led,
All is repaid in that moment she hearkens
The first little word that her baby has said!

There is a joy that's eclipsed by no other,
Light as from Heaven it always has shed,
Dearest of all to the heart of a mother
Is the first little word that her baby has said!

Sad is that mother when home echoes waken
Never again to the sweet childish voice;
Dreary as Eden, by angels forsaken,
Now is the heart that no more can rejoice.
Often she takes in her weak, trembling fingers
Tokens that tell of the one who has fled,
Saddest of all in remembrance there lingers
The last little word that her baby has said!

There is a mem'ry outlasting all other—
Sorrow in vain for the darling who's dead;
Deepest of wounds in the heart of a mother
Is the last little word that her baby has said!

LITTLE SISTER'S GONE TO SLEEP.

LAY her playthings all away;
 She will never need them more:
 Gone, the sunlight of our day—
 Gone to yonder golden shore.
 Clasp her hands upon her breast,
 While we gently round her creep;
 Oh, the still and holy rest!
 Little sister's gone to sleep.
 Gone to yonder happy home;
 Sadly round her bed we weep:
 Angels bade our darling come—
 Little sister's gone to sleep.

Rosy cheeks have grown so pale;
 Ruby lips now speak no words;
 Breath as soft as summer gale,
 Voice as sweet as warbling birds.
 Oh, the stillness all around!
 Oh, the silence lone and deep!
 Tender ears can hear no sound—
 Little sister's gone to sleep.

Gone to yonder, etc.

Years will go, and years will come,
 But the form we loved so well,
 It has vanish'd from our home;—
 How we miss her, none can tell.
 Angels, to their starry home,
 Call'd the gem we could not keep:
 There she waits until we come—
 Little sister's gone to sleep.

Gone to yonder, etc.

IN HER "LITTLE BED" WE LAID HER.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
 192, High Holborn, London.

In her "little bed" we laid her,
 When the roses lost their bloom,
 And a valley grave we made her,
 Close beside her mother's lonely tomb.
 Little birdie sang his sad notes
 As her spirit pass'd away,
 Ere she sought the home of angels
 In the land of perfect day.

Little birdie, sing your sweetest,
 For darling is an angel now;
 She is free from pain and sorrow,
 With love's star upon her heavenly brow.

Far too lovely was our darling
 For this cold and bitter life,
 And, although we weep to miss her,
 She is free from mortal, worldly strife;
 And we dream her angel mother
 Strokes again her darling's head,
 And, amid angelic music,
 Lays her in her little bed.

Little birdie, sing, etc.

Little birdie, sing your sweetest,
 Darling is an angel now;
 She is free from pain and sorrow,
 With love's star upon her heavenly brow.
 Happy child and happy mother,
 Re-united, ne'er to part,
 In the angel home above us,
 Let this cheer the mournful heart.

Little birdie, sing, etc.

LITTLE BENNIE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
 192, High Holborn, London.

ONCE we had a fragrant blossom,
 Full of sweetness, full of love;
 And the angels came and pluck'd it
 For the beauteous realms above.

Little Bennie was our darling,
 Pride of all the hearts at home;
 But the breezes, floating lightly,
 Came and whisper'd, "Bennie, come!"

Tearfully we lowly laid him
 'Neath the grass that grew so green;
 And the form of gentle Bennie
 In our home no more was seen.

Little Bennie, etc.

Years have pass'd, and still we miss him,
 And our hearts ne'er throb with glee,
 And we think of little Bennie,
 Who on earth no more we'll see.

Little Bennie, etc.

Oh! sweet Bennie, when we meet thee
 In the joyous realms above,
 Gladly will we haste to greet thee,
 Filled all our hearts with love.

Little Bennie, etc.

CLOSE THE SHUTTERS, WILLIE'S DEAD.

CLOSE the shutters, Willie's dead,
Whom we loved so dear,
Like a dream his spirit fled
From our home, now sad and drear;
When the springtime flowers are blooming
And the happy birds sang sweet,
Angels call'd him to their home
Up in heaven, where we shall meet.

Close the shutters, Willie's gone;
Hope with him has fled
From our home, now sad and lone:
Close the shutters, Willie's dead.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead,
Gone in childhood's bloom,
Pillow'd now his little head
In the cold and silent tomb.
O'er his grave the daisies blossom,
Where his little form is laid,
And the murmur'ing streamlet plays
'Neath the willow's quiet shade.

Close the shutters, etc.

Close the shutters, Willie's dead;
Death has claim'd him now,
Never more his smile will shed
Sunshine on poor mother's brow.
She is almost broken-hearted,
And our home is sad to day;
Life has lost its hope and joy
Since our Willie's gone away.

Close the shutters, etc.

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

PUT away the little dresses
That the darling used to wear,
She will need them on earth never,
She has climb'd the golden stair;
She is happy with the angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss,
Where her little feet are waiting
In the realm of perfect bliss.

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love, so fair,
That her little feet are lightly
Climbing up the golden stair.

Lay aside her little playthings,
Wet with mother's pearly tears;
How we shall miss little Nellie
All the coming weary years!
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she never more will wear;
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Angels whisper, etc.

Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright golden hair;
Do the angels kiss our darling
In that realm so bright and fair?
Oh! we pray to meet our darling,
For a long, long, sweet embrace,
Where the little feet are waiting,
And we meet her face to face.

Angels whisper, etc.

THE DARLING OF OUR HOME.

BRIGHT as morning sunshine,
Eyes of softest blue!
Hair in fallen tresses,
Tinged with golden hue;
Blushing cheeks, like roses,
Footsteps light and free,
Had our child of beauty,
Little Annie Lee.
When the sun was fading
Slowly in the west,
Softly, sweetly sleeping,
We laid her to rest.

Little blue-eyed Annie,
The darling of our home,
She will never more to us return;
When the sun was fading
Slowly in the west,
Softly, sweetly sleeping,
We laid her to rest.

Gone now is the treasure
From our home and hearth;
Never more to cheer us
With her sweet, childish mirth.
We no more her fair form
On the earth shall see;
She has gone to heaven,
Little Annie Lee.
When the sun was fading
Slowly in the west,
Softly, sweetly sleeping,
We laid her to rest.
Little blue-eyed Annie, etc.

EVERY HOME HAS LOST A DARLING.

ONE by one they wander from us,
And we linger 'mid our tears;
But their sweet and loving mem'ries
Blossom through the lonely years.
Oh! the yearning hearts around us,
Oh! the footsteps heard no more:
Every home has lost a darling,
Some dear loved one gone before.

They are waiting o'er the river
Where the strife and pain are o'er:
Every home has lost a darling,
Some dear loved one gone before.

Day by day we miss their faces,
And we wander on alone;
But we know each fleeting moment
Brings us nearer to our own.
Oh! the bliss to meet our loved ones
Once again on yonder shore:
Every home has lost a darling,
Sweet, sweet darling gone before.
They are waiting, etc.

BROKEN PLAYTHINGS ON THE FLOOR.

M. J. Cavanagh.

GOD recall'd the gift He sent us,
Little cherub bright and fair;
Sunny ray that came and faded,
In the gloom of grief and care.
Golden tresses bright as amber,
Rosy cheeks we'll kiss no more,
Gone and left his little treasures,
Broken playthings on the floor.

Little blue eyes closed in slumber,
Ne'er on earth to open more;
Fondly we will guard his treasures,
Broken playthings on the floor.

Little lips that murmur'd "Mamma,"
Still and silent now are they;
Tiny feet no longer patter—
Hush'd for ever 'neath the clay.
Oft we seem to see our darling
Smiling on us from the door,
Oft his joyous laughter echoes
From his playthings on the floor.

Little blue eyes, etc.

In the cot where baby slumber'd,
With its pillow white as snow;
Now no golden tresses mingle
O'er a bright and sunny brow.
For the angels came and bore him
To that bright and golden shore,
Only leaving us to treasure
Broken playthings on the floor.
Little blue eyes, etc.

IN MEMORY OF —.

WHY the shutters closed so tightly?
Why the white crape on the door?
Why the muffled tread of footsteps
Now across the kitchen floor?
Why the casket in the parlour?
'Neath its lid a form so white?
Why the little baby's cradle
Standing empty there to-night?
Why a mother's eyes so tearful?
Why a father's drooping head?
They are mourning for a loved one,
Little blue-eyed baby's dead.

Not a year had pass'd since baby
Came to brighten that dear home,
When God call'd her from her loved ones,
With His angels e'er to roam.
In a little snow-white casket,
Cross'd her hands upon her breast,
'Neath the green and waving grasses
Little baby soon will rest.

In the chamber stands the carriage,
At its side the little crib,
Folded now the baby's blankets,
Stainless now the tiny bib.
Laid away are little dresses,
Laid away each little shoe,
Laid away the little stockings,
Brown and white and red and blue.

Silent now is baby's rattle,
Idle now the rubber ring,
Still'd the infant voice so loving,
Never more on earth to sing.
In that home the sun gleam'd brighter
After little Marion came,
Now a cloud of sorrow gathers
When they speak her angel name.
Do not mourn, ye loving parents,
For the babe now gone to rest,
But remember God has call'd her,
He alone knows what is best.

LITTLE NELL.

THEY told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smiled ;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
Twas all in vain, he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow ;
"Hush! hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!"
They laid her in a lonely grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Though the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch
In strange, though childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow!"
One day they miss'd him long and sought
Where most he loved to stray ;
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nellie lay.
With tottering steps he'd wander'd there,
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
And, e'en in dying, breathed this prayer,
"Oh, let her come to-morrow!"

LILLIE DALE.

'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends, mute with grief, stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lillie Dale.
Oh! Lillie! sweet Lillie! dear Lillie Dale!
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale.
Her cheeks, that once glow'd with a rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turn'd pale,
And the death-damp was on the pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lillie Dale.
Oh! Lillie! etc.
"I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor lost Lillie Dale."
Oh! Lillie! etc.
"Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in Spring,
There lay poor lost Lillie Dale."
Oh! Lillie! etc.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Longfellow.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he,
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves,
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.
"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.
"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
The sacred blossoms wear."
And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she could find them all again
In the fields of light above.
Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

I MISS them now, those little steps
That used to come so oft;
The little voice that used to speak
So sweet, so silv'ry soft.
And now, when I am all alone,
Engross'd in daily cares,
I listen, but 'tis all in vain,
For the "footsteps on the stairs."
For when I read, or sing, or play,
Or join in pleasures sweet,
I seem to see her glad and gay,
And miss those little feet;
Oh! it is hard to think she's gone,
With all her winning airs;
To think I never more shall hear
Her "footsteps on the stairs."

Her golden curls still cluster round
Her brow so white and clear;
And on her face, now pale and cold,
I've shed full many a tear:
The lids have droop'd o'er those blue eyes,
Death's icy seal is theirs:
'Tis he that has for ever hush'd
Those "footsteps on the stairs."
I know her feet are walking now
The shining streets of heaven;
I know that to that dear one's brow
A golden crown is given.
I'm thankful that she is at rest,
Safe from earth's sinful snares;
Yet still I weep and pause to hear
The "footsteps on the stairs."

WHEN WILL FATHER COME AGAIN?

F. J. Mitchell.

MOTHER read my father's letter,
Read the news from far away:
Tell me, is he getting better?
Let me hear, what does he say?
Mother dearest, you are weeping—
Tell me why you sit so still—
Down your cheeks the tears are creeping,
Mother dearest, are you ill?
Mother darling, do not weep,
Let me dry your eyes, and then—
Tell me ere I go to sleep,
When will father come again?

Is his ship at anchor riding
Lightly on the ocean's foam?
Is she through the waters sliding,
Bearing father safely home?
How I long to see him, mother—
How I wish his face to see,
And be, along with little brother,
Nursed again upon his knee.

Mother darling, etc.

Mother dear, is that his letter
Lying there upon the ground?
Do not weep—he'll soon be better,
Ah! 'tis edged with black around.
Now I know why you are sighing—
Why you sob and hang your head;
Now I know why you are crying:
Oh, my darling father's dead!

Mother darling, etc.

I HAVE SENT A LOVING MESSAGE.

PRAY, oh! tell me, little maiden,
Why so sad, and why those tears?
Surely you have no great sorrow,
Who have seen but few short years.
Came the little maiden's answer:
"You would surely weep and sigh,
If your darling mother left you
For a home beyond the sky.

"I have sent a loving message,
Praying Him that I may die;
For I want to live with mother
In her home beyond the sky."

Patiently this little maiden,
By her sainted mother's grave,
With an earnest, deep devotion
Daily wept and daily pray'd
He would break her earthly bondage!
This the burthen of her cry:
"Let me join my darling mother
In her home beyond the sky."

I have sent, etc.

Soon her earnest prayer was answer'd;
When the snow was on the ground
This sweet, sainted little maiden
Slept beneath a grassy mound.
Not in vain she pray'd and waited,
Patiently her course she bore,
Till the angels wing'd her spirit
To the distant golden shore.

I have sent, etc.

ANNIE LISLE.

H. S. Thompson.

DOWN where the waving willows
'Neath the sunbeams smile,
Shadow'd o'er the murmur waters,
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle.
Pure as the forest lily,
Never thought of guile
Had its home within the bosom
Of sweet Annie Lisle.

Wave, willows, murmur, waters,
Golden sunbeams, smile:
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.

Sweet came the hallow'd chiming
Of the Sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes
Down the woody dell.
On a bed of pain and anguish
Lay dear Annie Lisle;
Changed were the lovely features,
Gone the lovely smile.

Wave, willows, etc.

"Raise me in your arms, dear mother,
Let me once more look
On the green and waving willows,
And the flowing brook.
Hark! those strains of angel music
From the choirs above;
Dearest mother, I am going;
Truly 'God is love.'"

Wave, willows, etc.

ROSALIE; THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

ON the distant prairie, where the heather wild
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine
Loves around its porch to twine.
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,
With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair
Floating in the summer air.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she;
Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

On that distant prairie, when the days were long,
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play,
Beautiful and bright as they;
When the twilight shadows gather'd in the west,
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,
Like a cherub kneeling seem'd the lovely child,
With her gentle eyes so mild.

Fair as a lily, etc.

But the summer faded, and the chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last;
When the autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,
Little prairie flower was gone!
For the angels whisper'd softly in her ear,
"Child, thy Father calls thee: stay not here!"
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,
To their blissful home of light.

Fair as a lily, etc.

OH, BREAK NOT HER SILENCE!

Marston.

OH, break not her silence!—she listens to voices
Whose tones are a feeling, whose echoes a thrill;
And more than in aught that is real, she rejoices
In dreams which presage what they ne'er can fulfil!

Oh, break not her silence!—her heart is replying
To chords that are swept by a breeze from the past;
No hymn in the present can match with that sighing
O'er hopes which, though vanish'd, were dear to the last!

Thou canst *not* break her silence!—no word that is spoken
Can now wound her ear, no regret dim her eyes;
Thou canst *not* break her silence; yet, hark! it is broken,—
"Come hither, come hither!"—a Voice from the skies!

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore:
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore:
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labour and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's glad shore:
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Weary with mingling, etc.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whisper'd that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish and one less to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore:
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Weary with mingling, etc.

THIS TIME A HUNDRED YEARS!

THIS time a hundred years! How strange
It sounds to mortal ears—
A rolling century of change,
Teeming with sighs and tears.

The spirit's eyes grow dim and dark
With gazing on so far,
And unillumin'd by e'en a spark,
Or glimmering of a star.

It is a dark, a fearful night,
Without one glimpse of day,
Without one single ray of light
To chase the gloom away.

The maiden with the snowy brow,
The beauty of the ball;

The orator whose voice thrills now
Through Senate and through hall;

The sailor tossing on the deep,
'Mid dangers and alarms;
The gentle infant, hush'd to sleep
Within its mother's arms:

Oh! must all these be rudely torn
From their abodes on earth,—
The young and happy made to mourn,
And hush'd the tones of mirth?

And when will close all these bright eyes?
When end their hopes and fears?
The hollow voice of death replies—
"This time a hundred years!"

WE ARE COMING, SISTER MARY.

On a stormy night in winter,
When the winds blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music
That I never can forget.
I was sleeping in the cabin
Where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung,—
“We are coming, sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-bye,—
Be ready, sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.”

I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue would not obey,
When the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flown away.
As I watched I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing,
And beside my Mary's pillow
Very soon I heard them sing,—

“We are coming,” etc.

Then again I call'd my Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had for ever ceased to beat;
And I now am very lonely
From summer round to spring,
And I oft in midnight slumber
Think I hear the same ones sing,—
“We are coming,” etc.

MOTHER, DO NOT WEEP FOR ME.

Jas. P. Glenn.

“Kiss me, mother, I am going
To the home of angels blest,
Where there's never any weeping,
Where the soul will be at rest.
We will meet where there's no parting,
But eternal life will be:
Though this parting makes you weary,
Mother, do not weep for me.

“Good-bye, mother, I am dying,
It's so dark I cannot see;
Kiss me now, but when I leave you,
Mother, do not weep for me.

“Good-bye, mother, I am dying,
Come and kiss me ere I go,”
Spoke a mother's little darling
While her tears did downward flow;
Then she to her aching bosom,
Softly, gently, raised his head;
Kiss'd him with a mother's fervour,
Ere her little one was dead.

Good-bye, mother, etc.

In that home that once was happy,
There is nothing now but gloom;
On the door-bell crape is hanging,
Shutters closed, a darken'd room.
Some one's lost a little darling,
Some one's parting now endears;
Some one's memory will be cherish'd,
Some one's joys now end in tears.

Good-bye, mother, etc.

IN SHADOWLAND.

By “Rea.”

By kind permission of Robert Cooks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

SHE sits alone all through the day,
And reads or knits her time away,
But when the quiet night is nigh
She folds her work, and lays it by,
And sees again around her stand
Her loved and lost in Shadowland.

In Shadowland, in Shadowland,
She meets them all in Shadowland,
In Shadowland she meets them all,
She meets them all in Shadowland.

There's Nellie with her golden hair,
Time cannot make her face less fair!
And Willie's voice is still as sweet
As when they two so loved to meet;
She hears his step, and clasps his hand,
Just once again in Shadowland.

In Shadowland, etc.

She thinks they love her still and wait,
As long ago, if she were late,
They'd wait and call her by her name,
Nor were content until she came;
And gladly would she join their band,
And journey on through Shadowland.

In Shadowland, etc.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

LITTLE footsteps soft and gentle
Gliding by our cottage door,
How I love to hear their music,
As I heard in days of yore.
Tiny feet that travell'd lightly
In this weary world of woe,
Now silent lie in yon churchyard,
'Neath the dismal grave below.

Little footsteps soft and gentle
Gliding by our cottage door,
How I love to hear their music,
As I heard in days of yore.

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
By the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness
When I pass that cottage door.
Sweetly now the angels carol
Tidings from our loved one far;
Now that she doth hover o'er us,
And will be our guiding star.

Little footsteps, etc

Little footsteps now will journey
In the world of sin no more;
Ne'er they'll press the sandbanks lightly
By the golden river's shore.
Mother, weep not, father, grieve not,
Try to smooth your troubles o'er;
Now, I'll think of her as sleeping,
Not as dead, but gone before.

Little footsteps, etc.

GONE BEFORE.

Charles J. Rowe.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
33, Argyll Street, London.

OH! do not grieve that those ye love
Have left this world for happier
scenes;
For purer realms of endless bliss,
Fairer by far than brightest dreams.
To mortal ken, to part with one
We perhaps have loved beyond the rest
Is hard to bear, but think that one
Now dwells with saints for ever blest.

Take comfort that, though gone before,
A spirit guards thee on thy way,
And cheers thee on that chequer'd road,
Till thou behold'st that glorious day.
When face to face, with saints above,
We see that Majesty on high,
Then shall we know that those are blest
Who truly in the Lord shall die.

LAY ASIDE THE LITTLE SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

PUT away the shoes and stockings,
Fold the apron soil'd and torn,
Hang the cap within the closet
Once by angel Allie worn;
Gather up the little playthings
He has scatter'd on the floor,
They belong to one who left us,
And will come to us no more.

Lay aside the shoes and stockings,
Put away the vacant chair;
For our little Allie's footsteps
Now have climb'd the golden stair.

Leave the rocking horse of Allie
'Neath his picture on the wall,
Where the sunbeams of the morning
In soft rays of beauty fall;
Where the eye of love can linger
On this one bright gem of yore,
Left by little angel Allie,
Whose sweet voice we hear no more.

Lay aside, etc.

Lay aside the pretty dresses,
Which once charm'd dear Allie's sight,
Ere the cloud of pain and anguish
Brought our boy the gloom of night;
Little robes so white and spotless,
Which were torn in childish play,
Fold them neatly, loving mother,
For your child so far away.

Lay aside, etc.

Put away the golden tresses
You have cut from Allie's brow,
Darling, gentle Allie's sleeping
Guarded by the angels now!
Keep each precious lock, lone mother,
With pure heart-affection wed,
For thy angel boy in heaven,
Who is sleeping, but not dead.

Lay aside, etc.

THE ERL-KING.

(Goethe) Galvan.

WHO rides so late in the midnight wild ?
The Father it is, and his darling child :
He holds the dear boy close under his arm,
He grasps him tight, and he keeps him warm.

" My son, why cowerest thou thus in fear ?"
—" Oh, seest thou not, father, the Erl-King near ?
The dread Erl-King, with his crown and his tail ?"
—" Tush, tush, my son ! 'tis yon cloud's passing sail."

*" Thou lovely child, come, O come with me—
Such pretty plays I will play with thee !
The spring-flowers are painted of many a hue—
As many gold vests has my mother for you."*

" Oh, father ! oh, father ! say, canst thou not hear
What the Erl-King softly pours in my ear ?"
—" Hush, darling ! hush, darling ! and fret not thy mind ;
'Tis the dry leaves that dance in the passing wind."

*" My darling boy, wilt thou go with me ?
My daughters fair all shall wait on thee ;
My daughters their midnight dances keep ;
They shall rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."*

" Oh, father ! oh, father ! say, seest thou not
The Erl-King's daughters on yon dark spot ?"
—" My son ! my dear son ! I see nothing there
But the willow that waves in the midnight air."

*" I love thy fair form, my beauteous boy ;
If thou come not with me, I must force employ."*
—" Oh, father ! dear father ! still hold me, still—
For the dread Erl-King he hath work'd me ill."

The father shook !—he rode fast and wild—
He grasp'd in his arms the moaning child ;
He reach'd his home in sorrow and dread ;
—For, alas ! in his arms his child lay dead !

Songs about Wealth.

IN HONOUR OF HIS NAME.

Mackay.

If he to whom this toast we drink
Has brought the needy to his door,
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
From the abundance of his store ;
If he hath soothed the mourner's woe,
Or help'd young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow
In honour of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care ;
If to the famish'd he has given
One loaf that it was hard to share ;
If, in his poverty erect,
He never did a deed of shame :
Fill high ! we'll drain, in deep respect,
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part ;
If he ne'er fail'd his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart ;
If emulation fire his soul
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame :
Fill high ! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honour of his name.

STRAIGHT AND TRUE.

Harry Hunter.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

GIVE me the man whose heart is true,
Whose purposes are firm,
Who'll bravely fight a battle through,
But will not harm a worm ;
Though he may see adversity,
His heart shall ne'er despair,
For truth and right shall keep the light
Of hope still burning there.

He knows the right, he does the right,
The wrong he cannot do,
His simple plan to be a man
Of conscience clear and true.

He may be wealthy, may be great,
Or humble, poor, and plain,
But be his high or low estate,
He never lives in vain.
He lives his life right earnestly,
Is faithful to the end,
Who comes to be his enemy,
Remains to be his friend.

He knows the right, etc.

Let no man say that his poor clay
Is better than the rest,
'Tis not descent, but virtue's crown,
That makes a mortal blest ;
The noblest creature here on earth,
Since this our world began,
Is he of honest, simple worth,
A man, who is a man.

He knows the right, etc.

'TIS NOT THE SOFTNESS OF HER EYE.

'Tis not the softness of her eye,
Where little loves in ambush lie,
And shoot with Cupid's dart ;
'Tis not the beauties of her face,
Her matchless form, her winning grace,
That has enslaved my heart.

'Tis not the bliss-fraught strains she sings
To which my raptured fancy clings,
Nor looks that sweet impart ;
'Tis not her skin, like ivory white,
Nor e'en her bosom of delight,
That has enslaved my heart.

'Tis something that no tongue can tell
That binds me to my angel girl
With more than mortal art !
'Tis something that disdains control,
That breaks my rest, inflames my soul,
And has enslaved my heart.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

AWAY with false fashion, so calm and so still,
Where pleasure itself cannot please;
Away with cold breeding that, fruitlessly still,
Affects to be quite at its ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first of the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle, yet just,
He warmly can love, and can hate,
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
To fashion's intolerant state;
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses, simple and true,
Yet temper'd by judgment and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me and with you,
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is you, man! or you, man! who stand
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
A man with his heart in his hand.

BENEATH THE ELM.

BENEATH the elm a child is sleeping,
Tired and wearied with her play—
And her little friends are keeping
All disturbing sounds away.
Little dreams she of the trials
That around her path will spring,
Of the troubles and denials
That her future days will bring.

Let her sleep—she knows no sorrow,
Happy in another realm,
Dreaming of a brighter morrow,
As she sleeps beneath the elm.

Beneath the elm again she slumbers,
Years have pass'd—her work is done,
Death no nobler spirit numbers
In the myriads he has won.
Daughter, sister, wife, and mother,
Truer never bless'd the earth;
If the world hold such another
Happy they who know her worth.

Let her sleep, etc.

IT IS NOT GOLD CAN MAKE US RICH.

It is not gold can make us rich,
'Tis oft an idol shrine;
It is not titles make us great,
True greatness is divine.

There's many a wealthy man is poor,
And many a lordling low,
For wealth and titles but ensure
The pomp of outward show.

The lack of gold ne'er makes us poor,
If knowledge makes us wise;
The want of title ne'er degrades,
If virtue's stamp we prize.

Many a princely throne is rear'd
Beside a lowly hearth;
And men that Fortune never cheer'd
Have blest and brighten'd earth.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST ?

Mackay

Who shall be fairest ?
 Who shall be rarest ?
 Who shall be first in the songs that we sing ?
 She who is kindest
 When fortune is blindest,
 Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring
 Charm of our gladness,
 Friend of our sadness,
 Angel of life, when its pleasures take wing ·
 She shall be fairest,
 She shall be rarest,
 She shall be first in the songs that we sing.
 Who shall be nearest,
 Noblest and dearest ?
 Named but with honour and pride evermore ?
 He, the undaunted,
 Whose banner is planted
 On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar ;
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's duty before :
 He shall be nearest,
 Noblest and dearest,
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore.

TREASURES.

Lynde Palmer.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 88, Argyll Street, London.

In the soft October sunshine,
 'Neath the forest's golden eaves,
 Roam'd a merry band of maidens
 In a crimson rain of leaves ;
 And in ringing bursts of laughter
 Fluttering through the misty air,
 All their young hearts' cherish'd treasures
 Each with other did compare.
 "I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
 Cried a pair of rosy lips ;
 "In the carpet's tufted roses,
 Deep, my lightest footfall dips ;
 Oh ! the curtains and the pictures !
 But, more beautiful than all,
 You should see the western sunlight
 Creep along the painted wall."
 "Listen," quickly cried another,
 "Listen now, I pray, to me :
 Years ago there was a necklace
 Borne across the deep blue sea ;
 In its velvet-cushion'd casket
 Stars could not so brightly shine,
 But this chain of prison'd rainbows
 By-and-bye will all be mine."

Thus ran on the eager voices,
 As they gaily had begun,
 Till some tale of wondrous treasure
 Every child had told save *one*.
 "She will not have much to tell us,"
 Whisper'd they, "poor little thing !"
 But with smiles said blue-eyed Katie,
 "I'm the daughter of a King !"
 Then they laugh'd : "Oh, princess, tell us
 Where the king, your father, dwells ;
 Do your mighty palace portals
 Swing at touch of golden bells ?"
 Meekly answer'd gentle Katie,
 Pushing back a truant curl,
 "All the shining wall is golden,
 Every gate a single pearl.
 "And within such wondrous treasures,
 Oh, what happiness to see !
 But when home my Father calls me,
 He will give them all to me."
 Then they said, "Oh, happy princess !
 Listening for the great King's call,
 You have found the greatest treasure,
 You are richest of us all."

A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP.

R. A. Cranshaw.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

THERE'S a mine of wealth untold,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
There's countless store of the earth's red
gold,

In a hundred fathoms deep;
Glittering gems for a thousand brows;
Curses, prayers, and terrors, vows,
In a hundred fathoms deep.

The cares of a miser's years,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
The child of a mother's hopes and fears,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
Side by side in the flowing tide
The idol of gold, and the idol of pride,
In a hundred fathoms deep.

The sea king sits on his throne,
In a hundred fathoms deep;
And laughs as he claims all for his own,
In a hundred fathoms deep.
These are my riches, these my hoards,
These the treasures my realm affords,
In a hundred fathoms deep, etc.

'TIS NOT THE EYE OF SOFTEST BLUE.

'Tis not the eye of softest blue,
'Tis not the cheek of roseate hue,
Nor yet the form, I own;
'Tis not the coral lips I see,
Can give thy portrait true to me:
It is the mind alone.

'Tis not the ringlets of thy hair,
Which none excel and few compare,
Those charms are thine, I own;
'Tis not the bosom-heaving sigh,
That tells in whispers love is nigh:
It is the mind alone.

'Tis not the voice of sweetest strain,
Whose echo but reminds again
Of joys I thought mine own;
'Tis not the softly fine-turn'd arm,
O'er which to hang would give alarm:
It is the mind alone.

Yes, 'tis the mind, the mind alone,
That soaring seeks its highest tone,
And scorns to be confined,
But dares to peer o'er all the whole:
The least to prove shall prove thy soul
Lies centred in thy mind.

THE ADMIRAL'S SON.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead:
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father! say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?"
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair!

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way;
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart!

Songs about Labour.

THE TOILERS.

M. Piccolomini.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

FOOT-SORE and worn, all spent with heavy toil,
Two tatter'd lads sat, resting, on a step;—
Breaking a crust, one shook his curly head,
Half-grimly smiled, and then most quaintly said :
‘How strange a thing is bread!—
If we have it not most surely we can't live ;
And yet, to win it, so many men must die!—
My father was a miner, down beyond,
And it's little of him ever I have seen ;
But I mind me of a loud and thund'ring crash,
And a wailing and a rushing to the pit,
And a line of shatter'd forms upon the ground,
And my father lying 'midst them, cold and dead,—
Dead for bread!”
Oh ! happy ones of this fair earth,
While gather'd round your glowing hearth,
Think of the toilers' load of care,
And pray for all in God's own prayer :
“Give us this day our daily bread!”

“A fisherman was dad,” quoth the other,
“And he loved me and mother more than life,
Be the ‘take’ great or small, he ever smiled,
And our poor old happy home was ever bright.—
One sailing day he said : ‘I'll take the boy,’—
Would I go ? Oh, I leap'd again for joy !
Poor mother wept a world of bitter tears,
But we chaff'd her, and laugh'd away her fears.—
Off we sail'd with a breeze upon the beam ;
But at dead of night it blew a fearful gale ;
Then our shiver'd mast went crashing by the board
And my father, O God help him ! look'd at me ;
Then, with trembling hands, he lash'd me to a plank,
And he kiss'd me, but I never saw him more—
For the cruel wave that bore me back to life
Toss'd him stiff and stark at morn upon the shore,—
Dead—for bread!”
Oh ! happy ones of this fair earth,
While gather'd round your glowing hearth,
Think of the toilers' load of care,
And pray for all in God's own prayer :
“Give us this day our daily bread!”

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Longfellow.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his rough hard hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Wordsworth.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn;
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim;

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noon-tide;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light?
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this our hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestow'd
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?
An altar is in each man's cot;
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have falter'd or transgress'd,
Guide from Thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace through life's short
day
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

NO WEALTH WITHOUT LABOUR.

Ed. Harrigan.

THE hand and the hammer are true loyal friends,
Between them no quarrels arise;
Oh! each on the other for ever depends
To gain labour's sweet golden prize.
The farmer, the blacksmith, and each working man,
While toiling for comfort and joy,
Remember the maxim, oh! work all you can,
No wealth without labour, my boy.

Then cheer for the wage worker and toiler,
He's the builder of home and joys;
All riches must come after hard labour,
There's no wealth without it, boys!

The sea and the river unceasingly flow,
So grandly they both glide along;
Yes, all things in nature quite plainly do show
That God helps the weak and the strong.
The flower, the forest, partake of the plan
Of aiding our comfort and joy,
Remember the maxim, oh! work all you can,
No wealth without labour, my boy.

Then cheer for the wage worker, etc.

The drone and the drunkard are helpless and sad
In Energy's joyous career;
Neglecting their chances, they go to the bad,
And silently fall to the rear.
Ye steadfast and faithful, oh! each sober man,
While turning for comfort and joy,
Remember the maxim, oh! work all you can,
No wealth without labour, my boy.

Then cheer for the wage worker, etc.

THE REAPER.

Geo. Linley.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

SLOWLY sinks the setting sun—
Now the reaper's toil is done;
Homeward bend her weary feet,
Happy hearts to greet.
There each lip in grateful numbers
Joys to join the vesper lay.
Holy Mother, grant her slumbers
Till the coming day!
Oh! be soft and sweet repose
Balm for all her woes!
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria!

See around her thronging now
Many a cheerful sunny brow!
Peace and calm content are there,
Love unchill'd by care.
Hark! a strain of gentle voices
Stealing through yon grove!
Thus the thankful heart rejoices
Unto Heaven above!
Holy Mother, we implore,
Bless the reaper's store!
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria!

THE WORKING MAN.

Harry Symonds.

THE noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil ;
Who, back'd by no ancestral birth,
Hew down the woods and till the soil ;
And thereby earn a prouder fame
Than follows a king's or warrior's name.

The working men, whatever their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God ;
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
Who drive the commerce of the main :
I sing their praise, for their swarthy hands
Have made the glory of all lands.

THE SPADE.

GIVE me the spade and the man who can use it ;
A fig for your lord, and his soft silken hand :
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give back to the Giver—the land, boys, the land.
There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labour,
The more you deposit the more you shall have ;
If there's more than you want you can give to your neighbour,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.
Give me the spade, etc.

Give me the spade—the American's glory—
That fashions the field from the bleak, barren moor ;
Let us speak of its praise in ballad and story,
While 'tis brighten'd with labour, not tarnish'd with gore.
It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, extended our trade,
Gave food for our wives, our children, our cattle,
But the queen of all weapons—the spade, boys, the spade.
Give me the spade, etc.

Give me the spade—there's a magic about it
That turns the black soil into bright, shining gold.
What would our fathers have done, boys, without it,
When this land lay all bare and the north wind blew cold ?
Where the tall forests stood, and the wild beasts were yelling,
Where our stout-hearted ancestors shrank back afraid,
Now the cornstack is raised and we have clear'd a dwelling—
Then hurrah for our true friend, the spade, boys, the spade.
Give me the spade, etc.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK. *L. M. Thornton.*

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

WHAT a wonderful man the Postman is
As he hastens from door to door;
What a medley of news his hands contain
For high, low, rich, and poor:
In many a face he joy doth trace,
In as many, he grief can see,
As the door is open'd to his loud Ran-tan,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's knock.
Number One he presents with the news of a birth,
With tidings of death Number Four,
At Thirteen, a bill, of a terrible length,
He drops through the hole in the door,
A cheque or an order at Fifteen he leaves,
And Sixteen his presence doth prove,
While Seventeen does an acknowledgment get,
And Eighteen a letter of love. Every morn, etc.
May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear,
But rarely we hope that compell'd he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er;
Then long life to her Majesty's servant we say,
And oft may he knock at our door. Every morn, etc.

KNITTING ON THE SHORE. *Claxton Bellamy.*

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll Street, London.

THROUGH the narrow streets of the ancient town
The wives and maidens come gaily down,
And quickly is moving every hand
As they make their way to the shining strand:
Half toiling, half playing, they knit the wool,
Till the boats come home in the moonlight cool!
Knitting, knitting, the shining needles fly,
Till the boats come home 'neath the moonlit sky
'Neath the swinging oil-lamp's flickering ray,
They sit and talk of the now fled day,
And tell of the deeds of those afloat,
Who entrust their lives to a frail, frail boat,
Half toiling, half playing, with song and jest,
Till the hearts come home that they love the best.
Knitting, knitting, etc.
All is calm to-night on the ocean wide,
The stars shine down on the rising tide;
Oh, blow ye, soft winds that woo the sea!
Guide safe all lovers that sailing be;
As knitting, still knitting, upon the shore,
We are here to welcome our lads once more.
Knitting, knitting, etc.

Songs about Perseverance.

EXCELSIOR.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as, heavenward,
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found;
Still grasping in his hand of ice
The banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
"Excelsior!"

LOOK ALOFT.

Jonathan Lawrence.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the vision which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when Death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on thy future, his pall on thy past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart!

NEVER GIVE UP.

M. F. Tupper.

NEVER give up! 'tis wiser and better
Always to hope, than for once to despair—
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burthen may sink you;
Providence kindly hath mingled the cup;
And, in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be—"Never give up.
Never give up, etc.

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—"Never give up."
Never give up, etc.

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the black thunder-cloud over you burst—
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—"Never give up."
Never give up, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

I'LL FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's Imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say,
"They're safe in such a fortress,
There is no way to shake it ;"
"On, on," exclaim'd the hero,
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world as we're travelling through
Troubles and trials we all see a few ;
We must not give up as some people do,
But "find it or make a way through."

Is Fame your aspiration ?
Her path is steep and high ;
In vain he seeks her temple
Content to gaze and sigh ;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world, etc.

Is Learning your ambition ?
There is no royal road ;
Alike the peer or peasant
Must climb to her abode ;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To "find the way or make it."
So in this world, etc.

Are Riches worth the getting ?
They must be bravely sought ;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought ;
To all the prize is open,
But he alone can take it
Who says with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way or make it."
So in this world, etc.

PERSEVERANCE, OR TRY AGAIN.

W. E. Hickson.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try, try again ;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race ;
What should you do in that case ?
Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again ;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again.

THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

Claribel.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll
Street, London.

THOUGH dark the clouds be o'er our life,
We trust and fear no ill,
For has not every darkest cloud
Its silver lining still ?
They say each rose has a hidden thorn,
Though fragrant and fair to sight,
But I love to think that the darkest cloud
Has its silvery lining bright.

And though the hours seem'd rosy once,
And now are changed to grey,
Oh ! let us be brave and hopeful still,
For the shadow will pass away.
If we do but bow to each earthly trial,
And combat our wayward will,
We shall always find that the darkest cloud
Has a silvery lining still.

Though sad and drear our days may be,
A sunbeam shines through all,
If it do but rest on our hearts and minds,
As it rests on the cottage wall.
For the golden sunshine of the heart
Will charm away every ill,
And will make us feel that the darkest
cloud
Has its silvery lining still.

Songs about Contentment.

LIFE IS A RIVER.

C. Jefferys.

OH, life is a river, and man is the boat
That over its surface is destined to float !
And joy is a cargo so easily stored,
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.
We all have a taste of the ups and the downs,
As fortune dispenses her smiles and her frowns ;
But may we not hope, if she's frowning to-day,
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray ?

I would not that man without caution should steer
From the quicksands, the rocks that encircle him here ;
Be honour his compass, the magnet his breast,
Let him stand to truth's course, and to fate leave the rest.
There's plenty of sunshine, then why choose the shade ?
Half the clouds that come o'er us our own fears have made :
Then go right ahead, and there's joy's smiling bay,
Why run from our course to meet trouble half way ?

Would summer be prized for its fruits and its flowers
If winter ne'er follow'd with storm, winds, and showers ?
And does not the brightest of pleasures appear
Still brighter when chequer'd by moments of care ?
I ask not for gold ; are there virtues in wealth
So dear to the heart as contentment and health ?
Oh, give me but these, naught can add to my store !
Without them, though riches are mine, I am poor.

WING'D ECHOES.

John Muir.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

HUSH'D is the evening hymn,
The organ's solemn peal,
While through the chancel dim
The echoes sweetly steal.
On flutt'ring wings they soar,
Now upwards to the skies,
Till they're lost for evermore
In the land of Paradise.

On one sweet quiv'ring note
I breathe a prayer to Heaven,
And hear it upward float
To where the clouds are riven.

Just in the far-off West
As slowly dies the day,
My prayer is borne to rest,
And the echo steals away.

But a golden ray of light
There comes in radiant stream,
And, floating through the night,
Now floods my silent dream.
It bears upon its breast
Sweet echoes of a voice,
That bid my heart to rest,
My spirit to rejoice.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

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ROSE AND ROOT.

J. J. Piatt.

THE Rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care,
That toils below it ceaselessly.
I put my question to the flower :
"Pride of the Summer, garden-queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answer'd, "I am seen."
I put my question to the Root :
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot ;
I know a Rose is overhead."

JIM THE CARTER LAD.

Harry Linn.

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co.,
13, Little Marlborough St., London.

My name is Jim the Carter,
A jolly lad am I,
I always am contented,
Be the weather wet or dry ;
I snap my fingers at the snow,
And whistle at the rain ;
I've braved the storm for many a day,
And can do so again.
Crack, crack goes my whip,
I whistle and I sing ;
As I sit upon my waggon,
I'm as happy as a king ;
My horse is always willing,
And for me, I'm never sad :
There's none can lead a jollier life
Than Jim the Carter lad.

My father was a carrier,
Many years ere I was born ;
He used to rise at daybreak,
And go his rounds each morn ;
He'd often take me with him,
Especially in the Spring ;
I loved to sit upon the cart,
And hear my father sing.
Crack, crack, etc.

I never think of politics,
Or anything so great ;
I care not for their high-bred talk
About the Church or State ;
I act aright to man and man,
And that's what makes me glad :
You'll find there beats an honest heart
In Jim the Carter lad.
Crack, crack, etc.

The girls they all smile on me,
As I go driving past ;
My horse is such a beauty,
As he jogs along so fast :
We've travell'd many weary miles,
But happy days we've had :
There's none can use a horse more kind
Than Jim the Carter lad.
Crack, crack, etc.

But now I'll bid you all good night,
'Tis time I was away,
My horse I know will weary
If I much longer stay ;
To see your smiling faces here,
It makes my heart quite glad :
I hope you'll grant your kind applause
To Jim the Carter lad.
Crack, crack, etc.

LOOK ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

By kind permission of Hutchings & Romer,
39, Great Marlborough St., London.

Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise, and better far—
And safer through life's cares to glide,
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie
Close by the well of fears,
Yet why should merry fancies die,
Drown'd in a flood of tears ?
Look always on the other side—
'Tis wise, and better far—
And safer through life's cares to glide,
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can—
Nor tremble 'neath this life's rough tide :
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart with vain regret
Break joy's enchanting spell ?
Though age be come, love lingers yet
In every flowery dell.

Look always on, etc.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear—
Hope ever be through life our guide,
My friends, nor shadows fear.
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—
Thus shadows round us darkly fly,
Make brighter days arise.

Look always on, etc.

TO-MORROW.

Collins.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow ;
And, blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for To-morrow.
From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what To-day may afford,
And let them spread the table To-morrow.
And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
When I've worn it three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare To-day,
May become everlasting—To-morrow !

THE MAN THAT IS HAPPY WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

Samuel Steer

No doubt there are many who'll say I am wrong,
And laugh at the doctrine which runs through my song ;
Their laughter I heed not, this notion I hold,
The man that is happy will never grow old.

I'll teach it, I'll preach it, ay, fearless and bold,
The man that is happy will never grow old.

The days of our boyhood may hasten away,
And locks that were raven may now be turn'd grey,
And friendships, once glowing, be distant and cold,
But he that is happy will never grow old.

I'll teach it, etc.

The mind has its pleasure in searching for truth,
And finds in its treasure perennial youth,
Surpassing all nostrums the quacks ever sold—
The man that is happy can never grow old.

I'll teach it, etc.

The trees of the forest that bend 'neath the blast
Will bloom with fresh vigour, when winter is past,
And nature, all smiling, new beauties unfold,
And he that is happy will never grow old.

I'll teach it, etc.

JOHN BROWN.

I've a guinea I can spend, I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee—John Brown.
I've a cottage of my own, with the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea—John Brown.
I can sit at my door, by my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate—John Brown.
So come and drain a glass, in my arbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate—John Brown.
I love the song of birds, and the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice low and sweet—John Brown.
And I hate a false pretence, and the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit—John Brown.
I love the meadow flowers, and the briar in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile—John Brown.
And I hate a selfish knave, and a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil—John Brown.
I love a simple song, that awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints—John Brown.
And I hate the constant whine of the foolish who repine,
And turn the good to evil by complaints—John Brown.
But even when I hate, if I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above—John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind, and I sigh for human-kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love—John Brown.
So if you like my ways, and the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvex'd—John Brown.
I never scorn my health, nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next—John Brown.
I've parted with my pride, and I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad—John Brown.
I keep my conscience clear, I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad—John Brown.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. *Shakespeare.*

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see no enemy,—
But winter and rough weather !

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun ;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets ;
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see no enemy,—
But winter and rough weather !

THE ONE LITTLE ROOM OF MY OWN.

I'm alone in the world, so the kind neighbours say,
For my father and mother are dead,
And I sit by myself in a garret all day,
And I toil with my needle for bread;
But a few pretty flowers on my window still bloom,
And I don't say I'm always alone,
For a strip of sunshine is a dear friend of mine
In the one little room of my own.

I've no father, no mother, no sister, no brother,
I'm left in the world all alone,
But I'm happy though poor, and I ask for no more
Than the one little room of my own.

Oh! I see there is grief on many a face,
Though its owner be wealthy and fair;
And I pity the rich, as I patiently stitch
At the silken attire that they wear:
Then I sigh not for palaces' glitter and sin,
Or a mansion of marble or stone,
For it's quite large enough to let happiness in
In the one little room of my own.

I've no father, no mother, etc.

When I think of the blind or I hear the mad wind,
And I think of the sailors at sea,
I am humbled and kneel, for within me I feel
That my lot might be harder for me.
I know that above there is goodness and love,
And that there all my sorrows are known,
And the Angels of Light come to me in the night
In the one little room of my own.

I've no father, no mother, etc.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

BEGONE, dull Care!

I prithee, begone from me;
Begone, dull Care!

Thou and I can never agree.
Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But I' faith, dull Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man grey;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.

My wife shall dance and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day:
For I hold it is the wisest thing
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull Care,
I'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull Care,
Thou art no pair for me.
We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night o'er a cheerful bowl
We'll drive dull care away.

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WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Shakespeare.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

THE MERRY, MERRY MILL.

Edwin Ransford.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

ALONE I've wander'd by the stream,
Beside yon sunny hill,
When thoughts of bygone days would teem,
To hear the merry mill.
'Twas there my early time was spent
With those I deem'd most dear,
'Twas there I learn'd to be content
With homely cottage cheer!
Yes! oft I've wander'd by the stream,
Beside yon sunny hill,
When thoughts of bygone days would teem,
To hear the merry mill.

Alas! those happy days are pass'd,
And others meet my sight,
But yet so long as life shall last
I'll hail them with delight.
Yes, when old age comes creeping near,
With heavy thoughtful gaze,
'Twill still my drooping spirits cheer
To speak of bygone days!

Yes! oft I've, etc.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

To one who will a list'ner be
A dozen always preach,
Whilst each who hints a wish to learn
A score will seek to teach;
And all these sages say the cure,
When men and things look black,
Lies in a nutshell, but these nuts
Are very hard to crack.

So, after all, 'tis wiser far,
As life is but a span,
To put aside despair and doubt,
And do the best you can.

We know that all we meet at times
Have wept as well as smiled,
But sorrow is by courage oft
Of half its sting beguiled;
For men, like iron, often are
Strengthen'd by dint of blows:
So thus, perchance, our truest friends
Are those we've reckon'd foes.

So, after all, etc.

For every door that fortune shuts
Another opens wide,
And if some flowerets fade, the world
Holds many more beside.
If some few friends grow cold, there are
The true hearts left us still;
If those we love will smile no more,
We'll soon find those who will.

So, after all, etc.

There's not a cloud so dark as that
Despondency can cast,
Whilst those who never own defeat
Will surely win at last.
We grieve sometimes when kindly fate
Denies some wish'd-for prize,
But find in after years the loss
A blessing in disguise.

So, after all, etc.

I'LL BE GAY WHILE I MAY.

E. J. Loder.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

WHY should sadness o'er my heart
Cast one shade of sorrow?
Why should thoughts of long days past
Cloud for me the morrow?
Then hence with sighs and tearful eyes,
Life, alas! too soon will fly!

I'll be gay while I may:

Should I grieve? no, no, not I!

Hence with sighs and tearful eyes,

Life, alas! too soon will fly!

I'll be gay while I may:

Should I grieve? no, no, not I!

In my little garden wild
Sweetest flowers are springing,
And on every leafy bough
Birds for joy are singing.
Surely they seem to say,
Why shouldst thou unhappy be?
Ah! while I may I'll be gay—
Sorrow, hence! I've done with thee!
Away with sighs, etc.

Songs about Brotherhood.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street, London.

LIVE and let live, 'tis the great law of nature,
Man to his fellow should ever be kind—
He whose high bounty protects every creature
Taught us to practise this precept refined.
Wide is the world, and though various in station,
Each to his neighbour good wishes may give;
All men belong to humanity's nation:
Nature's great law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live, 'tis the law of our being,
The rich and the poor on each other depend—
All men are equal before the All-seeing,
Each in his turn stands in need of a friend.
Be to a foe in distress like a brother;
Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive—
Love all that's lovely, be kind to each other:
Nature's best law is, to live and let live.

THERE'S SUNSHINE OVER US ALL.

W. H. Bellamy.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

OH! say not this breathing and beautiful world
Is only a valley of tears;
That through the blue heavens at random hurl'd,
Chance guided, its course it steers!
Though round as we roll,
O'er either pole,
Some shadows in turn must fall;
Yet whirl as it will,
All is harmony still,
And there's sunshine o'er us all.

The sage and the cynic may rail—who cares
At old Time, his restless flight;
Oh! tell them, the folly, the fault is theirs,
For not using their moments right.
With music and flowers,
And joy-lighted bowers,
Whatever to-morrow befall;
There is always to-day
For the young, and the gay,
And there's sunshine o'er us all.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Mrs. Hemans.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd,
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus, afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstain'd what they have found,
Freedom to worship God.

FRIENDSHIP AND RELIGION

Moore.

SHALL I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No; perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this.

THE UNSEEN MASTER.

H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
88, Argyll Street, London.

WHEN the lights of life are gleaming,
Where its blossoms bud and bloom;
When each brow is bound with roses,
As we bask in their perfume,
Just beyond the smiles and sunshine,
All unseen, the Master stands,
Waiting ever, ever waiting,
Holding out His pierced hands.

When the lights of life are darken'd,
As its flowers fall and fade,
And we watch our loved ones vanish
Through the silence and the shade;
Then the Master draweth nearer
Through the circling shadow-lands,
Waiting ever, ever waiting,
Holding out His pierced hands.

When the shades of night are falling,
Where each heart must stand alone,
And the world has left us nothing
We can call or claim our own;
Then we turn to meet the Master,
Where a halo lights the past,
Waiting ever, ever waiting,
Till we clasp His hands at last.

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY?

Burns.

Is there for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddie-grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
An honest man, though ne'er so poor,
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Who struts and stares, an' a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
A man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
An honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His dignities, an' a' that
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
An' come it shall, for a' that,
When sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man an' man, o'er a' the earth,
Shall brithers be, an' a' that.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we through the crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men! remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, there's lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny arm that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men! remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide where those abide—
There's room enough for all.

Songs about Friendship.

HOW WELCOME THE FACE OF A FRIEND.

How welcome the face of a friend,
He's a treasure to hold to on earth;
The brightest of moments we spend
Is the sunshine where friendship has birth.
Give me then a kind-hearted friend—
Enrich'd by a gem of such worth,
Though life may with evils contend,
He lightens that burden on earth.

He cheers the gay moments of joy,
Makes the heart glow with ardent delight,
And the hand of sweet friendship's employ
Is stretch'd out from morning till night.
Give me then a kind-hearted friend—
Enrich'd by a gem of such worth,
Though life may with evils contend,
He lightens that burden on earth.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 102, High Holborn, London.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd;
But coldness dwells within my heart,
A cloud is on my brow:
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together,
We've laugh'd at little jests,
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts;
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow:
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We've wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-green graves where mouldering lay
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow:
We have been sad together,
Oh! what shall part us now?

AULD LANG SYNE.

Burns.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paddled i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But saes between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

ONE CHEERING WORD.

THIS world would be a dreary waste
Uncheer'd by friendship's voice,
Which, like the sun, will glad the scene,
And make the heart rejoice;
In sorrow's dark and troubled hour,
Its gentle accents heard,
Will chase away each gloomy thought
With one kind, cheering word.

How many good who might be great
Still languish in the shade!
Their virtues, never brought to light,
Are left unknown to fade.
If friendship's voice should interpose,
What joy is then conferr'd—
The drooping heart is raised to hope
By one kind, cheering word.

STRANGERS YET!

AFTER years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travels in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,
Why thus join'd, why ever met,
If they must be strangers yet?
Strangers yet! Strangers yet!

After childhood's winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel ask'd and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret,
When they part they're strangers yet!
Strangers yet! Strangers yet!

Will it evermore be thus,
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we never fairly stand
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set,
To retain us strangers yet?
Strangers yet! Strangers yet!

I LOVE TO SEE OLD FACES.

J. Wilce.

I LOVE to see old faces,
That, beaming with a smile,
Rob Time of half his sadness,
And Care's dull thoughts beguile;
I love them in the moments
When hope-buds sweetly bloom,
And, oh! how welcome are they
When troubles darkly loom!
I love to see old faces,
That, beaming with a smile,
Rob Time of half his sadness,
And Care's dull thoughts beguile.

I love to see old faces,
That shed their kindly light,
Like crimson-tinted sun-rays
On winter's robe of white;
They oft recall sweet memories,
The passing hour they cheer;
I love to see old faces,
To me they're ever dear.
Yes! welcome are old faces;
I love the genial smile
That fills the heart with gladness,
And Care doth still beguile,

IT WAS MY FATHER'S CUSTOM.

By kind permission of A. Hammond & Co., 5, Vigo Street, London.

COME, hither bring the holly-bush to decorate the hall,
With lofty boughs of mistletoe to hang around the wall;
Spread wide the snowy table-cloth upon the shining board,
And bring the best of everything the larder can afford;
Then place a seat for every guest: let here the glasses shine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now bring the massive yule log, the fire pile well up,
For we must draw around it to drain the wassail cup;
The harmless joke shall pass around, with spirits gay and light;
Our laughter shall ring out aloud and echo here to-night;
The old their gossip shall enjoy, the youth with mirth combine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now see the guests assemble, each with a smiling face;
They bend their heads in silence, to ask a holy grace:
Hark! the glasses rattle; the guests enjoy their cheer:
And see, the viands, great and small, quickly disappear:
Be gay, my friends, be merry, boys, to feast let none decline:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now clear away the table-cloth and let the wine remain;
Bring oranges from Portugal, and grapes from sunny Spain;
Place here the cakes, and there the nuts, and there the rich preserve
Good housewife, bring your dainties; keep nothing in reserve;
Then bring the bowl, the jolly bowl, and fill it up with wine:
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Then clear away the tables, and put away each chair,
And let the merry music the rejoicing dance prepare;
We'll play the games—the Christmas games—blind man and hunt the shoe:
It was my father's custom, and it shall be mine too.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Goodwin Barnby.

GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is warm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me the grasp, that I may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman:
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not, never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another,
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it,
Give me its grasp, that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-eyed maiden,
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen:
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not, never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

T. H. Bayly.

IN happier hours, my pleasure all day
Was to rove with the thoughtless, or dance with the gay;
Through life as I sported, no clouds could I see,
And the hearts that were gayest were dearest to me.
But now in affliction, how changed is the view,
The gay hearts are many—sincere ones are few.

Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for a while,
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile;
Like blossoms that wither when daylight is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But you, in my sorrow, still faithfully came,
And though I am alter'd, I find you the same;
Whene'er you come near me, no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind;
Like the night-blowing cereus, which sheds its perfume,
And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom.

COME, LET US BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

Charles Jefferys.

By kind permission of C. Jefferys, 67, Berners Street, London.

COME, let us be happy together,
For where there's a will there's a way,
And the heart is as light as a feather,
If maxims like mine bear the sway.
First pack up a store of contentment,
Who knows not the way is a dunce;
If wrong'd, never dream of resentment,
Get rid of such folly at once.

Listen to me!

To be kind is the way to meet kindness,
If not, what's the use of regret?
Rail not at the world for its blindness,
But pity, forgive, and forget.

Our old friends no doubt will be true friends,
The longer we love them the more;
But shut not your eyes against new friends,
Though one be but true in a score.
Prize the one you have proved a jewel,
With which 'twould be madness to part:
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
Which keeps up the warmth of the heart?

Listen to me!

Of true souls how sweet the communion,
Throughout the wide world as we roam.
Then, to keep up the strong chain of union,
Let us rivet the fond links at home.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

NEVER LOSE A FRIEND.

J. B. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Robert Cooks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

OH! never spurn the honest voice
That speaks in friendship's name;
It may be hard to take advice,
But truth we cannot blame;
The sharpest word it still may be
The kindest in the end;
Have faith in goodness, truth, and love,
And never lose a friend.

What though they say that friendship
Is as changing as the wind,
Be not the one that two would part,
The first to prove unkind;
Remember only kindred hearts
Can with each other blend;
We all some day some aid may need;
Then never lose a friend.

The man who lives for self alone
Oft deems the world too small
To gratify his mean desires;
But does he live at all?
He cannot know the blessings that
Upon his steps attend,
Who freely gives what he can spare;
Then never lose a friend.

To rank and station some are born,
And some must labour still,
But each within his own degree
His duty must fulfil;
Equality will come at last,
To all the self-same end;
Then let us for each other live,
And never lose a friend.

OUR HANDS HAVE MET, BUT NOT OUR HEARTS.

T. Hood.

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again;
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain.
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again.

Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
E'en the outward form of love
Must be resign'd with some regret.
Friends we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget;
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts;
I would our hands had never met!

READY AND STEADY.

Charles Bradberry.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
83, Argyll Street, London.

AH! give me the man who at duty's call
Is ready and steady too,
Who never will fail, no perils appal,
Is steadfast, and staunch, and true;
So bright is his scutcheon, so strong the
grasp,
Extended his good right hand,
For he is the man in friendship to clasp
Who at duty's call takes his stand.

So give me the man who at duty's call
Is ready and steady too,
Who never will fail, no perils appal,
Is steadfast, and staunch, and true.

He is the man who is strong in his love
For that which is tender and true,
Is gentle and kind to the old and young,
And of friends can boast not a few,
Who loves the sweet scent of springtime
flowers,
Is sad o'er the sorrows of all,
Whose word is his bond in sunshine or
shower,
And is ready at duty's call.

So give me, etc.

Then give me the man who, like a true
knight,
Ne'er brooks he to bend the knee;
Who, strong in his right, will wage a fair
fight
'Gainst foes of any degree.
As burnish'd as silver his crest shall gleam,
With truth for his shield and pride,
For honour, not fame, an unsullied name,
And duty were ever his pride.

So give me, etc.

Songs about Kindness.

GAFFER GRAY.

Holcroft.

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?" . .
"Tis the weather that's cold—
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new;
Well-a-day!"

"Then line thy old doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass!" .
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say, how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door." . . .
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor;
Well-a-day!"

"The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenced both in back and in front." . .
"He will fasten his locks,
And threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want;
Well-a-day!"

"The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.' . . .
"His fat beeves, and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair;
Well-a-day!"

"My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live!" . .
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give;
Well-a-day!"

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

SCATTER BLESSINGS.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter,
195, Oxford Street, London.

SCATTER blessings, little darling,

Life for you has just begun;

Let your smiles be bright and kindly,

As the rays of setting sun;

Hearts will lighten at your coming,

Tears be dried and cease to flow,

If you scatter on your pathway

Kindly blessings as you go.

Hearts will lighten, etc.

Scatter blessings, gentle maiden;

They are better far than arts

Practised only for the moment

On some unsuspecting hearts;

But the blessings last for ever!

After you are old and grey,

Some fond heart will love and cherish

Words that never fade away.

Hearts will lighten, etc.

Scatter blessings, white-hair'd mother;

Don't forget the shadow'd life

That has naught of joy and sunlight,

Only mingled woe and strife;

Scatter blessings, welcome blessings,

On your pathway here below—

They will never be forgotten—

Scatter blessings as you go.

Hearts will lighten, etc.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Fanny Crosby.

SPEAK kindly, oh! speak kindly,

And drop a genial ray

Of merry, golden sunshine

O'er those who cross your way.

A word, a smile, like magic,

A throbbing heart may still,

And chords that long were buried

With sudden rapture thrill.

Speak kindly, oh! speak kindly,

And drop a genial ray

Of merry, golden sunshine

O'er those who cross your way.

When in some lonely desert

One verdant spot appears,

Oh! how a single leaflet

The weary traveller cheers.

So words of kindness, spoken

When sorrow weaves her chain,

Bring back life's wither'd roses,

And bid them bloom again.

Speak kindly, etc.

Like seed that drops in springtime

From labour's patient hand;

Like gentle showers descending

To lave the thirsty land;

Like dews that in the twilight

On nature's bosom fall,

Let words of love and kindness

Make glad the hearts of all.

Speak kindly, etc.

LET US GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS.

LET us gather up the sunbeams

Lying all around our path;

Let us keep the wheat and roses,

Casting out the thorns and chaff;

Let us find our sweetest comfort

In the blessings of to-day,

With a patient hand removing

All the briars from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,

Then scatter seeds of kindness,

Then scatter seeds of kindness

For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange, we never prize the music

Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!

Strange, that we should slight the violets

Till the lovely flowers are gone!

Strange, that summer skies and sunshine

Never seem one-half so fair,

As when winter's snowy pinions

Shake the white down in the air.

Then scatter, etc.

If we knew the baby fingers

Press'd against the window pane

Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—

Never trouble us again—

Would the bright eyes of our darling

Catch the frown upon our brow?

Would the prints of rosy fingers

Vex us then as they do now?

Then scatter, etc.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,

How they point our memories back

To the hasty words and actions

Strewn along our backward track!

How those little hands remind us,

As in snowy grace they lie,

Not to scatter thorns—but roses—

For our reaping by-and-by!

Then scatter, etc.

SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

LET us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see ;
And should a man blame, let's remind him
That from faults there are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honours now.
Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say ;
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him,
Where coldness will turn him away.
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom ;
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed—
On a frown or a smile hangs its doom.

BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

J. B. Woodbury.

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And join'd in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey ;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy brother ; his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn :
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are :
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
Be kind to thy sister : not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;—
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold ;
Be kind to thy mother so near ;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold ;
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

SAY A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

WHAT were life without some one to cheer us
With a word or a smile on our way—
A friend who is faithfully near us,
And heeds not what others may say;
The bravest of spirits have often
Half failed in the race that they ran,
For a kind word life's hardships to soften,
So say a kind word when you can. So say a kind word, etc.
Each one of us owns to some failing,
Though some may have more than the rest;
But there's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those that are striving their best.
Remember, a word spoke complaining
May blight every effort and plan,
Which a kind word would help in attaining,
So say a kind word when you can. So say a kind word, etc.
Oh! say a kind word then whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad,
But chiefly—forget it oh! never—
To the one that is hopeless and sad.
For there's no word so easy in saying;
So begin, if you have not began,—
And never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can. So say a kind word, etc.

KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
102, High Holborn, London.

THOUGH our way is dark and dreary,
And we toil from day to day,
While the heart is sad and weary,
At our home there shines a ray.

Kindly words and smiling faces,
Gentle voices as of yore,
Loving kisses and embraces,
Ever wait us at the door.

Here we turn when all forsake us,
Here we never look in vain
For the soothing tones that wake us
Back to joy and peace again.

Kindly words, etc.

Though we err, yet in our sadness
Here's a shelter from the storm;
Just as in our days of gladness,
Here the hearts are true and warm.

Kindly words, etc.

KIND HEARTS EVERY- WHERE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
102, High Holborn, London.

OH! call it not a desert bare,
This beauteous world below;
Nor say no flower of sympathy
For anguish here doth grow;
Affliction may have tried thee—
Thy lot been hard to bear,
Yet speak not so untruly,
There are kind hearts everywhere.

This world might be a Paradise,
And life made bright with love,
Could each the other try to serve,
And friendship seek to prove.
Be patient, ever patient,
And joy will be thy share;
So judge not too severely,
There are kind hearts everywhere.

Oh! call it not a mockery,
This beauteous world of ours;
Though full of lovely hopes that bloom
To perish like its flowers.
Though dark clouds gather o'er thee,
Ne'er yield thee to despair;
This life hath still its sunshine,
There are kind hearts everywhere.

Songs about Hope.

'TIS NOT FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

Banim.

'Tis not for love of gold I go, 'tis not for love of fame;
Though fortune should her smile bestow, and I may win a name.
—And yet it is for gold I go, and yet it is for fame. . .
That they may deck another brow, and bless another name!

For this,—*but* this, I go; for this I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss of thy young, faithful smile;
I go to brave a world I hate, and woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave, and try a fate upon a stranger shore.

Oh! when the bays are all my own, I know a heart will care!
Oh! when the gold is woo'd and won, I know a brow shall wear.
And when, with both return'd, again my native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there, and a hand will welcome me!

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

C. Mackay.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

CHEER, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way;
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

So farewell, England, much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?

So farewell, England—farewell for evermore!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country;
Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.

Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But *there* shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country;
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

Michael Kelly.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

HARD is my lot, when youth is mine
And joy should crown each rosy hour,
Within these gloomy walls to pine,
Still fetter'd by a tyrant's power.
You, who pity maids like me,
This way bend, and set me free.

Must I for ever languish here,
A life of solitude to prove?
No! something whispers in my ear
That I was born for bliss and love!
You, who pity maids like me,
This way bend, and set me free.

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

ALWAYS look on the sunny side,
And though life chequer'd be,
A gladsome heart bids care depart
And time fly pleasantly.
Why sit and mourn o'er fancied ills,
When danger is not near?
Care is a self-consuming thing,
That hardest nerves can wear.
Always look on the sunny side,
And though life chequer'd be,
A gladsome heart bids care depart
And time fly pleasantly.
Always look on the sunny side,
And though you do not find
All things according to your wish,
Be not disturb'd in mind.
The greatest evils that can come
Are lighter far to bear,
When met by fortitude and strength,
Instead of doubt and fear.
Always look, etc.

A LETTER IN THE CANDLE.

James Clark.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

THERE'S a letter in the candle,
It points direct to me,
How the little spark is shining,
From whomever can it be?
It gets brighter still, and brighter,
Like a little sunny ray,
And I dare to guess the writer,
For it drives suspense away.
Bright spark of hope,
Shed your beams on me,
And send a loving message
From far across the sea.
Bright spark of hope,
Shed your beams on me,
And speed the loving message
From far across the sea.
Hope and fear alike perplex me—
Oh! superstitious dread,
How many idle fancies
You conjure in my head;
When those we love are absent,
How wantonly you play,
Every shadow seems a substance
And drives suspense away.
Bright spark of hope, etc

How gladly I remember,
'Tis two short months, no more,
Since a letter in the candle
Shone out as bright before;
Then the darling messenger
Came prompt and safe to me;
If this is only from the same,
How welcome it shall be.

Bright spark of hope, etc.

SWEET HOPE, THOU ART A SOVEREIGN BALM.

Thomas Campbell.

SWEET hope, thou art a sovereign balm
For heart by sorrow wounded;
Thy smiles impart a tender calm,
E'en when by storms surrounded!
For, like the many-tinted bow,
Grief's atmosphere thou cheerest,
And darker as the shadows grow
The brighter thou appearest.

And though by every tongue reviled,
As treacherous, false, deceiving,
Who hath not dried his tears, and smiled
Thy promises believing?
Then still I'll court thy soothing power,
And thy sweet influence cherish;
To thee I'll cling in life's last hour,
Nor quit thee till I perish.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

Alfred Bunn.

OH! smile as thou were wont to smile,
Before the weight of care
Had crush'd thy heart, and for a while,
Left only sorrow there.
Some thoughts, perchance, 'twere best to
quell,
Some impulse to forget,
O'er which, should memory cease to dwell,
We may be happy yet.

Oh! never name departed days,
Nor vows you whisper'd then,
Round which too sad a feeling plays
To trust their tones again.
Regard their shadows round thee cast
As if we ne'er had met;
And thus, unmindful of the past,
We may be happy yet.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL'S for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful :
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful ;
Courage, for ever, if happy and wise.

All's for the best ! if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes that all may be blest ;
This is no dream of a pundit or poet,
Fact is not fancy, and " All's for the best."

" All's for the best ! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wander'd,
A wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best ! dispel idle terrors,
Meet all your fears and your woes in the van,
And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child and strive like a man.

" All's for the best ! unfailling, unbounded,"
Providence deigns that all may be blest,
And both by wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for " All's for the best."

WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

WE'LL be true to each other, though Fate has now parted
Two spirits that yearn with devotion and love ;
We will show the hard world that we both are strong-hearted,
That the wings of the eagle can nurture the dove.
Perhaps it is well that our faith and affection
Are tried in our youth by a lingering test ;
But if both of us love by the soul's free selection,
We'll be true to each other, and hope for the best.

Let us chafe not unwisely, by rudely defying
The doubts and denials that echo in vain ;
Like the ship in the stream, on her anchor relying,
We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.
We are parted, but, trust me, it is not for ever,
Our vows breathed in earnest will surely be blest ;
So we'll work and we'll wait with love's fervent endeavour,
Be true to each other, and hope for the best.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

HOPE told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return ;
Ah ! nought my sighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.
Ah ! where's the flatterer gone ?
From me for ever flown ;
The happy dream of love is o'er—
Life, alas ! can charm no more.

HOPE.

Allison

In hope a king doth go to war ;
In hope a lover lives full long ;
In hope a merchant sails full far ;
In hope just men do suffer wrong ;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed :
Thus hope helps thousands at their need
Then faint not, heart, among the rest ;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

J. T. Wood.

JENNY, my own true loved one,
I'm going far from thee,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea.
How I will miss you, my darling,
There, when the storm is raging high—
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,

Wait till the clouds roll by ;

Jenny, my own true loved one,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,

Will you then dream of me, love ?

Will you your promise keep ?

And I will come to you, darling ;

Take courage, dear, and never sigh,

Gladness will follow sorrow,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds, etc.

Jenny, I'll keep your image

Within my heart, so true ;

Each thought of mine for ever

Still, love, shall be of you :

Dry then your tear-drops, my darling,

Soon will the night of sorrow fly ;

Cheer up and don't be lonely,

Wait till the clouds roll by.

Wait till the clouds, etc.

I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

ANSWER TO "WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS
ROLL BY."

WILLIE, though sad our parting,

I'll still be true to thee ;

Fondly my heart will follow

Over the stormy sea.

Though I shall miss thee, my darling,

Though I shall sorrow and sigh,

Yet thy dear words I'll heed, love,

I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Willie,

I'll wait till the clouds roll by ;

Soon will the dawn be breaking,

I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

Willie, the days are weary,

But long I'll not repine ;

Darkly the skies are frowning,

'Neath them the star-rays shine.

Deep in my heart I will treasure

Each thought of thee, though I sigh ;

Soon will the sun be shining,

I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, etc.

Willie, though far you're sailing,

I know again we'll meet ;

Brightly the future's dawning,

Tranquil, and fair, and sweet

Love in the heart lives for ever,

Though we sorrow and sigh ;

True to my love, my dearest

I'll wait till the clouds roll by !

I'll wait till the clouds roll by, etc.

SUNNY DAYS WILL COME AGAIN.

B. Ransford.
Published in the Keys of E Flat and F.

THOUGH to-day be dark and dreary,

And black clouds around us rise,

Let us halt not, nor be weary,

Light is looming in the skies !

Aid and cheer each fellow-creature

'Gainst the storms that round us lower ;

Soon they'll wear a brighter feature,

And the sunshine come with power.

Never, boys, give way to sorrow,

But be up, and act like men ;

Look with hope for joy to-morrow,

Sunny days will come again !

Let us throw aside all sadness,

Better times are on the wing ;

Who can tell what joy and gladness

Providence to us may bring ?

Nerve then every manly feeling,

And with courage meet the storm ;

Let us wounded hearts be healing,

And our duty still perform.

Never, boys, etc.

We should not be always sighing,

Nor indulge in wild dismay ;

Bear in mind "old Time" is flying,

Therefore wisdom more display.

If our prospects be not shining,

And our hearts be bow'd with care,

Where's the good in our repining ?

Still look up, and ne'er despair !

Never, boys, etc.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley,
3, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

Naval Songs.

THE MARINERS.

Park Benjamin.

How cheery are the mariners, those children of the sea !
Their hearts are like the yeasty waves, as bounding, and as free !
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels in circles round the mast,
And sing when, deep in foam, the ship ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ? there's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee, and leagues of waves before :
Let billows toss to mountain-heights, or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out, nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down, and canvas furl'd, the gallant hull will float
Securely as, on inland lake, a silken-tassell'd boat.
And sound asleep some mariners : and some, with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark that roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners, and temper all the gales,
That sweep against the rocky coast, to their storm-shatter'd sails :
And men on shore will bless the ship—that could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand, to brave the mighty sea !

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

Mrs. Southey.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner ! Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose the rudder-bands !—good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily ; tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily ! Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow—breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the fore-sail there ! hold the helm fast !
So—let the vessel ware ! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman ? what of the night ?
“ Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant !—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ? Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold !
There—let the ingots go !—now the ship rights :
Hurrah ! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land ;
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
Christian ! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME !

THE LIGHTHOUSE LIGHT.

William M. Hutchison.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

DARK was the night, and fierce the blast :
Almost in port, the men at last
Clearly could hear the billows roar,
Dashing against the angry shore ;
And some stout hearts began to quail
At those dread rocks so close to lee,
But ever through the whistling gale
The Captain cried out sturdily :
"The Lighthouse light across the sea
Will serve to keep us safe and free ;
Will guide us safely to the bay :
We'll reach the haven ere the day !"

Wilder the fierce wind came again,
Bearing the blinding hail and rain,
Driving the ship, through sheets of foam,
Ever and ever nearer home ;
But lo ! at last, like radiant star,
Across the blackness of the sky,
The light is seen to shine afar,
And still is heard the Captain's cry :
"The Lighthouse," etc.

But ah ! so near, so near to land,
With all their dear ones close at hand,
The fated crew are lost !
The gallant spirits are at rest,
And in the kingdom of the blest
No more are tempest-toss'd—
The Lighthouse light will ne'er again
Reveal the way to those brave men.
Ah, no ! they found the golden way,
They reach'd the haven ere the day !

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Epps Serjeant.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore :
Oh ! give me the splashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

A life, etc.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft :
Set sail ! farewell to the land !—
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free—
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out in the sea.
A life, etc.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown ;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down.
And the song of our heart shall be,
While the winds and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the bounding wave !
A life, etc.

DOWN BY THE DEEP, SAD SEA.

Down by the deep, sad sea,
Down where the sea-gulls roam,
I wander on the rock-bound shore
Where stood my boyhood's home.
But years have changed those happy scenes,
That once were dear to me,
For all I loved in life now sleep
Down by the deep, sad sea.
Oh ! the sea, oh ! the sea,
My love to thee ;
I'd give the world to live again
Down by the deep, sad sea.

Down by the deep, sad sea
Evening shades draw nigh ;
I gaze upon its bosom soft
With sad and tearful eye.
And mem'ry takes its wayward flight
To scenes that used to be,
And leaves me sitting lone and sad
Down by the deep, sad sea.
Oh ! the sea, etc.

Down by the dear old sea
Morning sweetly smiles ;
I see the white sails flitting
Across its breast for miles.
The playful white-caps chase and leap
Each other in their glee :
Oh ! when I die, here let me rest,
Down by the deep, sad sea.
Oh ! the sea, etc.

THE FISHERBOY'S HOME.

J. E. Carpenter.

By kind permission of J. McDowell & Co., 18, Little Marlborough Street, London.

AN old man sits by his cabin door,
And he lists to the sound of the breakers' roar ;
Many a night, in the dim time past,
He has stemm'd the wave, he has braved the blast.
But now the fisherman bends his head,
And his brave old face has a look of dread,
For he knows that a perilous night 'twill be,
And his only son is away at sea.

But the fisherboy far in his lonely boat
Sings, " Merry it is o'er the waves to float " ;
The fisherboy far in his lonely boat
Sings, " Merry it is o'er the waves to float.

The old dame sits by the cabin fire,
And she piles the driftwood fuel higher,
And prays that its ruddy blaze may be
A beacon-light to her boy at sea ;
But a tear steals oft to her weary eyes,
As she makes the bright flame flash and rise,
For the hour is past that his welcome cheer
Should gladden her heart, and he comes not near.

Still the fisherboy sings in his lonely boat,
" Merry it is," etc.

A maiden comes to the cabin door—
She cannot sleep for the breakers' roar ;
She had seen the bark in the morn depart,
And a fear now falls on her throbbing heart.
Oh ! wretched it is alone to be,
And the loved one far on a stormy sea ;
But hark ! there's a cheery " Shore ahoy ! "
'Tis the well-known shout of the fisherboy !

He has braved the storm in his fragile boat ;
Merry it is, etc.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Oliver W. Holmes

AY ! tear her tatter'd ensign down ! long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, and burst the cannon's roar :—
The meteor of the ocean air shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood,—where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, and waves were white below,—
No more shall hear the victor's tread, or know the conquer'd knee :—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shatter'd hulk should sink beneath the wave ! . . .
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and there should be her grave !
Nail to the mast her holy flag—set every threadbare sail—
And give her to the God of storms, the lightning, and the gale !

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

BRITANNIA, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view ;
Thy banners make tyrants to tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd our land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm ;
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim :
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE FLAG THAT BRAVED A THOUSAND YEARS.

Joseph Oliver.

THERE is a fair and sea-girt isle
Whose home is 'mid the waves,
Where Liberty's benignant smile
Doth freemen make of slaves !
And to all eyes BRITANNIA rears,
As Empress of the seas,
The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !

That banner meets the Briton's eyes
'Neath which so oft he's bled—
He proudly points to it, and dies
On Honour's glorious bed.
Affection every fold endears,
Whene'er a Briton sees
The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !

And while Old England rears with pride
Her lion flag unfurl'd,
It shall proclaim her far and wide
The mistress of the world ;
For like a bulwark still appears,
Unconquer'd o'er the seas,
The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Campbell.

[*This is said to be the finest sea song in the World.*]

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze ;
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the flood below—
As they roar, on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HEARTS OF OAK.

David Garrick.

COME, cheer up, my lads ! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Gallant tars are our men ;
We always are ready ;
Steady, boys, steady !

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us but they wish us away ;
If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, etc.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea ;
Her standard is Justice—her watchword " Be free !"
Then cheer up, my lads ! with one heart let us sing,
" Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king."

Hearts of oak, etc.

I'M AFLOAT ! I'M AFLOAT !

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street, London.

I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! on the fierce rolling tide—
The ocean's my home, and my bark is my bride ;
Up, up, with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea—
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the Rover is free !
I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law—
I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw ;
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel !
Quick, quick, trim her sails, let the sheets kiss the wind,
And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the seagulls behind !
Up, up, with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea—
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the Rover is free !

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard—
What matter ? our vessel skims on like a bird :
What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main ?
She has braved it before, and will brave it again.
The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall—
They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot appal ;
With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.
Hurrah ! my brave comrades, ye may drink—ye may sleep,—
The storm-fiend is hush'd—we're alone on the deep,
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea,—
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the Rover is free !

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

Allan Cunningham.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE STORM.

Dibdin.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea:
From bounding billows, first in motion
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling:
"By top-sailsheets, and haul-yards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The top-sail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew."

Now, all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls:

"The top-sail point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!"

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry!

"The foremast's gone," cries every tongue
out,
"O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick! the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold:
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold."

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us;
Both chain-pumps are choked below—
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys—
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys! we're off
shore.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

DUET.

J. B. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

PAUL.

WHAT are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever, amid our playing,
I hear but their low, lone song ?
Not by the sea-side only,
There it sounds wild and free ;
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me.

FLORENCE.

Brother, I hear no singing ;
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave ;
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter,
Mingling with its roar.

DUET.

No, it is something greater
That speaks to the heart alone ;
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone !

PAUL.

Yes, but the waves seem ever
Singing the sad same thing ;
And vain is my weak endeavour
To guess what the surges sing.
What is that voice repeating,
Ever by night and day ?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away ?

FLORENCE.

Brother, the inland mountain,
Hath it not voice and sound ?
Speaks not the dripping fountain,
As it bedews the ground ?
E'en by the household ingle,
Curtain'd and closed, and warm,
Do not our voices mingle
With those of the distant storm ?

DUET.

Yes, but there's something greater
That speaks to the heart alone ;
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone !

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. Willard.

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure, I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from slumber to wreck and death !

In ocean cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality !
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

THE HEART KNOWS ONLY ONE.

Capt. W. Johnson.

THE landsmen tell you those who roam
O'er ocean's boundless tide
On every shore can find a home,
In every port a bride.
Heed not, sweet maid, their idle prate :
They ne'er such feelings knew
As warm the heart of thy sailor mate,
Which beats alone for you.

What though, when storms our bark assail,
The needle trembling veers,
When night adds horror to the gale,
And not a star appears.
True to the pole as I to thee,
It faithful still will prove ;
An emblem, dear, of constancy,
And of a sailor's love.

Then turn from what the landsmen say,
Who would thy faith beguile ;
They seize the time when we're away
To practise every wile.
O'er beauty bright our looks may rove,
We ne'er its influence shun,
But though the eye has many a love,
The heart knows only one.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

John Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board :
 "Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew ?"
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.
 "Oh ! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,—
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 "Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind :
 They tell thee sailors when away
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread !
 No longer she must stay on board,—
 They kiss'd—she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 "Adieu ! " she cried, and waved her lily hand.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O !

Andrew Cherry.

LOUD roar'd the dreadful thunder !
 The rain a deluge showers !
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers !
 The night, both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day, there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay O !
 Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak ;
 Each fears a watery pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak !
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay O !

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved the bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay O !
 Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;
 When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent !
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers !
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay O !

THE SEA.

Barry Cornwall.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free ;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? what matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blast doth blow !
I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the wind it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sigh'd for change ;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounding sea.

BEHOLD ! HOW BRIGHTLY BREAKS THE MORNING.

BEHOLD ! how brightly breaks the morning,
Though bleak our lot our hearts are warm ;
To toil inured, all danger scorning,
We hail the breeze, or brave the storm.

Put off, put off, our course we know ;
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low ;
Look out, and spread our nets with care,
The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

Away, though tempests darken o'er us,
Boldly still we'll stem the wave ;
Hoist, hoist all sail, while shines before us
Hope's beacon-light, to cheer the brave.

Put off, put off, our course we know ;
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low ;
Look out, and spread our nets with care,
The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

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CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Moore.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn :
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar :
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float on thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs :
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Arnold.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn's her hero now at rest,
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'TWAS in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then ;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty ;
Along the line the signal ran,
" England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore—
Our Nelson led the way ;
His ship, the *Victory* named,
Long be that vict'ry famed !
For vict'ry crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty :
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
" England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
That spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received,
" Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried ;
" Now long enough I've lived.
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty !"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

ALL'S WELL.

Dibdin.

A DUET.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there?—stranger, quickly tell!"—
"A friend."—"The word!"—"Good night!"—"All's well."
Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear.
"What cheer?—Ho, brother, quickly tell!"—
"Above."—"Below."—"Good night!"—"All's well."

THE LARBOARD WATCH.

A DUET.

AT dreary midnight's cheerless hour,
Deserted by the moon's pale beam,
When tempests beat and torrents pour,
And twinkling stars no longer gleam,
The wearied sailor, spent with toil,
Clings firmly to the weather shrouds,
And still the lengthen'd hour to 'guile,
Sings as he views the gathering clouds—
"Larboard Watch ahoy!"

But who can tell the joy he feels?
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
His tired eyelids slumb'ring fall;
He rouses at the welcome call
Of "Larboard Watch ahoy!"

With anxious care he eyes each wave,
That swelling threatens to o'erwhelm,
And, his storm-beaten bark to save,
Directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheering grog,
'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse;
With joy he heaves the reeling log,
And marks the leeway and the course.
"Larboard Watch ahoy!"

But who can speak the joy he feels?
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
His tired eyelids slumb'ring fall;
He rouses at the welcome call
Of "Larboard Watch ahoy!"

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

By kind permission of Hart & Co., 22, Paternoster Row, London.

MAN the life-boat, man the life-boat,
Help, or yon ship is lost;
Man the life-boat, man the life-boat,
See how she's tempest-toss'd;
No human power in such an hour
The gallant bark can save—
Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on,
She seeks a watery grave.
Man the life-boat, man the life-boat,
See the dread signal flies:
Ha! she has struck, and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands
Amid the tempest wild—
For on the beach he cannot reach
He sees his wife and child.
Man the life-boat, man the life-boat,
Now ply the oars amain—
Your pull be strong, your stroke be long,
Or all will be in vain.
Life-saving ark, yon doomèd bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men, are there.
Speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat—
Oh, God, their efforts crown;
She dashes on, the ship is gone
Full fifty fathoms down.
Oh, see the crew are struggling now
Amid the billows' roar:
They're in the boat, they're all afloat,
Hurrah, they've gain'd the shore

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

R. S. Sharpe.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave :
Through the wild surf they cleave their way
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, oh ! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd !
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell !

Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute gun at sea.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

Martin Parker.

YE gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah ! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

When the stormy, etc.

The sailor must have courage,
No danger he must shun,
In every kind of weather
His course he still must run.
Now mounted on the topmast,
How dreadful 'tis below ;
Then we ride on the tide,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When the stormy, etc.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar ;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know ;
Clear the way for the fray,
Though the stormy winds do blow.

And the stormy, etc.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd ;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade :
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know ;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

G. P. Morris.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbour of Mahon ;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone,
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood.

A shudder shot through every vein—
All eyes were turn'd on high :—
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky.
No hold had he above, below—
Alone he stood in air ;
At that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak ;
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watch'd the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As riveted unto the spot
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck—
Hegasp'd, "Oh, God, Thy will be done !"
Then suddenly a rifle grasp'd,
And aim'd it at his son !
"Jump far out, boy—into the wave !
Jump, or I fire ! " he said ;
"That only chance your life can save—
Jump, jump, boy !"—He obey'd.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out ;
On board was hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew in silent joy
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck

THE SHIP WAS SAVED BY LAUGHING.

Philip Dayson.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

OH ! a tight little craft was the *Homeward Bound*
As ever upon the sea was found ;
She'd a right good captain, and a right good crew,
A right good cook and a bo'sun too !
But the right good cook had a nose so red
That they call'd him " Fiery Bob " instead !
The captain, he held 'twas hardly right
Of the cook's red nose to make so light ;
Yet, whenever that bo'sun the cook did see,
He'd shiver his timbers and shout with glee :
" Oh, he, he, he ! "

And the ship was saved by laughing.

One day a leak in the hold was spied,
" All hands to the pumps ! " the captain cried ;
They pump'd away with main and might
All through the day and through the night ;
Till, hope and strength a-failing fast,
" No use ! " the captain cried, at last,
" Let each man 'mong us for death prepare,
And spend the last short hour in prayer ! "
But the bo'sun never a word pray'd he,
But chuckled the while in unseemly glee :
" Oh, he, he, he ! "

And the ship was saved by laughing.

Says the captain, " There's certainly something amiss
With a man who can laugh in an hour like this !
Come, silence ! good fellow, and stay your jest,
You surely of prayer have need as the rest !
Hold ! silence, you madman ! or make reply,
And quick tell your captain the reason why ! "
Then the bo'sun spake out as he glanced at the cook,
While his quivering timbers with merriment shook :
" I was thinking o' Fiery Bob's nose, d'ye see :
Oh, Cap'n ! won't it fizz when we gets in the sea !
Oh, he, he, he ! "

And the ship was saved by laughing.

Well, although they were in such a sorrowful plight,
The captain and crew they laugh'd outright ;
Their drooping spirits again revived,
The spell of rest new strength supplied ;
And there in the cold grey morning light
Again they pump'd with main and might ;
When a passing vessel came in view
And saved the ship and the goodly crew !
And I think you'll all agree with me
That the song to sing when you're out at sea's
" Oh, he, he, he ! "
For the ship was saved by laughing.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

YOUR BOY IN BLUE.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co.,
Bedford Street, London.

CHEER up, cheer up, my mother dear:
Oh! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He whoguards me here
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let Hope and Faith illumine the glance
That sees the bark set sail;
Look! look at her now, and see her dance,
Oh! why do you turn so pale?

'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh! wonder not that, next to thee,
I love the galloping wave;
'Tis the first of courasers, wild and free,
And only carries the brave.
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar
Shames all your strife on land.

The storm was long, but it found me true,
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers wreck our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure that the last breath on his lip
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor chain,
That whisper'd like a fairy bird:
"The bark will come back again."

"God bless thee, mother, adieu, adieu,
But never weep for your boy in blue."

A SAILOR AND HIS LASS.

Frank Swift.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll
Street, London.

A SAILOR and his lass had met
At eve to say farewell,
For he was off to sea at morn,
Leaving his love for a spell.
"Cheer up, my lass," he whisper'd low,
In accents fond and true,
"Though wandering o'er the world I go,
I'll come back soon to you.
For I'll be true, ever true,
Always true to thee;
O'er the seas, in distant lands,
I'll be true to thee."

Jack set sail at early morn,
To cross the watery main,
The ship was wreck'd, the crew was lost,
He ne'er return'd again.
The lass he loved was left to pine
In solitude and pain,
"On earth," she said, "his heart was mine,
In heaven we'll meet again.
Ah! I'll be true, ever true,
My sailor lad, to thee;
On a brighter shore, in a better land,
Again I'll meet with thee."

THE LADS OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

By kind permission of Evans & Co., 33, Argyll
Street, London.

"AYE! Ready! messmates, man the boat,
The lifeboat is afloat."

Each iron hand pulls off from land,
Each heart beats in each oar,
Across the bay they dart away,
Amid the tempest's roar:
The waves are rolling mountains high,
Their oars the billows grip,
And skim beneath the starless sky,
To seek the sinking ship;
Though danger darkens duty's path,
They do the best they can,
And man can do no nobler deed
Than help his fellow-man.

The women stand upon the land,
And then, with bended knee,
While lingering there they breathe a prayer
For those upon the sea.
The lads upon the ocean know
A prayer ascends on land
To One who holds the surging sea
Within His sovereign hand.

The dawn of day steals o'er the bay,
As those upon the shore
See through the light that hides the night
The boat return once more;
Then while the sailors pull ashore,
And all the saved are there,
They sing as singers only sing
When Heaven answers prayer.
When danger darkens duty's path,
Go forward if you can,
For man can do no nobler deed
Than help his fellow-man.

THE LONGSHOREMAN.

Philip Dayson.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

I'm Longshoreman Billy o' Portsmouth town,
A fine old skipper I be;
And I worry the lubbers as they come down
To spend a few hours at the sea.
With glass to my eye, every ship I descry,
From a P. and O. Boat to a whaler;
I yarn all the while in true nautical style,
And all think that Billy's a sailor.

But I ain't no sailor bold,
And never was upon the sea;
If I chanced to fall therein,
It's a fact I couldn't swim!
And I quickly at the bottom should be.
But we'll give three hearty cheers
For the sailor roving free;
With a heave ho haullee,
And a cheer for little Polly,
The Queen, and our ships at sea.

My yarns about shipwrecks and foes made to fly
Always pay, as a matter of course;
While aboard of the *Victory*, wasn't it I
Who with Nelson held friendly discourse?
And Nelson he'd often say, "Billy, you dog,"
When he came up on deck from below, sir,
"Here's some baccy to chew and the price of some grog,"
The same as *you* might, yer know, sir!
But I ain't no sailor bold, etc.

Now there's many attending my song who may say,
What a fraudulent skipper am I;
But some Lords of the Admiralty, Westminster way,
With Longshoreman Billy might vie!
Of our drawing-room captains I'd have ye to larn
Some 'ad better by far 'ave been tailors;
Like Billy, they've always got plenty of *yarn*,
But there ain't many of 'em are sailors!
And I ain't no sailor bold, etc.

THE HARDY NORSEMAN'S HOUSE OF YORE.

THE hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was on the foaming wave,
And there he gather'd bright renown,
The bravest of the brave!
Oh! ne'er should we forget our sires,
Wherever we may be!
They bravely won a gallant name,
And ruled the stormy sea.

What though our power be weaker now
Than it was wont to be!
When boldly forth our fathers sail'd
And conquer'd Normandie,
We still may sing their deeds of fame
In thrilling harmony;
For they did win a gallant name,
And ruled the stormy sea.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Kingsley.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west ere the sun went down ;
Each thought of his home and of those he loved best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,—
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down ;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,—
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down ;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep ;
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE LAST OF THE BOYS.

Henry George Murray.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., Hanover Square, London.

WHEN we sail'd out of Plymouth Sound,
For the port of Cadiz outward bound,

Five jolly boys, five jolly boys were we ;
We vow'd our lives to single keep,
And spend our days in ploughing the deep,
And our only bride should be the sea,
d'ye see,
Our only bride the sea ;
We vow'd our lives to single keep,
Our only love the sea.

But when at Cadiz town we stay'd,
Jack fell in love with a Spanish maid,
And only four were we ;
And Ben, thrown over by Mary Ann,
Married a little Italian,
And then we were only three, d'ye see,
Then we were only three ;
Ben married a little Italian,
And then we were only three !

When we got to the port of Madras,
Tom was hail'd by a Hindoo lass,
And he took her under his lee ;
And Dick, who lasted the longest of all,
Tow'd off with a nigger girl in Bengal,
So now there's only me, d'ye see,
Now there's only me ;
For Dick tow'd off with a nigger girl,
So now there's only me !

And so, my lads, it came to pass,
They each got tack'd to a furrin lass,
But that don't quite suit me ;
I'll sarve 'em out as they gave me the slip,
I'll take a *mate* aboard my ship,
But an English girl for me, d'ye see,
An English girl for me ;
I'll take a *mate* aboard my ship,
But an English girl for me.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

I REMEMBER the night was stormy and wet,
And dismally dash'd the dark wave,
Whilst the wind and sleet cold and drearily beat
On the mariner's new-dug grave.
I remember 'twas down in a darksome glade,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail round the wanderer pale,
That I saw the mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load near its last abode,
And gazed on the mariner's grave.
I remember a tear that slowly slid
Down the cheek of a messmate brave;
It fell on the lid, and soon was hid,
For closed was the mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corse to the earth they gave,
Save the wild bird's shriek, and the coffin's creak,
As 'twas lower'd in the mariner's grave.
Now o'er his cold grave the wild briars creep,
And the wild flowers mournfully wave;
The willows weep and the moonbeams sleep
On the mariner's silent grave.

HURRAH! FOR THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

THE lads are all singing,
The bells are all ringing,
The lasses are trimming
Their caps all anew;
The young and the old come,
The great and the small come,
And all for to welcome
The jackets of blue.
They come from the war,
Far over the wave:
Oh! who would not fight
'Neath the flag of the brave?
The poorest, the proudest,
The land can afford
At the war-cry of freedom
Will all draw the sword.

Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the jackets of blue,
For the brave British Tars
In their jackets of blue.

Each Tar has a story
To tell of his glory,
In battles all gory,
His duties to do:
Through climes still a ranger,
He braves every danger,
For fear is a stranger
To jackets of blue.
His ship trimm'd so gaily
Now gallantly rides,
With broad pennants waving,
The queen of the tides.
The lasses all vow
That none love so true
As the brave British Tars
In their jackets of blue.

Then hurrah! hurrah!
For the jackets of blue,
For the brave British Tars
In their jackets of blue.

AN ABLE SEAMAN.

M. Ingle Ball.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

WHEN first I took to the sea, my lads;
 Steadily, steadily, yo heave ho!
 As poor a chap as could be, my lads;
 Steadily, yo heave ho!
 No friendly faces waited near
 To send me off with a parting cheer;
 But only Nellie stood on the pier,
 Weeping to see me go.
 An' as Portsmouth light dropp'd out o' sight,
 Thinks I to myself in the deep'ning night,
 There's a sight o' sorrow, an' toil, an' care,
 Must fall to an Able Seaman's share.

After two years or more, my lads;
 Steadily, steadily, yo heave ho!
 I came back home ashore, my lads;
 Steadily, yo heave ho!
 The lasses welcomed me on the quay,
 As sweet an' lovin' as they could be;
 For they quite forgot how they sneer'd at me
 A couple o' years ago.
 An' I see them smile in their bonniest style,
 An' thinks to myself, as I laugh the while,
 Sweethearts are easy enough to find
 When an Able Seaman's pockets are lined.

Down in her cot by the sea, my lads;
 Steadily, steadily, yo heave ho!
 A lass was waiting for me, my lads;
 Steadily, yo heave ho!
 One who was true when the luck was bad,
 Who gave me her heart an' all she had,
 An' faithfully loved her sailor lad
 Wherever his ship might go.
 And when my Nell on my neck she fell,
 Thinks I to myself, as I kiss'd her well,
 'Tis she who's true in the storms of life
 Is the lass for an Able Seaman's wife.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP,

Moore.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us!
 And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;

We think how great had been our bliss
 If Heaven had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!
 As travellers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

TOM BOWLING.

Dibdin.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to ;
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah ! many's the time and oft—
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands ;
Thus death, who kings and tars dis-
patches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Dibdin.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board,
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring wind, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low, etc.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip, renew,
And drink their "sweethearts" and
their "wives" ;

I'll heave a sigh and think of thee,
And as the ship rolls through the sea
The burden of my song shall be,
Blow high, blow low, etc.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

'Twas on a very stormy day,
Far s'uthward of the Cape,
When from a huge Nor'-wester
We had just made our escape ;
Like an infant in the cradle,
Each breeze was hush'd to sleep,
And peacefully we sail'd upon
The bosom of the deep.
At length the helmsman gave a shout
Of terror and of fear,
As if he had just gazed upon
Some sudden danger near.
We look'd all round the ocean,
And just upon our lee
We saw *The Flying Dutchman*
Come bounding through the sea.

"Take in your flowing canvas, lads,"
Our watchful master cried,
"To us, and our ship's company
Great peril doth betide" ;
The billows, cresting white with foam,
All angry do appear ;
The wind springs up a hurricane,
Now Vanderdecken's near.
He comes, *The Flying Dutchman* comes,
Light o'er the lofty spray ;
Preceded by the tempest dire,
He makes for Table Bay ;
With bird-like speed he's borne before
The wild and howling blast,
But ere he can cast anchor there
The bay, alas ! is past.

He scuds along too rapidly
To mark his eagle flight,
And, lightning-like, the Dutchman's helm
Full soon is out of sight ;
The crews of ships far distant
Now shudder at the breeze
That bears dread Vanderdecken
In fury o'er the sea.
Then mourn for *The Flying Dutchman*,
For terrible's his doom,
The ocean round the stormy Cape,
It is his living tomb !
There Vanderdecken beats about
For ever, night and day,
And tries in vain his oath to keep
By entering the bay.

THE ARETHUSA.

Prince Hoare.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—
Hurrah for the Arethusa !
She is a frigate, tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;
Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.
'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poole straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack, or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.
On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman " Ho ! "
The Frenchman then cried out " Hallo ! "
" Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee."
" No, no," says the Frenchman, " that can't be."
" Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the Saucy Arethusa.
The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass !
A health to the captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

THE SEA-SAND GRAVE.

G. Ransome.

HE sleeps beneath the ocean shore,
But who can tell his grave ?
No marble monument is o'er ;
His dirge the foaming wave ;
Nought but the sea-bird's piercing cry,
The angry billows' roar,
Is heard around his destiny,
Or sounded on the shore.

Ye crested billows, gently roll ;
He lies entomb'd beneath ;
Ye made his lonely sepulchre,
And form'd his bed, sweet heath !
Should e'er a friend come nigh his tomb,
Though all around be drear,
Then, pretty flower, in kindness bloom,
To tell he sleepeth here.

SING ABOUT JACK.

Philip Dayson.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

WOULD you like to know the reason

Why we sing about the sea,

And the ships a-sailing on it,

With the wind a-blowing free?

Why we sing about the ocean,

Though we ne'er were on its track?

Do you want to know the reason

Why we sing about Jack?

Why we sing about Jack,

With his brave heart ever ready,

And his ship a-sailing steady,

On the deep blue sea?

Yes, we'll sing about Jack!

Here's good luck to all his roaming,

For the trackless billow foaming,

Is the home of the free.

Some sing of love's devotion,

And of hearts for ever true,

"Two hearts as one," and, for a time,

No doubt they mean it too;

Some troll a mournful ditty

Of dear days that ne'er come back,

But they'd soon forget their sorrows

If they'd sing about Jack!

So they'd sing about Jack, etc.

To fight for home and freedom

Who would not bear a part?

For freedom is the watchword dear—

Dear to every British heart;

And a ship's the home of freedom

As she cleaves her billowy track,

And in that you have the reason

Why we love to sing of Jack!

So we'll sing about Jack, etc.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

H. F. Lyte.

By kind permission of Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.,
Hanover Square, London.

THERE is in the wide lone sea

A spot unmark'd but holy,

For there the gallant and the free

In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep

That oft to triumph call'd him,

He sleeps a calm and pleasant sleep,

With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe

From tempest or from billow,

Where the storms that high above him
chafe

Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death

They did not dare to sever:

It was his home while he had breath,

'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!

A glorious tomb they've found thee;

The broad blue sky above thee spread,

The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here,

No hand profane shall move thee;

But gallant fleets shall proudly steer

And warriors shout above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,

And tombs are asunder riven,

Like the morning sun from the wave
thou'lt bound,

To rise and shine in heaven!

SAVED FROM THE STORM.

F. E. Weatherly.

The music of this song is published by J. B.
Cramer & Co., Regent Street, London.

It was a Breton village,

That lay by the sea;

She was a fisher maiden,

Mariner stout was he.

Farewell, true heart, for we must part,

The winds are calling down the sea,

But for me thou'lt pray in the chapel grey,

Navitas Salva, Domine.

It was a night of terror,

Wild, wild, was the sea;

He in a storm is drifting,

Watching in prayer is she.

Sweetheart, sweetheart! and must we part?

No boat can live in such a sea;

But still she cries, with streaming eyes,

Navitas Salva, Domine.

Bright was the Breton village,

Bright, bright was the sea;

She was a fisher maiden,

Mariner stout was he.

Twas Heaven above that saved me, love!

And brought me back from storm to thee;

In the chapel grey we'll kneel and say,

Gloria tibi, Domine.

Military Songs.

OUR ARMY, NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

G. Fortens.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

DEFENCE, not defiance, our password shall be,
We seek not a conflict, on land, or on sea ;
Our thoughts are of peace, but we blench not at war ;
Let it come unprovoked, we'll not shrink from a scar.

Forth, we'll stand, to guard the land—
Our gallant men at the sound of the call
Will fight for old England, to conquer or fall :
The Army, the Navy, the brave Volunteers
Will rally round the Standard
When the enemy appears.

We fear not invasion, we heed not the boast
That threatens a raid on our sea-girded coast ;
We've stout ships of war, mann'd by true "Hearts of Oak,"
And a rampart of steel, should that cordon be broke.

Forth, we'll stand, etc.

Hurrah ! for the Army, Hurrah ! for the Fleet,
May it e'er tide the billow, and ne'er know defeat.
Then, with manly voice, let us give three cheers
For our Army, our Navy, and brave Volunteers.

Forth, we'll stand, etc.

YES! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

YES! let me like a soldier fall
Upon some opening plain ;
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out every stain ;
Brave manly hearts confer my doom
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell ;
Enough, they murmur at my grave
He like a soldier fell.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Moore.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !"

LAST ON THE ROLL.

George Arthur Binnie.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

HERE a soldier worn and grey,
Wounded in many a battle fray,
Last on the roll, nearing his goal,
But a hero for ever and aye.
Though old his heart from days gone by,
He can a story tell
Of love that spur'd him in the fray,
Midst foeman's shot and shell,
To earn the vict'ry well.

For they met the foe to win or die,
The heroes of the days gone by;
With a rousing British cheer,
They laugh'd at death or fear,
Our soldiers in the days gone by!

The years have gone,
And he's alone to-day,
Dear comrades who fought with him
Have long since pass'd away.
But though the fire burns low within,
A bugle note of old
Recalls to life each gallant charge,
And fight in hist'ry told.

For they met the foe, etc.

THE TAP OF THE DRUM.

John Muir.

By kind permission of W. Whittingham, 13, Little
Marlborough Street, London.

WHAT means that cry in the hamlet street?
What means the murmur'ing hum?
Hark! the bugles blare, and all's astir
As the red-coats swiftly come;
With laugh and song they tramp along,
And the maidens' hearts are sore,
With a sob and a sigh they bid good-bye
To the lads who go to war.

To the tap of the drum!
To the tap of the drum!
Shoulder to shoulder
Hither they come;
Never a fear, boys,
Honour hold dear, boys,
Marching away
To the tap of the drum!

They tramp away to the village side,
Where the last good-bye is said;
'Tis duty's call—what if they fall?
They sleep on honour's bed;
And never a one now bids them stay,
But they'll not forgotten be,
When far a-field the sword they wield
For their home across the sea!

To the tap of the drum etc.

The flags float high in the hamlet street,
The streamers flutter gay;
Now loud the cheer, for the lads are here,
Home from the war to-day;
And many a yarn is spun that night,
And old vows plighted o'er;
Tho' men must fight, yet love burns bright
For the lads who go to war.

To the tap of the drum! etc.

THE "THIN RED LINE."

Lindsay Lennox.

By kind permission of The London Music Publish-
ing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

THEY nobly stand, a stalwart band
Of heroes tried and true;
Unflinching they will fight to-day,
And win the laurels due—
For Honour, Fame, and England's name
They wait the coming foe;
For vanquish'd he will surely be,
Though fierce will be the blow.

Be steady, lads, be ready, lads,
As you have ever been;
Be steady, lads, be ready, lads,
For England, Home, and Queen;
And now as in the olden days
Your deeds shall star-like shine,
And Fame will trumpet forth the
praise
Of England's "Thin Red Line."

The fray is o'er: our lads once more,
With hearts as true as steel,
Have bravely dared, have nobly spared,
And vict'ry crowns their zeal!—
No tears are shed, though 'mid the
dead
They see their comrades brave—
A soldier's pride the death they died
Where'er our Flag shall wave.
Be steady, lads, etc.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

THE SILVER RHINE.

H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited, 70, Berners Street, London.

WHEN the bloom was on the tender vine,
A soldier left the silver Rhine,
With his father's sword in eager hand,
To fight for love and Fatherland.
And as he kiss'd away his maiden's tears,
In love's own language thus he soothed her fears :—

“Time is but fleeting, hearts truly beating
Live in their love till time itself is gone.
Love changeth never, love liveth ever,
Love shall abide while the silver Rhine flows on.”

Ere the bloom had left the glowing vine,
One night a stranger reach'd the Rhine,
From the distant fight he came to tell
His comrade's long and last farewell.
There he heard the maiden praying for her love,
Loyal and true, her hope in Heaven above.

Time is but fleeting, etc.

Then like a flower she bow'd her head,
And heard the message from the dead;
How he, the bravest of the brave,
Had found both glory and a grave!
One sigh alone bound life to heart,
“In life or death we ne'er can part!”
An angel through the sunlit west
Had borne the broken flower to rest.

Time is but fleeting, etc.

BY THE CAMP FIRES.

Philip Hutton.

By kind permission of A. Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, London.

AROUND the camp fires sitting,
Under the starry sky,
We watch through the night, till morn-
Calls us to do, or die. [ing's light
And, comrades, as we're watching
I'll give you a snatch of a song;
And then remember to-morrow
We'll sing it as we march along:
“Hurrah! for the boys in scarlet,
Hurrah! for the boys in blue:
A soldier's is the happiest life,
The life for me and you.”

And when our watch is over,
The fires are burning low,
Hand to hand, a serried band,
We'll march to meet the foe.
And if we fall to-morrow
Amidst the battle's roar,
We fall and die as soldiers should;
What can we wish for more?
“Hurrah! for the boys in scarlet,
Hurrah! for the boys in blue:
A soldier's is the noblest death,
The death for me and you.”

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

William M. Hutchison.

By kind permission of Marshalls, Limited,
70, Berners Street, London.

A SOLDIER stood in the village street,
And bade his love adieu,
His gun and knapsack at his feet,
His company in view.
With tears she kiss'd him once again,
Then turn'd away her head;
He could but whisper in his pain,
And this is what he said:
"Oh, love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine:
When the war is o'er,
We'll part no more
At Ehren on the Rhine."

They march'd away down the village street,
The banners floating gay:
The children cheer'd for the trampling
feet

That went to war away!
And one among them turn'd him round,
To look but once again:
And though his lips gave out no sound,
His heart sigh'd this refrain:
"Oh, love, dear love," etc.

On the battle-field the pale cold moon
Is shedding her peaceful light,
And is shining down on a soul that soon
Will speed its eternal flight;
Amid the dying, the soldier lay,
A comrade was close at hand,
And he said, "When I am far away,
And you in our native land,
Oh! say to my love, 'Be true,
Be only, only mine!'
My life is o'er,
We'll meet no more
At Ehren on the Rhine."

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his wearied feet;
And to the shelter of the grave
He's made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath
To arms shall call in vain;
Ned's quarter'd in the arms of death—
He'll never march again.

A boy, he left his father's home
The chance of war to try;
O'er regions yet untrod to roam—
No friend or brother nigh.
Yet still he march'd contented on;
Met danger, death, and pain:
But now he halts—his toil is done,
He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand
Lie scatter'd o'er his bier;
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Drop honest Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,
"He'll never march again."

"KISS THE LITTLE ONES FOR ME."

FAR from home and loving faces,
Sad the soldier keeps his post;
In the bright watch-fire he traces
Forms of those who love him most.
Winds, oh! bear in accents tender,
Far away across the sea,
This, the message he would send her—
"Kiss the little ones for me."

Oh! ye zephyrs, softly bear it,
Gently waft it o'er the sea.
It will comfort her to hear it—
"Kiss the little ones for me."

Heeds he not the coming morrow
Brings the hot and vengeful foe;
He would trace no lines of sorrow
In the embers' cheerful glow.
Dancing flames, oh! lights beguiling!
See my darlings in their glee!
Oh! 'twas Heaven sent them smiling—
Kiss the little ones for me.

Oh! ye zephyrs, etc.

If perchance, the soldier ponders,
Some stray shot should lay him low,
Then from out the battle's thunders
Let my dying accents go!
Whisper, winds, and say I've bless'd them!
Let my last fond message be,
That in fancy I caress'd them—
Kiss the little ones for me.

Oh! ye zephyrs, etc.

BREAK IT GENTLY TO MY MOTHER.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn.

SEE, ere the sun sinks behind those hills,
Ere darkness the earth doth cover,
You will lay me low in the cold, damp ground ;
Break it gently to my mother !
I see her sweet, sad face on me now,
And a smile doth o'er it hover :
O God ! I would spare the tears that will flow ;
Break it gently to my mother !
Good-bye, my mother, ever dear ;
Sister, you loved your brother ;
Comrades, I take a last farewell—
Break it gently to my mother !

Oh, say that in battle I've nobly died,
For Right and our Country's Honour ;
Like the reaper's grain fell the leaden rain,
Yet God saved our starry banner !
My sister, playmate of boyhood's years,
Will lament her fallen brother ;
She must try to soothe our parents' woe ;
Break it gently to my mother !
Good-bye, my mother, etc.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

UPON the tented field a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keeping ;
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping :—
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token ;
But I will fight for liberty and fame
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."
Beneath the flag, etc.

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying ;
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying :—
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token ;
But I will fight for liberty and fame
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."
Beneath the flag, etc.

Stern Death, now sated, quits the gory plain ;
The life-blood from the warrior-bard is streaming ;
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming :—
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token ;
I fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken."
And never has, etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah ! hurrah !
The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll all have lots of dancing then, hurrah ! hurrah !
The village lads and lasses say
With flowers they will strew the way

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bells will peal with joy, hurrah ! hurrah !
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah ! hurrah !
The laurel crown is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll welcome him with three times three, hurrah ! hurrah !
For Johnny has a noble heart,
And every one will do his part,

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

T. H. Bayly.

UPON the hill he turn'd
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook ;
He listen'd to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear ;
And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf
Which flutter'd in the breeze ;
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear,
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—
Oh ! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go, watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

T. H. Bayly.

It is not on the battle-field
That I would wish to die ;
It is not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh.
And though a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurel for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath
A soldier proudly wears ;
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier proudly dares.
When slaughter'd comrades round me lie,
I'd be the last to yield ;
But yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battle-field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh ! still let me retain
Enough of life to crawl away
To this sweet vale again.
For, like the wounded, weary dove,
That flutters to its nest,
I fain would reach my own dear love,
And die upon her breast.

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THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

I SAW a Spanish cavalier,
Sitting beneath a tree, love,
And the song that he sang to his lady fair,
'Tis the song I will sing to you, love.

Say, dearest, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Believe what I say to be true, dear.

How brightly shone the evening,
The maiden's eyes did glisten,
As her lover he play'd on his gay guitar,
So fondly she did listen.

Say, dearest, say, etc.

To the war I will go, and face the brave foe,
And fight for my country and you, love,
And if I should fall, on my death I'll call
Blessing on you, and to Spain, love.

Say, dearest, say, etc.

Now, when the war is all over, to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, love;
If I should be slain, you'll search for me in vain—
On the battle plain, you may find me there, love.
Say, dearest, say, etc.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

T. Campbell.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.
Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the house of my father, who welcomed me back;
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud, in her fulness of heart—
"Stay, stay with us—rest! thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

HE'LL BE BACK BY-AND-BYE.

By kind permission of Francis, Day, & Hunter, 195, Oxford Street, London.

THE wife of a soldier was starving with hunger,
And close by her side was a poor little lad;
I've seen many children, but never one younger,
Who seem'd so depress'd at the loss of his dad.
"Oh! where is my father?" the boy kept on asking—
"I wish he would come, for I do feel so cold";
And then, in reply to the little one's tasking,
Why, this was the tale that the poor mother told:—
"He'll be back by-and-bye, it is true I have told you,
So cheer up, my darling, now don't sob and cry;
Your father, my lad, is a brave British soldier,
Though torn from us now, he'll be back by-and-bye."

"Oh! father, dear father, pray why did you leave us?
And why from your boy to the war did you go?
I've pray'd to the One up above to receive us,"
And, as he said this, the boy fell in the snow:
The mother then clutch'd him more tightly and firmer
Than ere she had done—how the poor soul did weep;
For, in the still night, you could hear her faint murmur,
And these were the words as she hush'd him to sleep:—
"He'll be back," etc.

The boy then awoke and "Dear father" was crying,
The mother, poor soul, how she burst into tears;
She knew very well that her poor boy was dying.
It had come now to this, 'twas the worst of her fears:
"Oh! father, come quickly," his faint voice was calling,
As he laid back his head in her arms, and he died.
On that cold winter's night, as the snow fast was falling,
I heard a faint sound as the poor mother cried:—
"He'll be back," etc.

THE LAST MUSTER.

Juba Kennerley.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

THE chapel bell of the Soldiers' Home
Rang sweetly one Sabbath morn;
In solemn tones it bid all come:
The weary and forlorn,
Wending their way, with tott'ring steps,
And Holy Book in hand,
Came forth, a troop of white-hair'd men,
A war-stain'd vet'ran band.
"Come unto Me, ye that are laden!"
On this the preacher dwelt;
The steadfast look, the tear-dimm'd eye,
Told how the words were felt:
These men of many scars and climes,
With life's sand almost run,
Who served their queen and country well,
Now said "God's will be done!"

One aged soldier's time-worn face
Lit up with heavenly light;
His eyes, long dim, again gleam'd forth,
Like stars from clouds at night.
The words sank deep within his heart,
With joy no tongue can tell!
But lo! how pale! his eyelids droop'd,
His head then slowly fell:
"Awake!" his comrade softly said,
"Awake! Oh do not sleep!"
And gently touch'd him—'twas in vain,
His sleep was all too deep.
"Speak, comrade, speak!" How faint his
"Arise, lift up thine head!" [breath!
No trumpet call, no comrade's voice,
Could wake him,—he was dead!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and, when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young,—and, suddenly, beheld life's morn decline,—
And one came from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seem'd to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk;
And her little hand lay tightly, confidingly in mine. . . .
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, . . . but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

COMRADES.

G. W. Southey.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough St., London.

THE sun's last beam a fitful gleam
Shed o'er each hill's dark crest,
And, ling'ring still o'er tide and rill,
Seem'd loth to sink to rest.
Two comrades watched it fade away
Like one last fond farewell ;
Two comrades brave and true were they,
Watching as darkness fell !
Steadily tramping, to and fro they go,
Fearless of danger, watching for the foe ;
Heedless how swiftly death may quickly fall,
Ready are they for duty's stirring call !

From childhood fond, firm was the bond
Of friendship's loyal troth ;
Till love at last its shadow cast,—
One lass was loved by both ;
And there they paced their lonely round,
Beneath a foreign sky,
Till clear and sharp the bugle sound
Told them the foe was nigh !
Steadily waiting as the moments go,
Fearless of danger, soon they'll meet the foe ;
Heedless how swiftly death may quickly fall,
Ready are they for duty's stirring call !

With main and might each join'd the fight,
Till one, who'd fought right well,
His friend to save, his own life gave,
And neath the foeman fell.
His dying words fell soft and sad :
"She loved *you* best, I know !
Your life for her I've saved, dear lad—
Good-bye ! 'tis better so !"
Firm and undaunted, Death, the foeman, nigh !
Dying as only a soldier brave should die !
Fighting for honour, to his latest breath ;—
Such is true friendship—faithful unto Death !

THE MARTIAL AIRS OF ENGLAND.

Col. A. B. Richards.

THE martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth,
And roll back to their cradle
Around a planet's girth :
Her morning drum-beat follows
The sun in his career,
Keeps pace with all the hours—
Shall then her children fear ?

No, by the swords of Crécy !
Each cloth-yard shaft that flew !
Our weapons may be alter'd,
Our hearts are still as true :
Then cease each canting traitor ;
Be Britain's flag unfurl'd—
"Defence and not defiance"
Her motto to the world.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Wolfe.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

Edwin Thomas.

By kind permission of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

IN days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A warrior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang merrily his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath golden hair, And eyes so blue, And heart so true, That none with her compare; So what care I, though death be nigh, I'll live for love, or die."	So this brave knight in armour bright Went gallily to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night His soul had pass'd away. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with gore, Yet, ere he died He bravely cried, "I've kept the vow I swore; So what care I, though death be nigh, I've fought for love, and die!"
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JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with thoughts of home and God ;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again ;
But oh! you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm number'd with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honour I can come.
Tell the traitors round about you,
That their cruel words, we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

Farewell, mother, etc.

Hark ! I hear the bugles sounding—
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the battle-cry of " Freedom !"
How it swells upon the air ;
Oh yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Farewell, mother, etc.

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

STILL upon the field of battle
I am lying, mother dear,
With my wounded comrades, waiting
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep to waken never
In this world of strife and death,
And many more are faintly calling
With their feeble, dying breath.

Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain,
But still I feel that I shall see you
And the dear old home again.

Oh ! the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell ;
Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell.
So amid the fatal shower,
I had nearly pass'd the day,
When here the dreaded Minnie struck me,
And I sank amid the fray.

Mother dear, etc.

Oh ! the glorious cheer of triumph
When the foemen turn'd and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead.
Oh ! the torture and the anguish
That I could not follow on ;
But here, amid my fallen comrades,
I must wait till morning's dawn.
Mother dear, etc.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Published by Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street, London.

HARK ! to the shrill trumpet calling—
It pierceth the soft summer air ;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there ;
The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls
around,
But he hears not the voice of their
mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier ! though many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother
A friend in thy place will have gain'd ;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be rein'd.

But though hearts that now mourn for
thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Though thy bright orphan boy may laugh
gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's kind knee,
There is *one* who shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

DINNA YE HEAR IT?

'MID the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she long'd for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of auld Scotland for ever will fear it:
"We are saved! we are saved!" cried the brave Highland mail,
" 'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! Oh! dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it an' cheer it—
'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! Oh! dinna ye hear it?

A moment the tempest of battle was hush'd,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot-shatter'd ramparts they rush'd—
Again roar'd the cannon, again flash'd the steel!
Still the Highland maid cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming';
They are charging and cheering! Oh! dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? etc.

The heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your paise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
For ever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen and the hearts who defend her;
Success to our flag—and, when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbell's are coming";
And the angel voice crying "Oh! dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? etc.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

T. Oliphant.

HARK! I hear the foe advancing;
Barb'd steeds are proudly prancing;
Helmets, in the sunbeam glancing,
Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech! lie ye dreaming?
See you not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons, gaily streaming,
Flutter to the breeze?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech! on to glory;
See your banner, famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
"Britain scorns to yield!"

'Mid the fray, see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying,
All around the arrows flying
Scatter sudden death.
Frighten'd steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying
With their parting breath.
See, they're in disorder!
Comrades, keep close order;
Ever they shall rue the day
They ventured o'er the border.
Now the Saxon flies before us,
Vict'ry's banner floateth o'er us,
Raise the loud exulting chorus,
"Britain wins the field!"

A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

Frank Pieri.

A SOLDIER stood on the battle-field,
His weary watch to keep,
While the pale moon cover'd her mantle o'er
The souls that 'neath her sleep.
"Ah me!" he sigh'd, with tearful eye,
And called on Him above:
"I'm far away from my children dear,
And all on earth I love!"
At the bugle sound he turn'd once more
The battle-field to scan,
And said, "I am, whate'er my fate,
A soldier and a man!"

The bugle call'd; he hasten'd forth,
The bravest in the battle's van:
Remember he who yields his life
Is a soldier and a man.

The night watch o'er, the morn has dawn'd,
Her light on earth to show,
And the soldier, true to his country's call,
Advances to meet the foe.
Amid the din of shot and shell
He fought with heart so brave,
Till, reeling from his faithful steed,
He found a soldier's grave!
Oh! Father, who in heaven above
Hath all things in Thy span,
Remember he who yields his life
Is a soldier and a man.
The bugle call'd, etc.

BEAUTIFUL WAR.

J. R. Planché.

To her mother's heart she hath press'd him,
Her brave, her only boy!
She hath smiled, and kiss'd, and bless'd him
With a mother's pride and joy!

Hark! the lively bugle rings!
To the ranks the soldier springs;
Gaze on the line glittering far!
Beautiful war! beautiful war!

Again they flock to greet them,
With shout and laurel bough!
But where is she should meet them
With tenfold transport now?

While others clasp a lover,
Father, husband, view,
Her hands her pale face cover,
And the bitter drops start through!

Go, and boast of battles won,
Ye who never lost a son!
Wildly her cry echoes afar—
"Terrible war! terrible war!"

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Thomas Campbell.

UPON the plains of Flanders
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders,
Beneath old Marlborough;
And still in fields of conquest
Our valour bright has shone,
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes have waved in combats
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reel'd backward from our shot.
In charges with the bayonet
We lead our bold compeers;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British Grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing *fal lira, lira*,
To cheer their drooping hearts;
But English, Scotch, and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turn'd their backs
To the British Grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano,
And Badajos' town,
Though raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage, never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

And what could Bonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British Grenadiers?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers.

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SOLDIER JIM.

Philip Dayson.

The music of this song is published by J. B. Cramer, Regent Street, London.

FOR a "rogue about town" you could safely set down
Jim, the son of the Squire, as the worst,
He'd a mania strong for all that was wrong,
And for milit'ry glory a thirst.
When parental discernment and love of preferment
Suggested "The Church's" vocation,
Jim answer'd: "No, never! for ever and ever!
I'll enlist and I'll fight for the nation."

For a soldier's life's a life of glory,
Praised in song and famed in story—
Still in song and story shall the tale be told.
Come, my lads, and if you're willing,
You shall have, beside the shilling,
All the life and glory of a soldier bold!

When the war was declared, Jim was ready prepared—
None more daring than he in the fight;
And the *shot* that he once so regretted to pay,
He now paid to his foes with delight.
Of course he'd a notion of speedy promotion—
A fact it's scarce needful to mention—
At least he would try and perhaps by-and-bye
Get—a *shilling a day for a pension!*
Oh! a soldier's life's a life of *Glory*, etc.

But alas! I've to tell how in battle he fell—
His brave body nigh riddled with lead;
And never an eye in the regiment was dry
When they knew that their comrade was dead.
And they wrote on his grave—"Jim the True and the Brave"
(His identification to settle),
"The cause of his death was an absence of breath
And a superabundance of *metal!*"
Oh! a soldier's life's a life of glory, etc.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Burns.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run.
Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave!
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave.
Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;—
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave!

Songs about England.

HATS OFF TO THE FLAG.

Frank Egerton.

I PROUDLY bear the Standard, our noble British Flag,
That strikes a dart of terror to the foes who boast and brag;
This noble little pennant, that rules by land and sea,
Whose motto and whose watchword is simply "Liberty,"
What glorious deeds of honour have won it lasting fame,
This simple square of bunting that wins so grand a name.
We bow to it profoundly wherever 'tis unfurl'd,
The banner of old England, the champion of the world.

Hats off to the Flag that we honour and revere,
Hats off to the Flag that fills the foe with fear!
Hats off to the Flag that for many a hundred year
Has shown the world the glory of old England.

In time of war our colour sends a tremor round the globe,
In time of sweet tranquillity 'tis but a peaceful robe;
It but defends, it ne'er defies, it simply says beware,
And those who fain would crush it, come touch it if you dare
Our forefathers have waved it in many a foreign clime,
And with it gain'd such victories we honour for all time.
The English, Scotch, and Irish, in brotherhood unite,
Beneath it wave with outstretch'd hands for friendship or for fight.

Hats off to the Flag, etc.

'Twas England's good old Standard that one day swept the wave
Of pirates and freebooters, and hung each thunderous knave;
'Twas England's Flag that taught the world the truth of liberty,
And issued forth that stern command, "Ye slaves henceforth are free."
Our soldier boys and sailor lads have oft it proudly bore,
And with it boast they never met defeat with it in war;
'Tis merciful to vanquish'd foes, 'tis firm as an ally;
It stands erect and proudly says, I'll conquer or I'll die.

Hats off to the Flag, etc.

ENGLAND—EUROPE'S GLORY.

Lake.

THERE is a land amidst the waves,
Whose sons are famed in story,
Who never were or will be slaves,
Nor shrink from death or glory.

Then strike the harp, and bid it swell,
Admiring worlds adore ye:
Shout blessings on the land we dwell,
To England—Europe's glory.

Blest land beyond all lands afar,
Encircled on the waters,
With lion-hearted sons in war,
And Beauty's peerless daughters.

Go ye, whose discontented hearts,
Disdain the joys before ye;
Go seek a home in foreign parts,
Like England—Europe's glory

THE BRITISH FLAG.

Charles J. Rowe.

THE British Flag, where'er it flies,
Where'er it may be found,
Beneath its folds of liberty,
That spot is British ground.
Let who will seek its shelt'ring aid,
On land or on the sea,
It is a boast we Britons have,
That moment he is free.

The British Flag, where'er it flies,
Where'er it may be found,
Beneath its folds of liberty.
That spot is British ground.

It is a boon our fathers won
In many a hard-fought day ;
And lives there one degenerate son
Who would that boon gainsay ?
No, no ! our English hearts are true,
And still, on land or sea,
Who shelters 'neath our dear old Flag
That moment shall be free.

The British Flag, etc.

A charter this that will uphold
So long as life shall last,
And Briton-like we mean to nail
These colours to the mast.
Who dares to touch our honour,
We'll plainly let him see
That slave or not who seeks our Flag,
That moment he is free.

The British Flag, etc.

THE BRITON'S HOME.

Lord Lytton.

WHERE is the Briton's home ?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where the free air can blow,
Where the free ship can bear
Hope and strength everywhere.
Wave upon wave can roll—
East to west—pole to pole.

Where is the Briton's home ?
Where the free step can roam,
Where a brave heart can come,
There is the Briton's home !

Where is the Briton's home ?
Where the brave heart can come,
Where labour wins a soil,
Where a stout heart can toil,
Where, in the desert blown,
Any fair seed is sown ;
Where gold or fame is won,
Where never sets the sun.

Where is the Briton's, etc.

Where is the Briton's home ?
Where the mind's light can come,
Where our God's holy word
Breaks on the savage herd ;
Where the church-bell can toll,
Where soul can comfort soul ;
Where, from His angel-hall,
God sees us brothers all.

Where is the Briton's, etc.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

Michael Watson.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

AN Englishman's house is his castle,
A stronghold protected by love,
Where beams the pure light of content-
ment,
Reflected in rays from above ;
There's no land can boast the same feeling,
And search as you may through the
world,
" Home " only is known where the banner
Of England is proudly unfurl'd.

An Englishman's house is his castle,
Held sacred for ages long past,
And time in its progress but strengthens
The mem'ries that o'er it are cast ;
'Tis there he finds faith has dominion,
And virtue her sweet presence lends ;
'Tis there he finds all he holds dearest,
And sees round him loved ones and
friends.

An Englishman's house is his castle,
And bold the intruder in sooth
Who dares e'en the threshold to sully
So loved from his earliest youth.
He stands on the hearth of his fathers,
Untarnish'd by whisper of shame,
For " home " bears a charm in old England
As dear to each man as his name.

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE.

OH! where is the land of the brave and the free?
It is set like a gem in the midst of the sea,
And the waves that beat round it, embracing its strand,
Sound the music of freedom to liberty's land.
Oh! there ne'er was a spot, and there never will be
A land like the land of the brave and the free.

When the tempest of tyranny threaten'd the world,
And the banners of faith were by treachery furl'd;
Like the ark, in the midst of the waters she stood,
The refuge of all that was noble and good.
If you ask me her name—'tis the land of my birth—
'Tis BRITAIN—oh! seek for her likeness on earth.

Blest with beauty so matchless, with valour so tried,
Pure religion our staff, and fair honour our guide,
We will tread in the steps which our forefathers trod:
We'll be true to our queen—we'll esteem all that's good;
We will love all the world; and our motto shall be,
The land of the fair, and the brave, and the free.

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street, London.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
'Tis the fairest unfurl'd o'er the land or the wave;
But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of might.
In the cause of the wrong'd may it ever be first—
When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst:
Be "Justice" the war-shout, and dastard is he
Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free.

It may trail o'er the halcyons—a bullet-torn rag,
Or flutter in shreds from the battlement crag;
Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away.
What matter? we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
Or the soldier's red sash from the spearhead should fly;
Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see
The proud signal, and own it—the Flag of the Free!

Have we ever look'd out from a far foreign shore,
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore;
And watch'd every speck that arose to the foam,
In hope of glad tidings from country and home?—
Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?
Then, then have our hearts learn'd how precious can be
The fair streamer of England—the Flag of the Free!

ENGLAND, THE ANCHOR AND HOPE OF THE WORLD.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co., 192, High Holborn, London.

UNDAUNTED in peril and foremost in danger,
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend,
The guard of the weak and support of the stranger,
To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend,
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurl'd,
Still firm as a rock, in her own native ocean,
Stood England, the anchor and hope of the world.

Sweetest spot on the earth, where true honour, combining
With justice and truth, gives a strength to the whole;
Where the rosebud of beauty, with valour entwining,
Enlargeth the heart, and exalteth the soul.
O land of my birth! yet shall peace be thy portion,
And thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd,
And still shalt thou stand, lovely rock! in the ocean,
The anchor of Europe, the hope of the world.

BEAUTIFUL KENT.

DOWN in beautiful Kent, near a beautiful village,
Surrounded by beautiful trees,
On a beautiful farm lives a beautiful maiden,
Whose beautiful name is Louise:
She has beautiful tresses and beautiful eyes too,
With teeth white as beautiful pearls;
She is beautiful quite as a fairy, in fact
She's the queen of the beautiful girls.

And oh! she is a charmer,
My beautiful queen, just sweet seventeen,
The daughter of a farmer
In the beautiful county of Kent.

'Twas a beautiful day when this beautiful damsel
I saw by a beautiful stream,
Singing beautiful songs with the beautiful birds—
Oh! it seem'd like a beautiful dream:
In her beautiful hands she had beautiful flowers,
When lo, at her beautiful toes,
One there fell, and she gave such a beautiful smile
As I ask'd for that beautiful rose.

And oh! she is, etc.

O'er her beautiful face then came beautiful blushes
That vied with my beautiful rose;
Then her beautiful lips like two beautiful cherries
I kiss'd, 'neath her beautiful nose:
Since that beautiful time we've had beautiful rambles
(Oh! love makes more beautiful life);
And my Louise has said a sweet beautiful "yes,"
So she'll soon be my beautiful wife.

And oh! she is, etc.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co.,
Bedford Street, London.

THERE'S a land that bears a world-known
name,

Though 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not!
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can
give

To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

'Tis the star of the earth, etc.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn
wreck,

But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.

Its honour is stainless, etc.

There's a heart that leaps with burning
glow

The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.

It nurtures a deep and honest love—
The passions of faith and pride—
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
For the light of its own fireside.

'Tis a rich, rough gem, deny it who can,
The heart of a true-born Englishman.

'Tis a rich, rough gem, etc.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the
zone,

And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his night.

Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words, "I'm an
Englishman."

'Tis a glorious charter, etc.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

Thompson.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses still with Freedom found
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

Songs about Ireland.

THE EXILE OF ERIN; OR, ERIN GO BRAGH.

Campbell.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the Day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native Isle of the Ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

"Oh! sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

"Oh! Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no sorrow can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

"Where now is my cabin door so fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, how ye wept for its fall.
Where is my mother, that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw—
Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh.
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL TO ERIN.

Elrington.

FAREWELL, my poor Erin, farewell to the years
When the sunshine of youth shed its light on my brow ;
Grief saddens my heart, and affliction and tears
Are all that are left me, so desolate now !
Farewell to the home and the halls of my sire !
Their splendour, their mirth, and their beauty have fled ;
Unheard is the minstrel, unstrung is the lyre,
And sad is my home—for its tenants are dead !

Cold, cold, are the lips that so fondly to mine
Have been press'd with the warmth of a dear mother's love ;
The friends of my childhood with grief I resign,
And hope that our spirits may mingle above.
The grave has my friends, and a wreck is my home,
Despair is the only companion I've here—
I'll welcome the storm and the billowy foam,
And smile when the "star-spangled banners" appear.

This sod from my valley shall by me be taken,
Still warm as it is with the lark's throbbing breast ;
'Twill gladden my eyes when at daylight I waken,
And grow o'er my grave when my heart is at rest ;
And the bird that so long was the joy of my dwelling,
And warbled so sweetly from morning till eve,
Shall come where I wander, and sing while I'm telling
How dear to my heart is the land that I leave.

At night, when I gaze on the starlight above me,
I'll think on the graves where "my people" repose ;
I'll weep to find none whom I love, or who love me—
For cold is the kindness the stranger bestows.
Adieu, then, adieu, to these Emerald hills,
Where fondly in fancy my heart loves to dwell ;
I take my last look of these fields and these rills—
Green home of my childhood, poor Erin, farewell !

OH! STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

OH ! I have roam'd in many lands,
And many friends I've met ;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content ;
No more I wish to roam :
Oh ! steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

Oh ! steer my bark to Erin's isle, etc.

If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore ;
If bonnie Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore.
Though pleasant days in both I've pass'd,
I dream of days to come :
Oh ! steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

Oh ! steer my bark to Erin's isle, etc.

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THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

Bernard Barton.

THOUGH lofty Scotia's mountains, where savage grandeur reigns;
Though bright be England's fountains, and fertile be her plains;
When 'mid their charms I wander, of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder, my own Green Isle!

While many who have left thee seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me of its endearing claim:
Afar from thee sojourning, whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still, "Mavourneen," my own Green Isle!

Fair as the glittering waters thy emerald banks that lave
To me thy graceful daughters—thy generous sons as brave.
Oh! there are hearts within thee which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee, my own Green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee, Mavourneen, though unseen;
Bright be the sky above thee, thy shamrock ever green;
May evil ne'er distress thee, nor darken, nor defile;
But Heaven for ever bless thee, my own Green Isle!

KNOW YE NOT?

Gerald Griffin.

KNOW ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river,
Whose gentle flood, by cliff and wood,
With 'wilderer sound goes winding
ever?
Oh! often, yet with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song;
For by my childhood's home it wanders.

There's music in each wind that blows
Within our native valley breathing;
There's beauty in each flower that grows
Around our native woodland wreathing.
The memory of the brightest joys,
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys
The present vainly sheds around us.

Oh, sister! when 'mid doubts and fears
That haunt life's onward journey ever,
I turn to those departed years,
And that beloved and lovely river;
With sinking mind, and bosom riven,
And heart with lonely anguish aching,
It needs my long-taught hope in Heaven
To keep that weary heart from breaking!

OLD TIMES.

Gerald Griffin.

OLD times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!

And sure the land is nothing changed—
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we
ranged—
There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame;
—But, ah! those happy days are fled . . .
And I am not the same!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
—If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Moore.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee ;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers ;
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine :
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Moore.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore :
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white hand.

" Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

" Sir knight ! I feel not the least alarm.
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For though they love women and golden
store, [more ! "
Sir knight ! they love honour and virtue

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.

Carleton.

TAKE, proud Ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures won through toil or crime ;
Go, Learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time ;
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain—
Take each thy meed, but, oh ! give me
To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision sent :
False world ! I hate thy cares and thee,
I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen.

How light my youthful visions shone,
When spann'd by Fancy's radiant form ;
But now her glittering bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
With heart long sear'd by grief and pain,
Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale,
I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood,
Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
And I may stand, where oft I stood,
In lonely musings, on thy hill.
But, ah ! the spell is gone ; no art
In crowded town, or native plain,
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart
To pipe the song of youth again.

Songs about Scotland.

AULD SCOTLAND.

W. H. Bellamy.

A SONG for thee, auld Scotland, the beautiful, the brave,
Where the heather blooms so sweetly, where the bonnie tartans wave ;
Where loch and tarn lie sparkling in the glad some summer sky,
And crag and cairn re-echo with the lordly eagle's cry.
Oh ! well with pride the bosom of "the kindly Scot" may swell,
Whose every inch of native soil some gallant deed can tell ;
Where every stream breathes music as it wildly rolls along,
And wafts from every tower a tale—from every isle a song.

When for thy cherish'd liberty thou stood'st in days of yore,
Thy brow was stern, thy heart was firm, and keen thy "gude claymore."
Let him who deems thee changed since then, thy broadsword stroke less true,
Go count the foes that fell before thy sons at Waterloo.
Oh ! land of Bruce and Wallace, of mountain and of glen,
Where virtue crowns the maiden's brow, and valour moulds the men,
Long, long as thy fair hermitage "the links of faith" shall be,
Unbroken may the bonds remain that bind our hearts to thee.

OH ! WHY LEFT I MY HAME ?

Gilfillan.

OH ! why left I my hame ? why did I cross the deep ?
Oh ! why left I the land where my forefathers sleep ?
I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea ;
But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie !

The palm tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings ;
But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lee,
Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie !

Oh ! here no sabbath bell awakes the sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper's heard among the yellow corn ;
For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slavery :—
But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie !

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain ;
But the first joys of our heart come never back again !
There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea—
But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie

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MY NATIVE LAND.

Robert White.

FAIR Scotland! dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills:
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell—
Thou art my native land!

Loved country! when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone—
Thy Wallace brave and bold,
And Bruce, who for our liberty
Did England's sway withstand—
I glory I was born in thee,
My own ennobled land!

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquer'd even death:
Their graves evince, o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
My dear, devoted land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—
Attraction deeper still;
The gifted poet's sacred art,
The minstrel's matchless skill:
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touch'd with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,
Mine own distinguish'd land!

Oh! when I wander'd far from thee,
I saw thee in my dreams—
I mark'd thy forests waving free,
I heard thy rushing streams:
Thy mighty dead in life came forth;
I knew the honour'd band;
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth,
My high exalted land!

Now, if the lowly home be mine
In which my fathers dwelt;
And I can worship at the shrine
Where they in fervour knelt;
No glare of wealth, or honour high,
Shall lure me from thy strand:
Oh! I would yield my parting sigh
In thee—my native land!

SCOTLAND YET.

H. S. Riddell.

Published by John Blockley, 8, Argyll Street,
Regent Street, London.

GAE, bring my gude auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast;
For I maun sing anither sang,
Ere a' my glee be past;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's
knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing of freedom still,
As they dance down the dells.
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales,
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

Her thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee:
"Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's
might,
And Scotland's hills for me!"
Then drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

They tell o' lands with brighter skies,
Where Freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Robert Burns.

SCOTS! wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour!
See the front of battle lower!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward!—chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be—a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or Freeman fa'?
Caledonian!—on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward!—let us do, or die!

MY LAND.

SHE is a rich and rare land,
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than her's are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land,
No! she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe should cross her border—
No friend within it pine!

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land,
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

David Mallet.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy lovely bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu, the birks of Invermay!

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Burns.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

Songs about America.

NEW ENGLAND.

J. G. Percival.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here; our unchain'd feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;
With hearts unbent and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd;
But souls like these such toils impell'd
To soar.

Hail to the morn when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And fearless stemm'd the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood
In desperate fight!
Oh! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppress'd:
All who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadows of their vine
Are bless'd.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand!—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home,—and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

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On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust";
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

HERE STANDS A POST.

HERE stands a post, and the flag that floats upon it
Is the Stars that do shine o'er us in their pride;
Here stands a post, and our freedom, bold men won it,
When they fought 'neath that emblem side by side.
Here stands a post and a flag upon it waving;
It bids welcome unto all that are oppress'd!
Since Washington did raise it, its protection all are craving—
Brightly, proudly floats that banner of the West.

Here stands a post, come ye, all who need protection,
'Tis the Stars that do shine o'er us in their pride;
Here stands a post, and our freedom, bold men won it,
When they fought 'neath that emblem side by side.

Here stands a post, come ye, all who need protection,
It was placed there firm and graceful by our sires;
Here stands a post that will calm your sad dejection,
And naught but freedom's lesson it inspires.
Here stands a post, on the battle-field enfold it,
Raise the banner which it bears so proud on high;
When Warren fell beneath it, with a smile he did behold it,
As he bleeding fell beneath its folds to die.

Here stands a post, etc.

Here stands a post, and it makes each tyrant tremble,
It is known the wide world o'er on land and sea;
Here stands a post, where its children now assemble,
And where it stands the people all are free.
Here stands a post where red, white, and blue are blended,
Deep embedded in our soil it firm does stand,
The emblem of our nation and by all the world commended,
Proudly, boldly waves the flag of Yankee land.

Here stands a post, etc.

HAIL, COLUMBIA

HAIL, Columbia, happy land !
Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war had gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won ;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize ;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame !
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud
applause,
Ring through the world with loud
applause !
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear ;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THERE'S a land across the ocean
Bound to us by strongest ties,
Bound by kith-and-kin devotion,
Filial love, that never dies ;
England looks with joy and pleasure
On her sons across the main,
While America the treasure
Of her love returns again.

Let the Star-spangled Banner,
And the dear old Union Jack,
For ever together be unfurl'd ;
Then John Bull and Jonathan
Are safe from all attack,
For united they could conquer all
the world.

Looking back, the whole world wonder'd
When they independence gain'd ;
Though our children then were sunder'd,
Mother-Country we remain'd.
Each true Briton's aspiration
Leads him on to liberty,
So we look with admiration
When a nation will be free.
Let the Star, etc.

Time has cured whate'er false notion
Once was felt of jealous pride ;
Now, we see with glad emotion
Our relations at our side ;
And with proud anticipations
We look forward to the day
When the two great English nations
Hold the world in peaceful way.
Let the Star, etc.

Closer still the bonds that bound us
Were by mutual sorrow drawn,
And America has found us
By her side, in grief to mourn ;
When the noble Lincoln perish'd,
When the noble Garfield perish'd,
England shared her offspring's pain,
And the love that then was cherish'd,
Never shall die out again.
Let the Star, etc.

Songs about Horses.

THE HORSE.

Eliza Cook.

By kind permission of F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street, London.

THE horse! the brave, the gallant horse—
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course;
And find a beauteous rival there
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free in his native strength,
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like a polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth,
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course—
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!

OLD DOBBIN.

HE was bred in the forest,
And turn'd on the plain,
Though a steed of more worth
Never carried a rein;
We found him in winter
All starving and lone,
When we offer'd his ransom,
And made him our own.

He was hardy and fleet,
Yet so gentle and kind,
He would rove like a dog,
Without tether to bind;
Old Dobbin we call'd him,
And soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy,
The pet of the dame.

Old Dobbin was here
And old Dobbin was there,
Now ready for market,
Then off to the fair;
He would run to the hay-field,
And tug up the bill,
With ale to the reapers,
And corn to the mill.

We fun-loving urchins
Would group by his side—
We might fearlessly mount him,
And daringly ride;
He would stand at our bidding,
And come at our call,
And Dobbin, old Dobbin,
Was loved by us all.

Oh, how cruelly sweet
Are the echoes that start,
When memory plays
An old tune on the heart!
Yet that heart must be
One of the coldest of things
Which replies not when childhood
Retouches the strings.

Though 'tis now long ago,
Still I cannot forget
When I deck'd out his head
With the azure rosette;
And often I wish,
Though I know 'tis in vain,
To be roaming the heath
With old Dobbin again.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

MY beautiful! my beautiful!
That standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,
And dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now,
With all thy winged speed:
I may not mount on thee again—
Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—
Snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now,
So far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle rein,
Thy master hath his gold.
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, fare thee well!
Thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

The morning sun shall dawn again,
But never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths,
Where we were wont to be.
Evening shall darken on the earth,
And o'er the sandy plain;
Some other steed with slower steps
Shall bear me home again.
When the dim distance cheats mine eye,
And through the gath'ring tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like
The false mirage, appears,
And sitting down by that green well,
I'll pause and sadly think,
'Twas here he bow'd his glossy neck,
When last I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink! Away!
The fever'd dream is o'er—
I could not live a day, and know
That we should meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful!
For hunger's power is strong;
They tempted me, my beautiful!
But I have loved too long!
Who said that I had giv'n thee up?
Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false! my Arab steed!
I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back,
And scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now
Shall claim thee for his pains.

Songs about Trees.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

H. F. Chorley.

A SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long :
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong !
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Was lighting his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May :
And all that day to the rebeck gay
They frolick'd with lovesome swains ;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree he still remains. Then sing to the oak, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were full of good English cheer :
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he :
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be toss'd on the stormy sea. Then here's to the oak, etc.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE! *George P. Morris.*

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its graceful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here ;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot !
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

THROUGH THE WOOD, FOLLOW AND FIND ME.

W. H. Bellamy.

Published by Edwin Ashdown, Limited, Hanover Square, London.

THROUGH the wood, through the wood, follow and find me;
Search every hollow, and dingle, and dell;
I leave not the print of a footstep behind me;
So they that would see me must follow me well.
Look in the lily bell, ruffle the rose,
Under the leaves of the violet peep;
Lull'd by a zephyr in cradle like those,
All the day long you may catch me asleep.

Through the wood, etc.

When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me,
Singing farewell to his rays as they fade;
But as soon as the step of a mortal is near me,
I take to my wings and fly off to the shade.
Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me;
Search every hollow, and dingle, and dell;
I leave not the print of a footstep behind me,
So they that would see me must follow me well.

Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
Look in the lily bell, ruffle the rose;
Through the wood, through the wood, seek till you find me—
Haste, for at nightfall the blossoms will close.

THE IVY GREEN.

Charles Dickens.

OH! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones
decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mould'ring dust that years have
made
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green;
Oh! creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green;
Creeping, creeping where no life is seen,
Creeping, a rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no
wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings.
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where, etc.

Whole ages have fled, and their works
decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green:
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping where, etc.

Songs about Leaves.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

BEAUTIFUL leaves in their midsummer
splendour,

Clothing the forest with emerald green ;
Oh ! where are the flowers such beauty
can render, [o'er the scene.

And shed such a freshness and grace
Every gay tint of the sweet garden flowers,
Every bright garland that innocence
weaves, [gay bowers,
That comes from the fairest of nature's
Looks cold if not blended with beautiful
leaves,

Beautiful leaves, beautiful leaves.

Beautiful leaves in the winter time falling,
Oft have I thought as they dropp'd one
by one,

That they but obey'd some mystical calling,
Which calls them away when the sun-
shine is gone ;

But, oh ! in the winter will their brightness
restore us, [receives.

Although the cold earth their ashes
We too must fade like the dead leaves
before us, [ful leaves,

And bloom once again like those beauti-
Beautiful leaves, beautiful leaves.

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL DOWN.

IN the mellow, misty time,
When the sunbeams early fade,

And the branches of the lime

Quiver dimly in the shade,

Other shadows will be cast

As the trees are turning brown,

And come echoes from the past

As the leaves fall down.

Hark ! how the leaves are falling,

Drop, drop, dropping on the ground ;

Each, one by one, recalling

Some long silent voice in the sound.

So dropping, one by one,

Fall our early friends away,

Till they leave us here alone,

In the closing of life's day ;

But some sunny faces met,

And some merry moments known,

Will come flutt'ring round us yet

As the leaves fall down.

ONLY AN IVY LEAF.

I've brought thee an ivy leaf, only an
ivy leaf, [wild heather grows,
From the land of the rose, where the
And the violet blossoms in quiet repose ;
I've brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy
leaf.

I'd have brought thee a flower, a beautiful
flower, [and died,
But it would have sigh'd till it faded
And have droop'd in humanity's wither-
ing tide, [ivy leaf.
So I brought thee an ivy leaf, only an

I'd have brought thee a rosebud, a fairy-
like rose-bud, [the air,
To place in thy hair, and to perfume
But it, like the flower, would fade in
despair, [leaf.
So I brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy

FALLING LEAVES.

Julia Crouch.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.
192, High Holborn, London.

DROPPING, dropping,
Crimson, and yellow, and red,
Sighing so softly and sadly
In the boughs over my head.
One by one they come flutt'ring,
Or fall in a tremulous shower,
Scarlet, and amber, and purple,
Dyed by an unseen Power.

Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,
Words of a long farewell ;
Nestling in heaps together,
To sleep in the woody dell ;
Dying in wondrous beauty,
Whispering sad as they go :
O beautiful, beautiful leaflets,
We've loved and admired you so !

Falling, falling,
Down in the purling stream ;
The lovely summer is passing
Away like a happy dream.
The water is gaily dancing,
With dying leaves on its breast,
Bearing them onward, onward,
Away to eternal rest.

Songs about Flowers.

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

INTO the cheerless homes, shrouded with sorrow,
Take the pure flowers a message of love ;
Heralds of mercy, proclaiming a morrow,
Cloudless and stainless and sinless above :
Soothing the sorrowful, cheering the dying,
Lessons of purity, whispers of love.

Brighten the gloomy brow, chase away sadness,
Charm aching hearts into life-breathing song,
Touch into tenderness, gild into gladness,
Souls that have anguish'd and wrestled so long :
Soothing the sorrowful, cheering the dying,
Preaching to fainting hearts, "Trust and be strong."

Strong in their tenderness, faithful though fleeting,
Leave the sweet buds at the bedside of pain ;
Meek in their ministry, glad in their greeting,
Striking lost chords that long silent have lain :
Soothing the sorrowful, cheering the dying,
Singing to sadden'd souls, "Courage again."

A FLOWER FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I'VE a casket at home that is fill'd with precious gems,
I have pictures of friends dear to me,
And I've trinkets so rare, that came many years ago
From my far distant home across the sea.
But there's one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,
Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave ;
Though a small, faded floweret that I pluck'd in childhood's days,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

Treasured in my mem'ry, like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave ;
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and wither'd leaves,
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country churchyard they laid her down to sleep,
Close beside the old home she's at rest ;
And the low sacred mound is enshrined within my heart,
By the sweet ties of love for ever blest.
In the still and silent night I often dream of home again,
And the vision tells me ever to be brave ;
For the last link that binds me to that place I love so well
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.

Treasured in my mem'ry, etc.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

J. Hazlitt.

I HAD a flower within my garden growing,
I nourish'd it with fond and anxious care,
Rich in each charm of nature's own bestowing,
Of tints unrivall'd and of fragrance rare ;
In evil hour there came about my dwelling
One who had blighted many a flower before,
He saw my gem, all other flowers excelling,
He smiled upon it—and it bloom'd no more.

Next day I found it wither'd and degraded,
Cast by the spoiler carelessly away,
Its freshness gone—its varied beauties faded,
Despised—forsaken—hastening to decay.
Vainly I strive the fading sparks to cherish,
Nought now remains of what was once so dear,
Only with life will fond remembrance perish,
Or cease to flow the unavailing tear.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Charles D. Sillery.

Published in the Keys of D and E.

LET the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
His pastures of perfume, and tree-cover'd dells !
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells ;
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus, for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills, when the young day is beaming,
And green are your groves with your cool crystal wells ;
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dews gleaming
On blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Awake ! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather ;
Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline cells ;
Come forth with your chorus all chanting together,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus, for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley, 8, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

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I HAVE BEEN WITH THE ROSE.

W. H. Bellamy.

I HAVE been with the rose in the wealth of its bloom,
I have ruffled its blossoms, and drank its perfume,
I have woven its buds in the braids of my hair,
And in sport I have scatter'd its spoils in the air.
And the rose, oh, the rose! queen of all is the rose :
I have been, I have been with the rose.

I love the sweet breath of the clematis well,
And to drink of the depths of the hyacinth's bell,
To catch the first sigh that the violet breathes,
And to hang o'er the scent of the jessamine's wreaths.
But the rose, oh, the rose! queen of all is the rose :
I have been, I have been with the rose.

For oh! to the rose you must go, if you seek
To match the soft blush upon beauty's young cheek ;
And the dead! what can call up the memory of those
Like the scent which, though wither'd, still clings to the rose?
The rose, oh, the rose! there is no flower like the rose :
Queen of all, queen of all, is the rose.

THE TWO FLOWERS.

Thos. J. Prout.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
33, Argyll Street, London.

A MODEST violet chanced to grow
Upon a tulip's bed ;
Sweet perfume from its breath did flow,
Yet scarce it raised its head.
The tulip, fill'd with lofty pride,
Ask'd why it ventured there,
And dared to bloom thus side by side
With flowers so rich and fair.
The violet sigh'd, then meekly said :
" I prythee, pardon me,
I knew not when I hither stray'd
This place belong'd to thee."

Both flowers were cull'd—the tulip gay,
Which once in brightness shone,
Has wither'd ; now 'tis cast away,
All trace of it has gone ;
The violet, which would scarce presume
In life to lift its head,
Is treasured for its sweet perfume,
Although its leaves are dead.
Just so with human flowers ; we find,
When life's warm breath departs,
The one who meekest was in mind
Lives longest in our hearts.

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE ?

J. E. Carpenter.

By kind permission of Robert Cocks & Co.,
New Burlington Street, London.

Why do summer roses fade,
If not to show how fleeting
All things bright and fair are made,
To bloom awhile, as half afraid
To join our summer greeting?
Or do they only bloom to tell
How brief a season love may dwell?

Then while summer roses last,
Oh! let's be friends together;
Summer-time will soon be past,
When autumn leaves around us cast,
And then comes wintry weather :
Surely as the summer's day
Friendship, too, will pass away.

But though summer roses die,
And love give place to reason,
Friendship pass without a sigh,
And all on earth pass coldly by,
It's but a wintry season ;
And friendship, love, and roses too,
The springtime shall again renew.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

THERE's a garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
In the time of my childhood, 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit 'midst the roses, and hear the bird's song.
That garden of roses I ne'er can forget ;
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—"Is the nightingale singing there yet ?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?"

No ! the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone ;
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

AH ! 'tis only a pansy blossom,
Only a wither'd flower,
Yet to me far dearer
Than all in earth's fair bower ;
Bringing me back to June-time
Of a summer long ago,
The fairest, sunniest summer
That ever I did know.
Oft from this pale, dead blossom
I see a fair face start—
A face like a sweet wild flower,
Out of its faded heart.

Ah ! 'tis only a pansy blossom,
Only a withered flower,
Yet to me far dearer
Than all in earth's fair bower ;
Bringing me back the June-time
Of a summer long ago,
The fairest, sunniest summer
That ever I shall know.

Only a pansy blossom
I gather'd at her feet,
Faded, unlike the love
That made this summer sweet ;
Still in this pansy blossom
Her tender face I see,
From under the churchyard grasses
Bringing her back to me.
Ah ! 'tis only a pansy, etc.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

T. Moore.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them :
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

CHILD OF THE SUMMER.

CHILD of the summer, charming rose !
 No longer in confinement lie ;
 Arise to light, thy form disclose,
 Rival the spangles of the sky !
 The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
 Winter retires to make thee way ;
 Come then, thou sweetly blushing rose,
 Come, lovely stranger, come away !
 The sun is drest in beaming smiles
 To give thy beauties to the day ;
 Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales
 To fan thy bosom as they play !

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAM-ROCK.

Lover.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
 In all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaf,
 Oh, how I'll work my spells !
 I would not waste my magic might
 On diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—
 Such triumph is but cold :
 But I would play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around ;
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found.
 To worth I would give honour,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years ;
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again, like parted streams,
 And mingle as of old.
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around ;
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found.
 The heart that has been mourning
 O'er vanish'd dreams of love
 Should see them all returning,
 Like Noah's faithful dove.
 And hope should launch her bless'd bark
 On sorrow's darkening sea ;
 And misery's children have an ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh ! thus I'd play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around ;
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

It was on one summer's evening,
 In the merry month of June,
 I beheld a damsel sitting
 'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
 She had a novel reading
 Just as I was passing by,
 And as she turn'd another page,
 I saw the brightest eye.
 A bewitching smile was on her face,
 As charming as the posies ;
 I felt the smart of Cupid's dart—
 'Twas love among the roses.

Now I hate to tell, but then I must,
 Within her heart I placed my trust :
 She was sitting in the garden,
 Where the butterfly reposes,
 And how we met I'll ne'er forget—
 'Twas love among the roses.

Now I pass'd her home next evening,
 The clock had just struck eight,
 I saw my future happiness
 Standing by the garden gate.
 She smiled as I approach'd her,
 And I begg'd her to excuse ;
 May I view those pretty flowers ?
 She murmur'd, "If you choose."
 I spoke about the violets,
 Then finally made proposes ;
 Through the garden we walk'd, of happi-
 ness talk'd—
 'Twas love among the roses.

Now I hate to tell, etc.

I confess I love Matilda—
 Matilda, that's her name—
 And there is a charm about her
 Which I never can explain.
 She dresses up to fashion,
 To her style there is no end,
 And of course she must look dashing,
 For she wears the Grecian Bend.
 But she's left her home, and where she's
 gone
 Most every one supposes,
 For as dear as life is my little wife—
 'Twas love among the roses.

Now I hate to tell, etc.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE.

Tannahill.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;
While lanely I stray in a calm summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower of Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymns to the evening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met with my Jessie;
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.

THE THISTLE.

Alexander MacLaggan.

HURRAH for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
The strong-bearded, weel-guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in his flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For the stronger the tempest the greener it grows!

Hurrah for the thistle! etc.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!

Hurrah for the thistle! etc.

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause;
Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause;
How then can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?

Hurrah for the thistle! etc.

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Published in the Keys of A, B Flat, E Flat, F, and G.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And the dews from his eyes oft did wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
And he call'd it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that each shall appear in,
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, etc.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended,
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland:

The sweet little shamrock, etc.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley, 3, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN.

M. Foreman.

By kind permission of The London Music Publishing Co., Ltd., 7, Gt. Marlborough St., London.

Do you remember the time, dear,
When we two used to stray,
When you made me a golden promise
Long ago on a summer's day?
The promise is long since broken
And buried in mem'ry's tomb,
But still in the dear old garden
The roses are in bloom;
The promise is long since broken
And buried in mem'ry's tomb,
But still in the dear old garden
The roses are in bloom.
I still keep the bunch of pansies
You gather'd that afternoon,
And the love lives in my bosom
That in yours died all too soon.
Many a summer sunset
Has since made the west aglow,

And again in the dear old garden
The velvet pansies grow;
Ah! many a summer sunset
Has since made the west aglow,
And again in the dear old garden
The velvet pansies grow.
You liken'd me to the lilies,
So proud and pure and fair,
They smiled in the dear old garden
Those days we wander'd there;
But beauty and pride have left me,
My smiles but hide my pain,
And yet in the dear old garden
The lilies bloom again;
The beauty and pride have left me,
My smiles but hide my pain,
And yet in the dear old garden
The lilies bloom again.

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh! how fondly dear;
'Twill bring me back one golden hour
Through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart
I keep my faded flower.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh! how fondly dear;
'Twill bring me back one golden hour
Through many a weary year.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare,
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

'Tis but a little, etc.

THE LOVE OF THE SHAM-ROCK.

Wm. Carleton.

THREE little leaves of Irish green,
United on one stem,
On Irish soil are often seen—
They form a magic gem.
One leaf is truth, and valour one,
The other one is love;
And these three magic leaves are wet
By dew-drops from above.

Oh! the shamrock, the shamrock,
The shamrock immortal and green,
By every nook and every brook
Grows shamrock so green.
Oh! do you love? oh! say you love,
The shamrock, emblem of love,
Oh! say you love the shamrock so green.

When Irish soil received the plant
The Elfin kings can tell;
Love, truth, and valour wander'd there,
And liked the soil so well,
Each left an emblem in a leaf,
And these together grew,
Sustain'd by heaven's warmest beams,
And nurtured by the dew.
Oh! the shamrock, etc.

To thee I give the triple leaf,
As emblem of my love;
I only hope the modest gift
May not unwelcome prove.
A flower of more pretentious worth
Could not more plainly tell
The triple faith I have in thee,
Thou shamrock of the dell.

Oh! the shamrock, etc.

THE BONNIE ENGLISH ROSE.

Charles Jefferys.

OLD England's emblem is the rose—
There is no other flower
Hath half the graces that adorn
This beauty of the bower;
And England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows;
What son of hers who hath not loved
Some bonnie English rose?

The bonnie English rose,
The bonnie English rose,
What son of hers who hath not loved
Some bonnie English rose?

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
The first amongst the fair,
For whom the best of British hearts
Have breathed a fervent prayer?
Oh! may it never be her lot
To lose that sweet repose
That peace of mind which blesses now
The bonnie English rose.

The bonnie English rose,
The bonnie English rose,
That peace of mind which blesses now
The bonnie English rose.

If any bold enough there be
To war 'gainst England's isle,
They soon shall find from English hearts
What charms hath woman's smile:
Thus nerved, the thunder of their arms
Would teach aspiring foes
How vain the power that defies
The bonnie English rose.

The bonnie English rose,
The bonnie English rose,
How vain the power that defies
The bonnie English rose.

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FADE.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

LEAF by leaf the roses fade
When the summer sun has gone,
And the autumn casts a shade
Nature's smiling face upon.
Then the earth will sleep awhile
'Neath her coverlet of snow,
Till the spring with sunny smile
Wakes her, and the roses blow.
Leaf by leaf the roses fade
When the summer sun has gone,
And the autumn casts a shade
Nature's smiling face upon.

Hopes are like the roses fair,
In the summer, bright and gay,
Till a cruel frost of care
Blights them and they fade away.
But the sun again may break
Through the clouds of grief and pain,
Then the slumb'ring hopes awake,
And, like roses, bloom again.
Leaf by leaf, etc.

Though the winter's long and drear,
Spring will be with us ere long,
Bringing buds and blossoms here,
And the birds with joyous song.
So when bitter grief has fled,
We shall find some hope survives,
Like the rose to lift its head,
Spreading sunshine o'er our lives.
Leaf by leaf, etc.

SWEET SPRING.

Mrs. C. Burrows.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

SWEET Spring, I hail thy coming,
When earth-bound flowers go free,
Shoot upward in their beauty,
And smile at sight of thee!
The feather'd songsters' carol
Inspires my heart with glee,
And hope from every blossom
Gathers rich fruits for me.
Sweet Spring, I hail thy coming,
When earth-bound flowers go free,
Shoot upward in their beauty,
And smile at sight of thee!

In gazing on thy brightness,
Sorrow must flee away,
Such beauty, life, and gladness
Bid every heart be gay.

The feather'd songsters' carol, etc.

BEAUTIFUL FERNS.

Walter Phillips.

By kind permission of Evans & Co.,
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WAVING ferns, waving ferns,
Twilight shadows o'er ye glance,
Waving ferns, waving ferns,
Dew-bedeck'd the night entrance:
Oh! what joy, when the world is sleeping,
And the elves, from flowerets creeping,
Join the fairy dance.

Hark! they sing to the soft breezes sighing,
Now they dance, while the echoes are
dying;

Ah! how bright
Is the moon to-night,
While, within the vale,
Sings the nightingale.

Hark! they sing to the soft breezes sighing,
Now they dance, while the echoes are
dying;

Ah! how fair and bright,
How sweet the moon to-night!

"Come where fairy fountains play,
Come where the moonbeams fall o'er the
spray,

Welcome till the dawn of day,
Come to the elfin glade, come, come away.
For soon fair morn will be waking o'er
hill and dell,

Golden sunbeams be breaking the mystic,
fairy spell;

But while dews are diffusing o'er weary
flowers,

Sylvan echoes shall welcome thee to the
silvery elfin bowers."

Waving ferns, waving ferns,
Breezes murmur through the glade,
Waving ferns, waving ferns,
Slumber now beneath the shade.
Gently rest, gently rest,
Sleep till birds are winging,
And the joyful lark is singing
In the light of morn.

Songs about Sun, Moon, and Stars.

THE STAR OF HEAVEN.

J. J. Callanan.

SHINE on, thou bright beacon, unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness, o'er Life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise, its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows roar wildly; then, bright one, shine on!

The wings of the tempest may rush o'er thy ray,
But tranquil thou smilest, undimm'd by its sway;
High, high o'er the worlds where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest, all beauteous, all glorious,—alone.

From the deep womb of darkness the lightning-flash leaps
O'er the bark of my fortunes each mad billow sweeps,
From the port of her safety by warring winds driven;
And no light o'er her course—but yon lone one of heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one! the hour may be near
When our own sunny headland far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm shall be silent and past,
In some island of heaven we may anchor at last.

But, bark of eternity, where art thou now?
The wild waters shriek o'er each plunge of thy prow,
On the world's dreary ocean thus shatter'd and tost;—
Then, lone one, shine on! "If I lose thee, I'm lost!"

THOU ART THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

Moore.

By kind permission of Hutchings & Romer, 39, Great Marlborough Street, London.

THOU, O Lord, art the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the day's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
Thine!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
When Night, with wings of stormy gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine!
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

J. W. Lake.

Published in the Keys of B Flat, C, and D.

I LOVE the merry, merry sunshine—
It makes the heart so gay
To hear the sweet birds singing
On their summer holiday,
With their wild-wood notes of duty,
From hawthorn bush and tree.
Oh! the sunshine is all beauty—
Oh! the merry, merry sun for me.

I love the merry, merry sunshine—
It makes the heart so gay
To hear the sweet birds singing
On their summer holiday.
The merry, merry sun, the merry sun,
The merry, merry sun for me;
The merry, merry sun, the merry sun,
The merry, merry sun for me.

I love the merry, merry sunshine,
Through the dewy morning's shower,
With its rosy smiles advancing,
Like a beauty from her bower—
It charms the soul in sadness,
It sets the spirit free:
Oh! the sunshine is all gladness—
Oh! the merry, merry sun for me.

I love the merry, etc.

By special permission of Mr. John Blockley,
3, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

THE SUNSHINE.

Mary Howitt.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere—
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprison'd men.

I love it, when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequer'd casement shade
Upon the red-brick floor.

I love it, where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetle pass.

I love it, on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it, on the mountain-tops,
Where lies the thawless snow;
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

Oh! yes, I love the sunshine!
Like kindness, or like mirth,
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air—
Or piled-up clouds—the gracious sun
Is glorious everywhere.

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

By kind permission of Sheard & Co.,
192, High Holborn, London.

I WATCHED last night the rising moon
Upon a foreign strand,
Till mem'ries came, like flowers of June,
Of home and fatherland.
I dreamt I was a child once more,
Beside the rippling rill;
When first I saw, in days of yore,
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
That purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land,
As bright as morning beams.
It brought me back the spreading lea,
The steeple and the mill,
Until my eyes could scarcely see
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
Until, in accents wild,
I pray'd her, from her home above,
To guard her lonely child;
It brought me one across the wave,
To live in mem'ry still;
It brought me back my "Mary's grave,"
The moon behind the hill.

IT CAN'T BE ALWAYS SUNSHINE.

It can't be always sunshine,
For, since the world was made,
Has man not walk'd alternately
In sunshine and in shade?
Then why should care oppress us,
When clouds obscure the day?
Through every doubt and danger
There are some to lead the way!
There's sunlight in the distance,
Wherever we may be,
That the hopeful and the earnest
Can never fail to see.

It can't be always sunshine:
Should we the gloom despise?
If we never saw our errors,
We never should be wise:
The race crowns not the fleetest,
Nor the battle, oft, the strong;
And truth can only triumph
By grappling with the wrong.
Then onward for the future,
Nor heed the present gloom;
When wintry clouds o'ershade us
We know the rose will bloom.

It can't be always sunshine:
Look back to hist'ry's page,
And think upon the darkness
Of many a by-gone age;
The light is round us breaking,
But we must do our part
To clear the weeds of error
From the choked and canker'd heart!
But still we must remember,
When doubts our task assail,
Though 'tis not always sunshine,
That light and truth prevail.

BEAUTIFUL MOON.

BEAUTIFUL moon, thou queen of night,
Beaming with thy placid light,
Like the bright stars that nightly shine,
Speakest thou a power divine.
Thou dost borrow light from the sun
In the course which thou dost run;
Feeling thy kind and genial rays,
We will sing our cheerful lays.

Beautiful moon, beautiful moon,
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful moon.

Smiling bright orb, though station'd high,
Rolling fast in yonder sky,
Roaming abroad, far, far away,
Until lost in light of day.
Kindly you guide the traveller home,
Wand'ring far o'er earth alone;
Thou art the lamp whose gentle ray
Shines from heaven and marks the way.
Beautiful moon, etc.

Beautiful moon, though mild and bright,
Millions hail thy cheering light;
Wonderful truth is told by thee—
Thou art eloquent to me;
Lovely bright orb, undim'd by time,
Thou dost shine on every clime;
Long as the earth or time shall be,
Cheerful songs shall rise to thee.

Beautiful moon, etc.

BEAUTIFUL STAR IN HEAVEN.

BEAUTIFUL star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away,
Upward thy spirit-pinions try
To realms of love beyond the sky.
Beautiful star, etc.

Shine on, O star of love divine,
And may our soul's affections twine
Around thee as thou mov'st afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Beautiful star, etc.

THE EVENING STAR.

Thomas Campbell.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why, at the closing gates of heaven,
Belov'd star, dost thou delay?
So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted step returns
To chambers brighter than the rose.

Old English Ditties.

SELECTED FROM W. CHAPPELL'S "POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLD TIME."

Words revised by J. Ozenford, and inserted by kind permission of Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, London.

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.

THERE was a blind beggar had long lost his sight;
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright;
And many a gallant young suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

No dame of high birth could with Bessie compare;
Yet, seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

So lovely young Bessie, of beauty most bright,
All clad in grey russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who bitterly wept for the pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went into Romford along the highway,
And there she remain'd at a fair hostelry;
The townsfolk all wonder'd at pretty Bessie.

By many a suitor her love was extoll'd;
Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold;
She said, "No fair youth must marry with me";
Yet ever they waited on pretty Bessie.

The best of them all was a gallant young knight,
Who vow'd he would make her a lady so bright;
"My heart's so enthrall'd by thy beauty," quoth he,
"That soon I shall die for my pretty Bessie."

"Ah! little," quoth Bessie, "thou knowest, I ween;
My father's the beggar of fair Bethnal Green;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady can be,
So take thy adieu of thy weeping Bessie."

"No, no!" quoth the knight; "be it better or worse,
I value not love by the weight of the purse;
Since beauty is beauty in every degree,
I gladly will wed thee, my pretty Bessie."

OH! THE OAK AND THE ASH AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.

A NORTH COUNTRY maid up to London had stray'd,
Although with her nature it did not agree ;
She wept and she sigh'd, and she bitterly cried,
" I wish once again in the North I could be."

Oh ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

Of parks they may talk where 'tis fashion to walk—
I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight ;
But nought have I seen like the Westmoreland green,
Where all of us danced from the morning till night.

Oh ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay ;
The merry bells ring, and the birds sweetly sing,
And maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

Oh ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease ;
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come ;
But he whom I wed must be North Country bred,
And carry me back to my North Country home.

Oh ! the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

H. Fielding.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enrich'd our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of Old England !
And oh for Old England's roast beef !

Then, Britons, from all the nice dainties refrain
Of effeminate Italy, France, or Spain,
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh the roast beef of Old England !
And oh for Old England's roast beef !

DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

All hail to the days
That merit more praise
 Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome the nights
That double delights
 As well for the poor as the peer :
Good fortune attend
Each merry man's friend
 That doeth the best that he may
(Forgetting old wrongs)
With carols and songs
 To drive the cold winter away.

The courtier in state
Sets open his gate,
 And gives free welcome to all ;
The city likewise,
Though somewhat precise,
 Will help the great and the small ;
But yet by report
From city and court
 The country will gain the day,
More jovially spent
With better content
 To drive the cold winter away.

Our good gentry there
For cost do not spare,
 And yeomen fast not till Lent ;
The farmers and such
Think nothing too much,
 So they keep but to pay for their rent.
The poorest of all
Now merrily call,
 When at a fit place they stay,
For a song or a tale
Or a good cup of ale
 To drive the cold winter away.

'Tis ill for the mind
To envy inclined
 To think of injuries now ;
If wrath be to seek,
Ne'er lend her thy cheek,
 Nor let her dwell on thy brow ;
Cross out of thy books
Malevolent looks,
 Which beauty and youth decay,
And wholly consort
With mirth and with sport
 To drive the cold winter away.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Henry Carey.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley :
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days within the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday :
Oh ! then I'm dress'd in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh ! then I shall have money ;
I'll save it up, and box and all
I'll give unto my honey ;
And when my seven long years are out,
Oh ! then I'll marry Sally,
And then how happily we'll live !
But not in our alley.

PHILLIS ON THE NEW- MADE HAY.

PHILLIS on the new-made hay
Wrapp'd in heavy slumbers lay,
Wasting all the summer day
With melancholy dreaming :
" Phillis, cast those cares away
While June's bright sun is beaming."

Fickle Damon, so she thought,
Blue-eyed Daphne's cottage sought,
And a store of posies brought,
The maiden's birthday greeting :
" Damon, is thy promise nought ?
Are lovers' vows so fleeting ?"

" Light as air is Cupid's yoke !
Could that face such falsehood cloak ?"
Thus in murmurs Phillis spoke,
Her idle dreams revealing ;
Faithful Damon, when she woke,
She saw before her kneeling.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

As it fell out on a high holiday,
As many there be in the year,
The young men and maidens together did
go

Their masses and matins to hear ;
And there were many clad in green,
And others were clad in pall,
And then came in Lord Barnard's love,
The fairest among them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave
As bright as the summer sun ;
" Ah ! " then bethought him little Mus-
grave,

" This lady's heart have I won."
Quoth she, " I have lost thee, little Mus-
grave,

Full long and many a day."
" And I have loved thee, lady fair,
But never a word durst say."

All this was heard by a little foot-page
By his lady's coach as he ran ;
Quoth he, " This is the falsest fair
That ever was woo'd by man.
So she has loved that little Musgrave
Full long and many a day ;
And he has loved her likewise,
For so I heard him say."

Now when Lord Barnard heard the page,
A loud laugh laugh'd he,
And said, " I know a hundred maids,
Each one as fair as she.
If little Musgrave wins her heart,
The prize e'en let him wear ;
And saddle thou my red war-steed,
For I'll go to woo elsewhere."

MY SECRET I WILL SAFELY KEEP.

My secret I will safely keep,
That foolish gossips may not rally ;
But at my heart if you would peep,
Just glance at yonder smiling valley.
You know with maidens coy or kind
I ne'er was much disposed to dally ;
Still, I'll confess, I often find
My steps in yonder tempting valley.

I will not say my heart is sore,
But oh ! I will not say 'tis healthy ;
I ne'er, methinks, have known before
That I am very far from wealthy :
Though poor in joy is single life,
My scanty fortune will not tally
With any wish to take a wife,—
I'll keep from yonder fatal valley.
Yes, I'm resolved that o'er my mind,
Betide what may, I will be master ;
King Love, if he my heart would bind,
His brittle chain must rivet faster.
The place I'll quit to end this fuss,
And forth to town I'll boldly sally ;
Alas ! while I am boasting thus,
I find I'm wandering through the valley.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved
youth,

And he was a squire's son ;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington :
But she was coy, and never would
On him her heart bestow,
Till he was sent to London town
Because he loved her so.

When seven years had pass'd away,
She put on mean attire,
And straight to London she would go
About him to inquire ;
And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy load,
And her love came riding by.

" Give me a penny, thou prentice good ;
Relieve a maid forlorn."

" Before I give you a penny, sweetheart
Pray tell me where you were born ?"

" Oh ! I was born at Islington."

" Then tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of that place ?"
" She died, sir, long ago."

" If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land,
Where no man shall me know."

" Oh, stay ! oh, stay ! thou goodly youth
She standeth by thy side ;
She's here alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride."

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF.

G. Macfarren.

WHY should we sorrow
That summer's dazzling ray
So soon should pass away,
Whilst we can borrow
From Autumn's yellow light
A scene more truly bright?
Where'er the eye can wander,
The garden and the field
A richer prospect yield;
Earth seems to squander
Her plenty in the sheaf,
Her gold in every leaf.

Gay music sounding
Invites us forth to roam
And share the "harvest-home,"
Where, all surrounding,
A glad and grateful smile
Repay the ended toil.
I love the spring's meek pansy,
The summer's blushing rose,
And winter's pearly snows;
But to my fancy,
Of Nature's gems, the chief
Is Autumn's golden leaf.
Life hath its changes,
Its springtime, hope, and joy,
Before we learn annoy;
Then swift it ranges
Through summer heats and blights,
Our passions and our slights;
And winter, unrelentful,
At distance frowns severe;
But let us banish fear,
Blest and contentful
To wither without grief,
Like Autumn's golden leaf.

SAW YOU, MY FATHER?

SAW you, my father,
Saw you, my mother,
Saw ye my true love, John?
He said he would be here,
But oh! I greatly fear
That he to another is gone.
Mark well, my father,
Mark well, my mother,
Shadows of night creep on;
My heart is dull and drear,
For oh! I greatly fear
My love to another is gone.

Yonder, my father,
Yonder, my mother
Bringing their light, one by one,
The glistening stars appear
Upon the sky so clear;
My love—where, oh! where is he gone?

See, dearest father,
See, dearest mother,
There is my true love, John;
The moon is full and clear
To bring him safely here;
Oh! ne'er with such light she shone

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

OH what a plague is love!
I cannot bear it;
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say
That she loved posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses;
Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore, 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow;
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

THE CARMAN S WHISTLE.

YOUNG Tom the carman's tongue was slow,
A sorry gift of speech had he;
He'd rather let his horses know
His secret thoughts than you or me:
He whistled, whistled, whistled daily,
Whether good or ill befell;
He whistled sadly, whistled gaily,
While his horses mark'd him well.

Fair Susan's glance was proud and cold;
The carman's heart she nearly broke;
But still his face was bluff and bold,
And not a single word he spoke:
He whistled, whistled, whistled sadly,
Whistled, whistled all the day;
But though he whistled, whistled madly,
Could not whistle care away.

Fair Susan's glance was kind and bright;
-She own'd her love, that buxom maid;
Young Tom was crazy with delight;
He stammer'd—blush'd—but nought he
said:
He whistled, whistled, whistled gaily;
His joy by whistling he would tell;
And while he whistled, whistled daily,
The knowing beasts rejoiced as well.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

HERE'S health to the Queen, and a lasting
peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase!
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming Beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew.
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasure reign!
While Bacchus' treasures crown the
board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford.
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

"COME, LASSES AND LADS."

COME, lasses and lads,
Get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every fair
Has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler's standing by;
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down!

"You're out," says Dick;
"Not I," said Nick,
"Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong";
"Tis true," says Hugh,
And so says Sue,
And so says every one;
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men!

Then, after an hour,
They went to a bower,
And play'd for ale and cakes,
And kisses too—
Until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes;
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again!

"Good night," says Harry;
"Good night," says Mary;
"Good night," says Dolly to John;
"Good night," says Sue
To her sweetheart Hugh;
"Good night," says every one:
Some walk'd, and some did run;
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet the next holiday.

THE THOUSAND BEST SONGS IN THE WORLD.

Music of all the Songs in this Book may be had of all Music-sellers.

TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.

COME, ye young men, come along,
With your music, dance, and song;
Bring your lasses in your hands,
For 'tis that which love commands.

Then to the Maypole haste away,
For 'tis now a holiday.
Then to the Maypole haste away,
For 'tis now a holiday.

Here each bachelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse,
Nor repay with coy disdain
Love that should be loved again.

Then to the Maypole, etc.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole, etc.

When you thus have spent your time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole, etc.

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR.

J. R. Plancké.

OH! well do I remember
That lone but lovely hour,
When the stars had met
And the dew had wet

Each gently closing flower;
When the moon-lit trees
Waved in the breeze

Above the sleeping deer,
And we fondly stray'd
Through the greenwood shade
In the springtime of the year.

When all was still beneath the bright
Moon's chaste and quiet eye,
Save the ceaseless flow
Of the stream below
And the night wind's fragrant sigh,
Which brought the song
Of the distant throng
So faintly to the ear,
As we fondly stray'd
Through the greenwood shade
In the springtime of the year.

Oh! like an infant's dream of joy
Was that sweet hour to me,
As pure, as bright,
As swift in flight,
From care, from fear as free;
And from my heart
The life must part
Which now its pulse doth cheer,
Ere the thought shall fade
Of that greenwood shade
In the springtime of the year.

FROM OBERON IN FAIRY-LAND.

Ben Jonson.

FROM Oberon in fairyland,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night sports here:
What revel rout is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,
Or to a horse I turn me can,
And trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride my back they strive,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er hedge and lands, through pools and
ponds,
I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon;
There's not a hag nor ghost shall wag
Or cry, "Ware goblin!" where I go,
But Robin I their feats do spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be
With possets and rich junkets fine,
Unseen of all their company
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
And maids I kiss; they shriek, "Who's
this?"
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

NORTHERN NANCY.

In happy days, when fate look'd kindly
And Nancy smiled upon me,
I felt so bless'd, I nurtured blindly
The faith that hath undone me;
I vainly thought love's chain was fast
When solemn vows were plighted;
Now daylight dawns, my dream is past:
Would I were still benighted!

Her glance was bright whene'er I met her,
But now she greets me coldly;
False girl! I vow I will forget her,
My mind I'll make up boldly.
Alas! our mind is not our own,
Though sages grave may school it;
A maid to whom her power is known
At pleasure still may rule it.

I WANDER'D THROUGH THE GARDEN.

I WANDER'D through the garden,
And saw the flowers that grew,
And all of them in turn, love,
Reminded me of you.
I gazed upon the lily,
And thought of one more fair;
The rose recall'd thy cheek, dear,
And roses blooming there.

And when I saw the heart's-ease,
A sigh I scarce suppress'd;
I could not find its likeness
Within my aching breast.
Alas! in flowers of summer
No comfort can I find;
They tell me you are lovely,
But not that you are kind.

I LIVE NOT WHERE I LOVE.

AH! to me how dull and dreary
Seems the gay and crowded town!
Ah! these masses make me weary
While I wander up and down!
Nothing hoping, nothing seeking,
Through the busy throng I rove,
While a voice, within me speaking,
Says, "I live not where I love."

Not a face with kindness greets me
'Mid the thousands that go past;
Then another thousand meets me,
Strange and heedless as the last.
Oh! the solitude of cities
Seems all solitudes above!
Yet there's not a heart that pities
Those who live not where they love.
Thoughts of gain I cast behind me,
Thoughts that lured me here to roam;
Yes, the coming spring shall find me
Happy in my western home.
Gaudy flowers may deck the meadow
Where the thoughtless idlers rove;
Nestling in the forest's shadow
Live the violets where they love.

A LEGEND OF THE AVON.

G. Macfarren.

LADY, wake, bright stars are gleaming
Through the midnight gloom above;
All beneath lies dead or dreaming
Save thy watchful fairy love:
Oh! most fair of earth's fair daughters,
Wake thee, and let us roam
O'er Avon's pure and tranquil waters
To the glad fairies' home.

In my noiseless bark I'll row thee
Close by yonder hallow'd shore;
Glowing visions I will show thee,
Such as charm'd the bard of yore,
Then to our sylvan grot retreating,
Where mortal ne'er has been,
A thousand lips shall give thee greeting,
Bride of my heart and queen!

Thus he sung and thus he woo'd her
Many a summer's night unblest;
Love at length, the soft intruder,
Found a welcome in her breast;
The moon shone clear when gentle Mary,
Woke from a charm'd dream,
And glided with her minstrel fairy
Over the Avon's stream.

Sad and silent dawn'd the morrow
To the friends she left alone;
Still they mourn with kindred sorrow
Her for ever lost and gone;
And while each night as rolls the wave on
Under the willows green,
A milk-white swan floats down the Avon,
Ariel's bridal queen!

FAIRIES, HASTE, THE SUMMER MOON IS BRIGHT.

FAIRIES, haste, the summer moon is bright,
Titania holds her revels here to-night ;
The fay that would now be absent is a traitor.
Arouse from dozing,
Cease reposing,
In the lily's bell ;
This carpet spreading
Waits your treading ;
Dian lights you well.
Then, fairies, haste, the summer moon is bright,
Titania holds her revels here to-night.

Fairies, dance ; the murmur of the rills
The balmy air with dainty music fills ;
To sport till the dawn of daylight it invites you.
'Tis now befitting,
Lightly flitting
O'er the moonlit ground,
To dance a measure
Wild with pleasure,
Tripping round and round.
Then, fairies, haste, the summer moon is bright,
Titania holds her revels here to-night.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

My lodging is on the cold ground,
And hard, very hard, is my fare,
But that which grieves me more is
The coldness of my dear.
Yet still I cry, "Oh ! turn love,
I prithee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only one, love,
That art adored by me.
"I'll twine thee a garland of straw, love ;
I'll marry thee with a rush ring ;
My frozen hopes will thaw, love,
And merrily we will sing.
Then turn to me, my own love,
I prithee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only one, love,
That art adored by me."

MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE

My little pretty one !
My softly winning one !
Oh ! thou'rt a merry one,
And playful as can be !
With a beck thou com'st anon ;
In a trice, too, thou art gone,
And I just sigh alone,
But sighs are lost upon thee.
Art thou, my smiling one,
Art thou, my pouting one,
Art thou, my teasing one,
A goddess, elf, or grace ?
With a frown thou wound'st my heart,
With a smile thou heal'st the smart ;
Why play the tyrant's part
With such an innocent face ?

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong;
Burneth soon to waste;
Still I would not have thee cold,
Or backward, or too bold,
For love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests, on it beat;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel:
Such the love that I would gain,
Such love, I tell thee plain,
That thou must give or love in vain,
So to thee farewell.

LIGHT OF LOVE.

WHY so wayward, fairest treasure?
Why to teasing so inclined?
'Tis a wicked cruel pleasure
That in breaking hearts you find.
Though you know that I adore you,
Still your power you needs must prove;
Oh, my dearest! I implore you,
Do not make so light of love!

On those lips of living coral,
Though a smile is sparkling now,
Yet I know you plan a quarrel
By that wrinkle on your brow.
As the hue upon the feather
Of the gentle turtle dove,
As the days in April weather,
You are changeful, sweetest love!

Of my bitter thralldom weary,
Once I cast aside my chain;
But without you life was dreary,
I became your slave again.
Smiling, frowning, I adore you,
Kinder beauties far above;
Yet, my dearest, I implore you,
Do not make so light of love!

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
That o'er the green cornfields did pass
In springtime, in springtime, in springtime,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding
a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
These pretty country fools did lie
In springtime, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
How that life is but a flower
In springtime, etc.

Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no,
And a hey nonny no ni no,
For love is crown'd with the prime
In springtime, etc.

I SIT UPON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

I SIT upon the mountain side,
And watch the sun declining;
I saw him blaze in all his pride,
I mark him faintly shining.
A mass of clouds the sky enshrouds,
No star is shining o'er me;
The day's last light is merged in night,
And all is dark before me.

I think upon the joys of youth,
Of hopes that fondly flatter'd,
Of fantasies that seem'd like truth,
And then like dust were scatter'd:
In memory's dream once more they gleam,
And brightly hover o'er me;
Now one by one they all are gone—
The world is dark before me.

THE PARTING.

THE dreaded hour, my dear love,
Comes to us at last ;
Yet I by lingering here, love,
Hold the moments fast.
In spite of all I'll cherish,
A fix'd and lasting joy,
A dream too bright to perish,
Time will not destroy.

Vain thought ! the moments fly, love,
All are nearly gone ;
Alas ! too soon shall I, love,
Find myself alone ;
But still my eyes to seek thee
Will wildly gaze around :
Hard heart ! will nothing break thee ?
Art with iron bound ?

Nay, do not bid me hope, love—
Hope I cannot bear ;
Nay, rather let me cope, love,
Boldly with despair.
Should thoughts that may deceive me
Within my heart be nursed ?
No, leave me, dearest, leave me,
Now I know the worst.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

Southey.

A WELL there is in the West Country,
And a clearer ne'er was seen a ;
There's not a wife in the West Country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne a ;
An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow a,
And a willow from the banks above
To the water droops below a.

A stranger came to the well of St. Keyne,
For thirsty and hot was he a,
And he sat down upon the bank
Beneath the willow tree a ;

There came a man from a neighbouring
town
At the well to fill his pail a,
Upon the side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail a.

"Now art thou a bachelor, friend ?" quoth
he,
"For an' if thou hast a wife a,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this
day
That e'er thou didst in life a ;
Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been a ?
For an' if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne a."

"I've left a good woman who ne'er was
here,"
The stranger made reply a.
"But how my draught should be better for
that
To guess in vain I try a."
"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many
a time
Would drink of this crystal well a,
And before the angels summon'd her
She laid on the water a spell a."

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife a,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life a ;
But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then a" :
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St.
Keyne
And drank of the water again a.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, be-
times,"
To the countryman he said a ;
But the rustic sigh'd as the stranger spake,
And sadly shook his head a.
"I hasten'd here when the wedding was
done,
And left my wife in the porch a ;
But truly she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church a."

ONCE I LOVED A MAIDEN FAIR.

ONCE I loved a maiden fair,
But she did deceive me ;
She with Venus might compare
In my mind, believe me ;
She was young, and among
All our maids the sweetest.
Now I say, Ah, well-a-day !
Brightest hopes are fleetest.

I the wedding ring had got,
Wedding clothes provided,
Sure the Church would bind a knot
Ne'er to be divided :
Married we straight must be,
She her vows had plighted ;
Vows, alas ! as frail as glass :
All my hopes are blighted.

Maidens, wavering and untrue,
Many a heart have broken ;
Sweetest lips the world e'er knew
Falsest words have spoken.
Fare thee well, faithless girl !
I'll not sorrow for thee ;
Once I held thee dear as pearl,
Now I do abhor thee.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly,
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight ;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her
Love will find out his way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some to suppose him
(Poor thing !) to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love (if so ye call him)
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist,
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
You'll ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out his way.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

LADIES, who shine like beams of light,
The jewels of this wealthy city,
Pause for a while ! you would not slight
The orphan with his plaintive ditty.
Suffering and hardship surely will
Kind hearts with soft compassion fill ;
Brightest eyes gleam brighter still
When glistening with a tear of pity.

Gallants, who from the ladies' eyes
The light of your existence borrow,
Listen, as you their favour prize,
They love the heart that beats for
sorrow !
Pity becomes the fair and gay,
Sweet smiles your kindness will repay ;
Shed a gentle tear to-day,
And may you feel no care to-morrow.

COME, COMPANIONS, JOIN YOUR VOICES.

COME, companions, join your voices,
Hearts with pleasure bounding;
Sing we the noble lay, sweet song of holiday,
Joys of home, sweet home, resounding.

Home! sweet home, with every pleasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! our best delight and treasure!
Home! the welcome strain resound!

Quit, my weary muse, your labours,
Quit your books and learning;
Banish all cares away, welcome the holiday,
Hearts for home and freedom yearning.

Home! sweet home, with every pleasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! our best delight and treasure!
Home! the welcome strain resound!

UNDER THE ROSE.

You smile at the beaux who are forward and flattering,
You think I am bashful and awkward and dull;
Ah! measure not love by a fondness for chattering,
The tongue may be still and the heart may be full.
When no idle listeners about us are hovering,
The truth that is known but to few I'll disclose;
Yes, hear me alone, and you'll find me discovering
The thoughts that are best utter'd under the rose.

Their conquests proclaiming the heartless may stalk about
Of hearts lightly won they may carelessly boast;
But ah! there are feelings too sacred to talk about,
Except to the one who will prize them the most.
Then hear me alone when the moon, watching over us,
My heart's deepest secret shall bid me disclose;
In some shady valley, where none may discover us,
My thoughts I'll confess to you under the rose.

THE "BLUE-BELL" OF SCOTLAND.

OH ! where and oh ! where is your Highland laddie gone ?
Oh ! where and oh ! where is your Highland laddie gone ?
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne ;
And it's oh ! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.

Oh ! where and oh ! where did your Highland laddie dwell ?
Oh ! where and oh ! where did your Highland laddie dwell ?
He dwelt in merry Scotland by the sign of the "Blue-bell" ;
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

Oh ! how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad ?
Oh ! how, tell me how, is your Highland laddie clad ?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid ;
And it's oh ! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh ! suppose, that your Highland lad should die !
Suppose, oh ! suppose, that your Highland lad should die !
Though laurels would wave o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry ;
And it's oh ! in my heart that I feel he will not die.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below :
"Oh, don't deceive me ! oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?

"Oh, gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow !
Oh, don't deceive me ! oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary ;
Remember the bower where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me ! oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below :
"Oh, don't deceive me ! oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?"

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

Summer is a-coming in,
 Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
 Meadows green around are seen
 Bespangled o'er with dew,
 Sing, Cuckoo!
 Young Alein, the shepherd swain,
 Is gathering violets blue;
 He will carry wreaths to Mary,
 Glad as thou, Cuckoo!
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo!
 We welcome thee, Cuckoo!
 That wakest the world anew.

Prophet of the merry throat,
 Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
 For thou bringest, where'er thou singest,
 Good tidings, aye and true;
 Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
 Mary's love may fickle prove,
 False hopes the swain may rue:
 May's returning, falsehood spurning,
 Singest thou, Cuckoo!
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo!
 Hail bird of truth! Cuckoo!
 That wakest the world anew.

OH! LIST TO ME, MY ONLY LOVE.

"OH! list to me, my only love;
 No star shines above,
 With welcome ray my sight to cheer,
 While I am warbling here.
 This dismal night, so damp and chill,
 A love less warm than mine would kill;
 Still I here will sigh,
 Even though I die.

"You'll hear your doating troubadour;
 Cold he'll catch, I'm sure;
 By yonder moon, my heart is thine:
 Ah! no moon will shine.
 The sky with clouds is overcast;
 The rain begins to drizzle fast;
 This night sad's my plight—
 I'm a wretched wight!

"Oh, hasten! faster falls the rain:
 Do I sing in vain?
 Thy heart is marble, I'm afraid,
 Or thou'rt deaf, sweet maid.

Pray speak a word to ease my woe,
 Or home to bed at once I'll go;
 Night air I can't bear,
 Fairest of the fair."

The knight in dudgeon homeward went,
 Dull, sad, malcontent,
 And vow'd a man must be a fool
 Whom bright eyes could rule.
 The proud one he had dared adore
 Had left her bower a week before.
 Fled! gone! *Not* alone!
 Now my song is done.

DEAR KITTY.

My song's of a maid that charms our vale,
 For well she deserves a ditty;
 Search all the world through, you'll surely
 fail

To find out a match for Kitty.
 Though bards of wondrous beauties sing,
 The stars above, the flowers of spring,
 The spotless snow, the swan's downy wing,
 Yet nothing are these to Kitty, dear
 Kitty,
 Yet nothing are these to Kitty.

At night the full rose that bloom'd at noon
 Will close—is it not a pity?
 But see Kitty dance beneath the moon,
 And beautiful still is Kitty.
 The snows of winter sadly are spread
 About the earth when summer is dead;
 But snow that blushes with warm glowing
 red
 You'll find on the cheek of Kitty, dear
 Kitty,
 You'll find on the cheek of Kitty.

The stars overhead are gems of night,
 They sparkle o'er plain and city;
 But cold is their gleam, while love's soft
 light
 Is seen in the eyes of Kitty.
 The flowers of spring may wither and pine,
 The stars fade out and nevermore shine;
 I'll be content if one treasure be mine—
 That treasure you know is Kitty, dear
 Kitty,
 That treasure you know is Kitty.

FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU ALL, SPANISH LADIES.

FAREWELL and adieu to you all, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain ;
Though we've received orders to sail for Old England
We trust that we shortly shall see you again.
Like true British tars, though we love our Old England,
The land of dark beauties we leave with regret ;
In calm and in tempests, in peace and in battle,
The ladies of Spain we shall never forget.
Then weep not at parting, you dear Spanish ladies,
Then weep not at parting, you ladies of Spain ;
The ship will some day come across the salt waters,
And bring you your true British sailors again.

NOW, ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow,
Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow,
For I must now a-hunting with my ladie go,
With my sweet ladie go.
My ladie is an archer rare,
And in the greenwood joyeth she ;
There never was a marksman yet who could compare
In skill with my ladie.
Her master in the archer's craft,
A little wingèd boy is he,
And wingèd too the hart must be that 'scapes the shaft
Of my beloved ladie.
Dan Cupid is her master's name ;
Full ancient is his pedigree ;
His mother is a stately well-belovèd dame,
And like my fair ladie.
He teaches many a maid his art,
And never asks for gift or fee ;
But none that e'er took aim with Cupid's piercing dart
Could match with my ladie.
" Sweet Wilkin, prithee, take my bow,
And take my hawk and hound also,
Right merrily a-hunting with my ladie go,
With my sweet ladie go."

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PREFACE.

THIS little book of poetry contains fully half of the favourite poetic gems of the world, collected together for the first time. Campbell defines poetry as the "eloquence of truth." Shelley defines it as "men's best thoughts, expressed in their best language, in their happiest moments"; and certainly poetry contains the noblest of human thought, expressed in the most telling, the most pleasing, and the most easily remembered form. All the best poetic gems in the world can be put into a convenient volume, and sold for two or three shillings. Has it not, then, up to the present been a great loss to humanity that this has not been done? If poems containing great and noble truths beautifully expressed exist in the world, surely it is better that every thinking being should have the opportunity of reading them, and any one collecting them into a convenient form, or even spreading them abroad in any part of the world when so collected, is really promoting the mental and moral progress and happiness of mankind. There is not one person in a thousand that ever read half the poems collected into this small book, and I have no hesitation in saying that if any thoughtful person reads this volume through, small as it is, he will be the happier for it. No thinking person can read these gems from those dozen grand and noble poets of humanity—Tennyson, Burns, Hood, Wordsworth, Mackay, Swain, Sims, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Carleton, Felicia Hemans, and Eliza Cook, without being better, wiser, and happier for having done so. The pieces in this collection are not all that the severe critic would call good poetry. I have selected them for their soul-stirring ideas rather than for their mere poetic embellishment. A grand idea which produces noble resolves, or a human recital which brings tears of sympathy into the eyes, although given in simple or even ungrammatical language, is of far greater value to mankind than volumes, or dozens of volumes, of exquisite obscurities or "sublime nonsense." It is largely of these simple, touching poems, dear to the heart of humanity rather than to the head, that this book is composed. It is said by some, and I think rightly, that poetry acts upon human beings with a soothing effect like music. Fuller calls it "music in words." Certainly the reading of beautiful poems has an intellectually pleasing and soothing effect upon troubled minds. This beneficial effect has been appreciated by millions in the past, and I believe that hundreds of millions in the future will more frequently take up their favourite book of poetry to read themselves, or say to some dear friend in the spirit, if not in the words, of one of the best poets of humanity,—

"Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Come, read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

"And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

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